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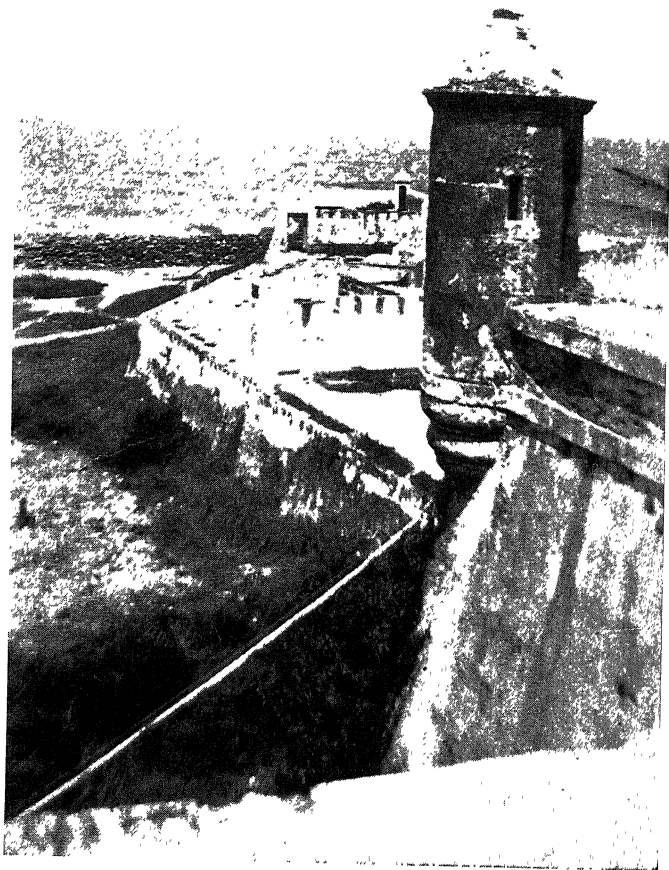
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THE CARIBBEAN CRUISE

By HARRY L. FOSTER

THE ADVENTURES OF A TROPICAL TRAMP
A BEACHCOMBER IN THE ORIENT
A GRINGO IN MAÑANA-LAND
A TROPICAL TRAMP WITH THE TOURISTS
A VAGABOND IN FIJI
IF YOU GO TO SOUTH AMERICA
THE CARIBBEAN CRUISE



THE WALLS OF CARTAGENA, COLOMBIA

THE CARIBBEAN CRUISE

By
HARRY L. FOSTER

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
AND MAPS*



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NEW YORK 1928

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The author has reprinted occasional pages from his own recently published "If You Go to South America," and has drawn portions of his material from "A Guide to the West Indies" by the late Frederick A. Ober, with the permission of the publishers, Dodd, Mead and Company.

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THE CARIBBEAN CRUISE

CHAPTER I

WHY THE WEST INDIES?



PALMS AND CORAL SEAS

American Mediterranean—Pirate Lands—The Varying Attractions—The Climate.

CHAPTER I

WHY THE WEST INDIES?

A final rumble of the whistle—a fluttering of handkerchiefs—a chorus of farewells.

Slowly the great cruise-ship backs into the Hudson, crunching its way through a film of wintry ice. The band pours the sleet from its saxophones and tries vainly to render "Auld Lang Syne." The muffler-wrapped throng on shore fades to a shivering blur. And we're off for the Caribbean—where it's summer all the year, and ice occurs only in highballs.

To dwell upon the other attractions of the West Indies is probably superfluous. The climate alone suffices to lure many thousands of American tourists annually to these pleasant isles of eternal sunshine. Yet the more serious-minded will find much of interest and profit down here, while those who believe in seeing America first might be reminded that the "American Mediterranean," as the Caribbean is often so aptly called, was the cradle of American history.

Here Columbus first landed, touching originally at the Bahamas and thereafter, in the course of his four famous voyages, discovering so many other islands that there were scarcely enough Saints in the calendar to provide the names for them all. In his wake followed Balboa, de Soto, Cortez, Ponce de Leon, Pizarro, Amerigo Vespucci, and many another hardy explorer—to scribble "Spain" across the map—and thereafter such privateers as Drake and Raleigh, to do their bit of erasing.

Over this territory, too, roamed the picturesque freebooters—Rock Brasiliano, who used to toast his captives over the fire; Bartholomew Sharp, alias Red Legs, who came out to escape an over-masterful wife, captured a Spanish galleon, and went joy-riding around South America, burning down every village on the coast; Harry Morgan, who sacked Old Panama and slew half the women and children, and was knighted for it; the jolly Blackbeard, who went into battle with flaming torches stuck in his bushy mane, who shot his own men when amusement was slack, and who married fourteen maidens in his time, all with proper benefit of clergy; and last as well as least, the poor old Captain Kidd, who never was a real pirate and never had much treasure to bury, but whose wicked-sounding nomenclature has somehow made him the most notorious of all and set dozens of silly fortune-seekers to digging up the whole Atlantic coast in search of his mythical ducats.

Nations, too, have struggled here. Many an island, basking now in tranquil peace, has passed in turn through the hands of a dozen countries. Our own little Virgin group has known in turn the rule of Spaniard, Frenchman, Briton, Dutchman, Dane, and Yankee. All these people have left their influence throughout the West Indies, and most of them still fly their flags over some of the atolls, save only for the Dane, who sold out at an excellent bargain, and the once mighty Spaniard, who ruled not wisely but too well, and whose last fleet sank before Sampson's guns in the battle of Santiago.

To see these pleasant islands to-day, one would scarcely credit them with such a bloody past.

Lazy, somnolent, contented, they rise like emerald gems from the azure, cloudless sea, stretching in their great

sweeping semi-circle from the Florida coast to Venezuela, ranging in size from tiny reefs to rugged masses of mountain that tower to the skies.

In some remote geological period, undoubtedly, they were all united in a continuous stretch of land, and in those days the tiniest of them must have been lofty and magnificent peaks. With the continued subsidence of the ocean floor, however, many have dwindled to mere rocks above the surface. Gaps have appeared between them. Yet although the Caribbean may be shallow enough in spots, there are some places where its depth exceeds 20,000 feet, and to the clam or toadfish who gazes upward from the bottom, these "specks on the sea" must surpass in altitude the Andes or the Himalayas.

Geographically, the West Indies are usually divided into two general groups, the Greater and the Lesser Antilles. The Greater include the several larger islands along the semi-circle's northern rim—Cuba, Haiti, Porto Rico, and Jamaica. The Lesser include the smaller eastern islets—the Saints and Virgins, the Leewards and the Windwards, Barbados and Trinidad, and a scattering of others. Which still leaves the Bahamas, as well as a number of cays off the Venezuelan or Central American coast, to be classified according to your whim.

In some respects, these sea-girt gardens have much in common. There's scarcely one of them which hasn't been at some time described as an "Isle of Enchantment," or "A Tropic Paradise," or something equally flattering, and they even share many of their local yarns. Thus, in Jamaica you'll be told that when Columbus wished to give Queen Isabella an idea of that island's hilly character, he crumpled a piece of paper in his hand and said, "It looks like that." When you reach Grenada, you'll learn that Sir Walter Raleigh pulled the same identical line on Queen

Elizabeth. And in any port which possesses a fortification of appreciable magnitude, you'll hear that the King of Spain, discovered one day in the act of gazing earnestly across the Atlantic, explained to his courtiers:

"I'm looking for that confounded Havana" [or Panama, or Cartagena, or Santo Domingo, or San Juan]; "it cost enough to be seen from here!"

On closer inspection, however, you'll note that each island has its own individuality, its own personality, its own peculiar charm. In Cuba there's the cosmopolitan "Paris of the West," with its gay cafés and broad boulevards and a Spanish atmosphere enlivened by American jazz. Jamaica is a land of wooded mountains and roaring waterfalls, wildly and gorgeously beautiful. The Bahamas, save for the pleasant winter-resort of Nassau, are mostly desolate, wind-swept atolls, once a favored hiding-place of buccaneers and now the operating-base of the rum-runner. Haiti is a black republic, whose slaves revolted back in 1801 and slew their white masters, and thereafter slaughtered one another in a long series of revolutions, until the American marines stepped in to make it safe for tourists. Santo Domingo, in the contiguous Dominican Republic, is the most historic city in this Hemisphere, where Columbus and his relatives once governed the territory of Hispaniola, or Little Spain. Porto Rico, too, is Spanish in appearance and custom, even though it sometimes plays baseball, eats ice cream, or sings "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Thus the variety continues down the Lesser Antilles. Some islands are British, others Dutch, others French. Of their aboriginal inhabitants—mostly peaceful Arawaks in the north and warlike Caribs in the south—few traces remain, but the negroes imported in the days of slavery provide many interesting types, differing from group to

group in speech and character, and reflecting the mannerisms of their many past proprietors. Chinamen, Portuguese, South Americans, and the representatives of many other races have been lured here by the pleasant climate or the fertile soil, until one sees as many different peoples in the Indies as one could find elsewhere only in a 3,000-mile journey. And when finally you reach Trinidad, you'll discover the polyglot population swelled by a multitude of imported East Indian coolies, who dress in their own fashion and live exactly as though this were a little corner of their native Hindustan.

Nor is the Spanish Main to be ignored. Venezuela and Colombia are among the most interesting of South American republics and more easily visited on a West Indies trip than on the usual South American tour. Caracas, to which many cruises operate one-day excursions, was the birthplace of liberty among the Spanish countries, and the home of Simon Bolivar, the southern Washington. Cartagena, in Colombia, contains the massive ruins of what in its time was the stoutest-walled city in the New World. For contrast, not far distant, there's the Panama Canal, the U. S. A.'s proudest engineering achievement. And for good measure, since some parties now visit them quite frequently, we've included herein a brief survey of the Central American republics, with their quaint little capitals tucked away among the tropic jungles, in the shade of volcanic peaks.

It remains only to be said that the Caribbean of popular fiction—a land of oppressive heat that sooner or later saps the white man's energies and sends him in pursuit of solace to the verge of the D. T.'s—is not the Caribbean of actual fact.

The heat, in our opinion, is no more troublesome than

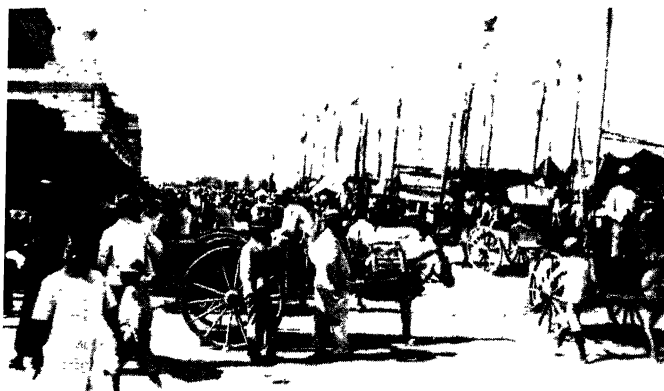
THE CARIBBEAN CRUISE

that of New York City in mid-summer, and seldom will you find it even half so bad as that. Most of the islands are refreshed by constant breezes from the sea. Tropic nights are almost invariably cool, and sometimes surprisingly so. And on the mainland, a bit of altitude, even on the equator itself, will provide a climate of eternal all-year spring.

The variation in temperature, of course, is seldom very marked in these regions as between summer and winter, and the main difference is in rainfall. A few of the islands, owing to the combined effects of wind, mountain ranges, and one thing or another, have two distinct wet periods, usually in the spring and in the autumn. Others, including quite the majority of them, have their rainy period in summer. But practically all of them enjoy clear weather, with only occasional showers, throughout January, February, and March, the most popular tourist months, and are at their best when the blizzards hit Chicago.

CHAPTER II

PLANNING THE TRIP



THE PORT OF CARTAGENA

Winter Cruises—Steamship Lines—Distances from Port to
Port—Formalities for Landing.

CHAPTER II

PLANNING THE TRIP

In years not very long past, a lack of suitable communication from island to island made it difficult for a traveler to cover all the Caribbean in a single trip.

The several islands, producing much the same sort of commodity, had little need for one another's oranges or bananas or cocoanuts or limes. Steamship companies therefore laid their routes from New York to Cuba, or direct to Porto Rico, and any one wishing to get from the former destination to the latter had usually to await the doubtful sailing of a still more doubtful sailing-ship, or return to make a second voyage.

To-day, however, the many de luxe winter cruises have solved this problem. In the present year alone, one authority estimates that nearly eighty large parties have sailed on a general round of the Caribbean. The tourist concerns which organize such trips charter some of the finest vessels from the Trans-Atlantic trade; they offer a wide choice of routes and rates, with shore trips to all the main points of interest; they provide the comfort of a single "floating hotel" throughout the voyage; and their standard prices enable one to gauge more or less accurately the total cost, which otherwise might prove something of a gamble. And while many travelers feel that conducted trips limit their independence by rigid schedules, such cruises have obvious advantages in the Caribbean, where a failure to make boat-to-boat connections may mean indefinite delay.

A number of the local lines, however, which formerly catered to the commercial traveler rather than to the vacationist, now operate "cruises" on their own very comfortable ships. They still follow their customary itineraries but arrange their schedules so that ample stop-overs are permitted on shore (with hotel accommodations and motor rides sometimes included in the price of the ticket), and in a few cases they have combined with one another to provide triangular jaunts with good connections—to Cuba and Panama by one vessel, to the Spanish Main and Trinidad by another, and home by a third—thus affording a general glimpse of the Caribbean comparable to that offered by the extensive winter excursions of specially-chartered steamers.

Or if you *must* be ultra-modern, a passenger airplane service has already been established between many of the larger islands—from Florida to Cuba and the Bahamas, from Porto Rico to Santo Domingo and Haiti—and its contemplated extension may eventually enable the traveler to tour the entire Caribbean à la Lindbergh.

THE STEAMSHIP ROUTES

For the itineraries of the specially chartered vessels one must, of course, consult a tourist agent.

It is within the scope of a guide-book to cover only the companies regularly in operation to this territory. Which we herewith do, with a reminder that even these lines—although fairly permanent in their schedules—print upon all their published sailing lists the warning, "Subject to change."

The rates, of course, are not only subject to possible change, but vary according to the voyage chosen and the accommodations desired. These also may be obtained from

PLANNING THE TRIP

your local tourist agent, who supplies such information without charge.

FROM NEW YORK

Booth Line. To Barbados, en route to South American ports.

Canadian Pacific Line. Runs winter cruises.

Chilean Line. (The Compañía Sud Americana de Vapores). Monthly to Cristobal (Canal Zone) en route to South American ports.

Clyde Line. Via Miami to Havana. Advertises eleven-day cruises during winter months, including four-day all-expense stop-over in Havana.

Cunard Line. Occasional winter cruises.

Dollar Line. Fortnightly sailing to Havana and Canal Zone, passing through to Balboa en route to San Francisco. No service in the reverse direction.

Furness Bermuda Line. Sailing twice a week to Hamilton, Bermuda. During winter months, operates cruises via St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia and Barbados, to Trinidad and return. Occasional summer cruises, via same ports.

Grace Line. Fortnightly to Cristobal (Canal Zone) en route through to South America. Occasional supplementary service, adding Puerto Colombia and Cartagena (Colombia).

Di Giorgio Fruit Co. Weekly sailings to Jamaica, and return. Advertises all-expense twelve-day excursions.

Hamburg American Line. Runs several cruises each winter; see advertising section.

Holland-America Line. Runs winter cruises

Lamport and Holt Line. Fortnightly sailings to Bar-

bados en route to South America. Stops at Trinidad and Barbados on return voyage. Offers triangular tours in conjunction with the Royal Netherlands (Colon Line) from Barbados to Canal Zone and thence to New York by one of several lines.

Munson Line. To Nassau and Havana, on 12-day all-expense cruise. (Also Miami to Nassau, and New Orleans to Havana.) Weekly sailings from New York to Nassau throughout the winter season.

Pacific Steam Navigation Co. Monthly to Havana, Cristobal and Balboa (Canal Zone) en route to South America. Advertises inclusive excursions to Cuba or Panama.

Panama Mail Line. Sailings every three weeks to Puerto Colombia, Cartagena (Colombia), Cristobal, and Balboa, en route to Pacific coast of Central America and San Francisco. Return service omits Colombian ports but includes Havana.

Panama Pacific Line. Sailings fortnightly to Havana, Cristobal, and Balboa, en route to San Francisco. Return service via same ports.

Panama R. R. Line. Sailings fortnightly via Port-au-Prince (Haiti) to Cristobal and return.

Porto Rico Line. (N. Y. and Porto Rico S. S. Co.) Weekly to San Juan (Porto Rico) and Santo Domingo, offering eleven-day all-expense cruises. Supplementary service to San Juan only and return.

Red "D" Line. Weekly to San Juan (Porto Rico), La Guaira and Puerto Cabello (Venezuela), Curacao (Dutch W. I.) and Maracaibo (Venezuela).

Royal Mail Line. Weekly sailings from New York to Bermuda and return. (Also operates winter cruises to various ports.)

Royal Netherlands Line. To Port-au-Prince (Haiti), Curacao, Puerto Cabello, La Guaria, other Venezuelan ports, and Port of Spain (Trinidad) en route to the Guianas and Europe, including same stops on return. Local service from New York to Haitian ports, and occasional service direct from New York (omitting Haiti) to Venezuela and Curacao. (See also Trinidad-Venezuela-Panama service, page 16.)

Santo Domingo Line. (Formerly a Clyde service, now under N. Y. & Porto Rico S. S. Co.) Weekly to Turks Island and Dominican ports to Santo Domingo and return.

Trinidad Line. Fortnightly to St. George's (Grenada), Port of Spain (Trinidad) and Georgetown (British Guiana), returning via same ports.

United Fruit Company. Weekly to Havana, Kingston, Cristobal, and Puerto Limon (Costa Rica), returning via Havana. Weekly to Kingston (Jamaica), Cristobal, Cartagena, Puerto Colombia, and Santa Marta (Colombia), returning via Cristobal and Kingston. Fortnightly to Santiago de Cuba, Kingston, Belize (British Honduras), Puerto Barrios (Guatemala), and several ports in Honduras, returning via Kingston and Santiago. This company also has service from New Orleans, and advertises several all-expense cruises over its several routes.

Ward Line. (N. Y. and Cuba Mail S. S. Co.) Weekly sailings to Havana (Cuba), and Gulf Ports of Mexico. Offers included excursions from Vera Cruz to Mexico City.

Note: The White Star Line, North German-Lloyd, and other Transatlantic lines operate winter cruises in conjunction with the larger tourist companies.

FROM OTHER PORTS

Canadian Government Merchant Marine. From Halifax or Montreal to Bermuda, Nassau (Bahamas), Kingston (Jamaica) and Belize (British Honduras).

Munson Line. From Miami to Nassau, in winter months. Regularly from New Orleans to Havana, once a week.

Peninsular & Occidental S. S. Co. From Key West to Havana, daily service.

Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. From Halifax (Nova Scotia) to Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Montserrat, Dominica, St. Lucia, Barbados, St. Vincent, Grenada, Trinidad, British Guiana, and return, fortnightly sailings.

United Fruit Co. From New Orleans weekly to Havana, Cristobal, and Puerto Castilla (Honduras), returning thence via Havana. From New Orleans weekly to Belize (British Honduras), Puerto Barrios (Guatemala) and return. From New Orleans weekly to Havana, Puerto Barrios, Puerto Castilla, Tela (Honduras), and return via Puerto Barrios and Havana. From New Orleans weekly to Cristobal, Puerto Limon (Costa Rica) and Bocas del Toro (Panama), returning via Cristobal. From Boston weekly to Havana, Puerto Limon, and Cristobal. (See also services from N. Y.)

FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Panama Mail Line. Every three weeks, via Los Angeles, Manzanillo (Mexico), and several Central American ports, to Balboa, Cristobal, and Havana, en route to New York. Also service via ports to Canal Zone only.

Panama Pacific Line. Frequent sailing via Los Angeles

Harbor and San Diego to Balboa, Cristobal and Havana, en route to New York.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha. (Japanese Line). To Balboa, en route to South America.

FROM EUROPEAN PORTS

Booker Line. (British). Monthly from Liverpool to Georgetown (British Guiana).

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique. (French). Monthly sailings from Plymouth and Bordeaux to Guadeloupe, Martinique, Trinidad, Venezuelan and Colombian ports, Curacao, and Cristobal (C. Z.), returning via same route. Also monthly sailings from St. Nazaire on same itinerary. Occasional sailings from Bordeaux to Santo Domingo and Haiti, stopping at San Juan (Porto Rico) on return; and from Havre or St. Nazaire to Havana.

Elders & Fyffes, Ltd. (British). From Avonmouth to Barbados, Trinidad, Cristobal (C. Z.), Puerto Limon (Costa Rica), and Kingston (Jamaica). Also from Avonmouth to Bermuda, Kingston, and Santa Marta (Colombia), or from Liverpool to Kingston and return.

Hamburg-Amerika Line. (German). From Hamburg, Antwerp, and Plymouth, to Trinidad, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello (Venezuela), Curacao, Colombian ports, Cristobal (Canal Zone), Puerto Limon (Costa Rica) and Puerto Barrios (Guatemala), returning via same ports. Monthly sailings.

Harrison Line. (British). Monthly from London to Barbados, Trinidad, and Georgetown (British Guiana).

Leyland Line. (British). Liverpool to Barbados, Trinidad, La Guaira and Puerto Cabello (Venezuela), Curacao (Dutch W. I.), Puerto Colombia and Catagena (Colombia), and Cristobal.

Navigazione Generale Italiana. (Italian). Monthly from Genoa and Teneriffe to Barbados, Trinidad, La Guaira, Curacao, Puerto Colombia, and Colon (or Cristobal).

Pacific Steam Navigation Co. From Liverpool (via occasional other European ports) to Bermuda, Havana, Kingston, Cristobal, and Balboa, en route to west-coast South American ports.

Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. Fortnightly from London direct to Colon. (See Halifax-Trinidad service on page 14.)

Royal Netherlands Line. (Dutch). From Amsterdam (via Dover and Boulogne-sur-Mer) to Barbados, Trinidad, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Curacao, Puerto Colombia, Cartagena, Cristobal, and Puerto Limon, returning via same route. (This line offers triangular tours in conjunction with Lamport & Holt's boats between New York and Barbados, and with several lines between Cristobal and New York.) Also operates service (primarily freight but accepting passengers) from Amsterdam to the Guianas, and thence via West Indian and Venezuelan ports to New York and return, for which see page 13.

DISTANCES

	Nautical Miles
New York to Bermuda	670
Halifax to Bermuda	800
Bermuda to Nassau	810
New York to Nassau	960
Miami to Nassau	145
Nassau to Santiago de Cuba	550
New York to Havana	1166

CHAPTER III

A WORD BEFORE WE START

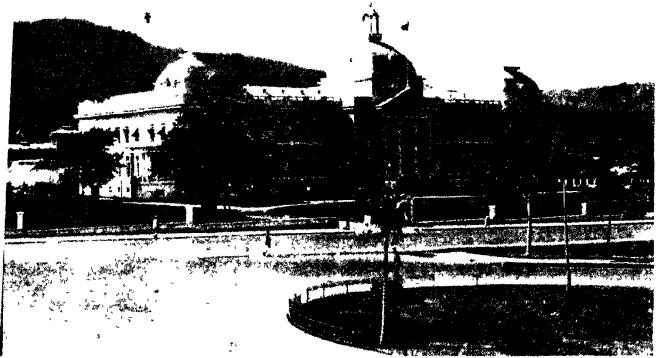


Photo by Witte, Port-au-Prince

THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE IN HAITI

About your Wardrobe—Money—Ashore in the West Indies—
in the Spanish Countries—Care of Health—The Drinks and
Fishes—A General Survey of Travel Problems.

CHAPTER III

A WORD BEFORE WE START

To the passenger on a cruise, as to the experienced globe-trotter, the preliminary preachings of a guide-book should be quite unnecessary.

The cruise-management or the steamship-management can be trusted to smooth the way and handle the problems, answer questions, and otherwise conduct the tourist upon what is usually advertised as "a glorious adventure, without danger, worry, inconvenience, or discomfort." Wherefore the present chapter is largely for the independent wanderer and more particularly for the inexperienced.

1 ABOUT YOUR WARDROBE

In general, whatever you wear at home in mid-summer should suffice for a Caribbean cruise.

On Shipboard, white flannels are always suitable. On de luxe cruises the dinner jacket, or tuxedo, is customarily worn in the evening, but not absolutely necessary. On the local liners, the majority of whose passengers are on their way to business in some southern country, there's usually less splurge, and dinner jackets are the exception rather than the rule.

Ashore, knickers and sport suits are frequently worn, although white linen is, of course, the traditional garb of the local residents. Although many things are comparatively expensive in West Indian shops, the traveler who

is stopping over for any length of time can usually purchase tropical garments to better advantage down there than at home. Sun helmets, long a fetish to the Englishman and other Europeans, are gaining popularity even among Americans, who used to regard them as an affectation. They are by no means the necessity here, however, that they are in the tropic East, and many old-timers seem to live quite comfortably under straw hats and even to survive under sombreros.

In the matter of shoes, the white oxfords which one wears with linen or palm beach are often made with composition soles which in wet weather become distressingly slippery, and one should insist upon leather. Glasses tinted to counteract the effects of the glaring sun are always desirable. Bathing suits should not be forgotten by those who'd take advantage of the world's best beaches. Raincoats are usually recommended in guide-books, but the perspiration most of them induce in warm weather is often as bad as the rain.

Baggage, on a cruise, need occasion little concern. Trunks not over fourteen inches in height can always be kept in one's stateroom and shoved under the berth. The accommodations on some ships enable one to keep a wardrobe trunk in one's compartment, but baggage of such size must ordinarily be stowed in the baggage room, where it may be reached at specified hours.

The independent traveler who transfers from ship to shore and back again, however, might be reminded that such transfers are frequently by small boat; that on any extended trips into the interior every bundle, regardless of its size, may travel on the head or shoulders of a native; and that one's wardrobe should be reduced to the minimum conducive with one's individual idea of comfort or necessity. In South American countries, it might be noted, the

railways charge for the transportation of trunks, but not for suitcases.

MONEY

If you have this important article before sailing, the transportation and changing of it will scarcely prove a problem.

American Money is current in Cuba, Porto Rico, and Panama, and accepted practically everywhere about the Caribbean, while Letters of Credit or Travelers' Cheques can be readily cashed at banks in every port.

In the British Islands, the legal currency is usually British silver supplemented by the paper notes of the Colonial Bank (now Barclays), the Royal Bank of Canada, or the Bank of Nova Scotia. Except in Jamaica and Bermuda, these notes are issued in "dollars," but these are West Indian dollars based on the British pound. They are equivalent to 4s. (4 shillings), while the American dollar (although it seldom brings a premium) should be worth about 4s. 2d. One might note also that the paper of a given bank in one island is often subject to a slight discount in the next island.

Elsewhere, one finds a variety of local coinage, as shown in the statistical pages preceding the chapters on Haiti, Venezuela, etc., but can usually get along with U. S. greenbacks. As every experienced traveler has learned, no matter how economical one resolves to be, one always spends more on a trip than one originally figures.

ASHORE IN THE WEST INDIES

On a standard cruise all shore excursions will be carefully arranged, and the following is *particularly* for the independent traveler.

Fares, from ship to shore, are definitely fixed by regulation in most ports. The black boatmen will quite possibly ask more, but an appeal to the native policeman on the gangway will undoubtedly bring justice. One should make a definite bargain as to price, however, before starting. The same advice holds good for carriages or motor cars on shore, whose rates are similarly prescribed, as a rule, but whose drivers naturally look upon the tourist as fair game. In most ports the driver is required to have a list of the legal rates posted somewhere in his vehicle, which should settle any dispute.

Hotels vary greatly as to quality. In the more cosmopolitan centers one will find many superb hostelrys quite equal to the best in New York—at New York prices. There are always cheaper establishments, however, for those who'd seek them. The traveler who would live as he lives in America will find the West Indies almost as expensive, while he who's willing to live as a West Indian will find them much cheaper. The so-called "American plan" usually prevails—meaning a single rate for board and lodging—and the rates given throughout this volume, unless otherwise specified, include meals.

Language will never be a problem in the West Indies. In the majority of ports English is the native tongue, and even in the resorts where Spanish, French, or Dutch prevails, English is generally understood by those with whom the tourist is apt to deal. The negroes often have a queer patois of their own in such places as Port-au-Prince, Martinique, or Curacao, and even in many of the British islands they have either an accent or a peculiar jargon which is often hard to understand, but the traveler can always get along.

Guides are not only procurable but sometimes unavoidable. One has only to land at a West Indian pier to

find himself besieged by a throng of would-be courriers, eager to earn a few pennies by pointing out every tree and every house, whether you need guidance or not. The only satisfactory solution of this problem, we've found, is to hire the huskiest with the stipulation that he drive the others away.

Photographic Materials can be purchased quite readily in any of the larger ports, but are usually more expensive than at home, and a suitable supply should be carried. Since films spoil quickly in the tropics, one should bring those specially prepared in sealed tins, and develop them soon after exposure. The local photographers vary greatly in efficiency, however, and one might well seek the advice of a ship's officer or some other authority before entrusting valuable snap-shots to every native bungler along the way.

IN THE SPANISH COUNTRIES

In such tourist resorts as Havana, the Latin Americans have learned to cater to the whims of the North American, but beyond the beaten trail in Colombia, Venezuela, or Central America, travel may require something of conformity to native custom.

The Language need occasion no concern to those who visit only the principal cities, but elsewhere a few words of Spanish are almost a necessity. One need not become a master of it, for the Latins always listen politely and sympathetically, ignoring one's blunders, and are surprisingly clever at guessing what it means, particularly if you accompany your phrase or two with appropriate gestures.

A few Spanish words have been used in the present volume, in chapters that deal with Spanish countries, so that the traveler may the more accurately identify the

points of interest by their local names. *Parque*, though pronounced with two syllables, will readily be recognized as meaning park. *Plaza*, *Avenida*, *Hotel*, *Patio*, *Palacio*, *Catedral*, and others, should cause little puzzling. But it might be noted and memorized that a *Calle* is a street, a *Mercado* a market, a *Museo* a museum, a *Casa* a house (sometimes a private residence, but used also for a business enterprise) a *Ferrocarril* a railway, a *Teatro* a theater, a *Jardin* a garden (private or public), and an *Alameda* usually a broad, park-like boulevard.

Meals: In the big-city hotels one may dine much as at home, and may even find a menu printed in English. In the smaller hostelrys one runs up against South American custom, but need not suffer. The hours for meals vary from place to place, but in general the European breakfast is served at daybreak, often in one's bedroom, consisting only of rolls and coffee, so that the traveler who must have his eggs will be obliged to order them specially, and pay extra; this meal is followed by *almuerzo*, or lunch, served from about 11 to 1, and *comida*, or dinner, from 6 to 9.

The Menu: An occasional source of confusion even to the traveler who has mastered Spanish is the fact that on the menus the names of some dishes vary from country to country. This is particularly true of fruits, vegetables, or fishes indigenous to the continent, which the early Spanish explorers discovered separately in different regions, and for which they accepted the several local Indian names or invented their own.

To list them all would be impractical, and perhaps unnecessary. The traveler who goes beyond the cosmopolitan hostelry will probably rejoice in his own discoveries. Whatever he gets will prove not altogether dissimilar to American dishes. The assumption that South American cooking

will be found too peppery for an Anglo-Saxon palate is in general quite erroneous.

Shopping: In the larger stores fixed prices are usually the rule. At native markets, bargaining is customary, as it is with all peddlers. The price first named is usually twice the sum expected, but it may be even higher. The vender rates your gullibility in proportion to your lack of Spanish. To many Americans the business of haggling, aside from the waste of time involved, often seems mean, but it is quite expected. To enter into the spirit of it is to add zest to your South American experience, and the vender himself, who enjoys the game of wits, may even be disappointed if you pay his first exorbitant demand.

Patience and Courtesy are two of the outstanding characteristics of the Spanish-American, found often in the lowliest, and one gets along best by cultivating the same virtues.

Lacking the Yankee's keen sense of work waiting to be done, he usually has more leisure for politeness. When you accost a man on the street, to inquire directions, he is usually most obliging about answering, and is quite likely to cease whatever he is doing to help you find your destination. He usually shows a distinct pride in helping foreigners see his country, which he invariably considers the finest country in the world. On the whole, you'll find him a pleasant and agreeable sort, much more attentive to the strange traveler than we usually are to foreigners at home.

It might be noted, however, that Latins are keenly sensitive—almost ridiculously super-sensitive from a Yankee view-point—and quick to note slights, however unintentional. They dislike, for instance, our assumption of the term "American" as applying only to ourselves, and while the author so uses it throughout this volume for the sake

of brevity, one might remember that the South Americans always appreciate it when the traveler describes himself as a North American, or *Norte-americano*.

Incidentally, the slang term *gringo*, which originated long ago in Mexico as a term of contempt for the Yankee, is now used throughout Latin America without opprobrium, and is often applied to any foreigner, including the Briton or the German.

CARE OF HEALTH

This precious possession is now as safe about the Caribbean as it is at home, provided one exercises the proper precautions.

The local water, in the more progressive cities, is fairly certain to be pure. It is apt to vary, however, in quality; the larger islands, blessed with an abundance of springs, may have their reservoirs, while others draw their entire supply from the rain, and the change of water sometimes has distressing effects. In some of the more backward communities, the water is dangerous and must be chemically treated to prevent typhoid, and the assurance of natives as to its wholesomeness (since they know nothing of hygiene) is to be discredited. In the absence of certainty it is best to play safe and drink only mineral water or stick to the supply carried on the ship.

As to temperance: In the tropics it is always advisable—though by no means customary—to abstain from alcoholic beverages until after sundown. Thereafter let your conscience be your guide, for such beverages are plentiful in the West Indies. Whisky well diluted with soda is, of course, the Englishman's staple tropic beverage. Rum, flavored with lime, is also popular, but the rum should be well aged and not the raw stuff sold in little native

shacks. Among the characteristically West Indian concoctions may be mentioned the refreshing *sangaree*, a light drink of wine, water, sugar, lime, and nutmeg, while a popular appetizer is the *swizzle*, usually of brandy, gin, or whisky, and a dash of bitters, all poured over a glassful of cracked ice and stirred up by a rapidly rotated swizzle-stick until it forms a froth. Wines, beers, cordials, and other liquors are obtainable, and on the morning-after you'll find gin-and-bitters the customary "eye-opener" or "pick-me-up." Whatever ill effects are suffered can always be blamed on the climate.

For the "tea-totaler," there are plenty of *non*-alcoholic drinks obtainable in most places. In Havana, for instance, a favorite iced drink is *jugo de piña*, or *piña colada*, the pure juice of pineapple; *naranjada* or *limonada*, orangeade or lemonade respectively; *guanábana*, a sour-sop drink; *azucarillo*, a mixture of sugar, white of egg, and cinnamon; and a variety of other *refrescos*, or soft drinks; while the milk of the young cocoanut is famous throughout the tropics.

Foods offer similar variety. The local meat is apt to prove tough, except in the larger hostelrys which import it from overseas, but chicken and guinea fowl find their way frequently to the menu. Fish is a staple article of diet, encountered everywhere, and many of the islands have specialties in sea-foods. In the Spanish countries, *camarones*, or crayfish, are noted; in Dominica or St. Kitts *crapaud*, or frog-meat; in the Bahamas, *conches*; in nearly all the islands, the small oysters which attach themselves to the mangrove roots; in some islands, the *iguana*, the world's most hideous-looking lizard, but considered very delicious; in Barbados, the flying fish. And in Barbados or Trinidad, there's a particular specialty known as the *pepper-pot*, said to demand an acquired taste, for it is

composed of a little of everything, preserved with casa-reep (the concentrated juice of the bitter casava), and kept for as long as a hundred years before serving.

Among the local vegetables are yams, taro, sweet potatoes, ochros, tannias, cassava, eddoes, Indian corn, pigeon peas, breadfruit, breadnut, plantain, pumpkin, cucumber, tomato, maize, and pigeon peas, while the fruits include the banana, orange, cocoanut, lime, pomegranate, sapote, sapodilla, star apple, pineapple, mamee apple, guava, mango, java plum, pawpaw, lemon, citron, grapefruit, and many others. The alligator pear, or *avocado* (*aguacate* in Central America), is particularly delicious, and guava jelly is the standard desert. While over-indulgence, particularly in fruit, *may* cause ill effects, we've known many tourists to survive.

Medicines, etc.: In volumes such as ours, it seems customary to print long lists of the drugs which simply *must* be carried on the trip. We see no great reason, however, unless one be going on extended inland journeys, to carry more pills than one ordinarily carries when traveling at home. On a cruise, the ship's doctor should be able to furnish medicines when necessary, while every town of importance has its drug stores or chemist shops.

Mosquitos and Fever will also concern mostly the off-the-trail traveler. In small tropical hotels one should inspect his mosquito net carefully. This is neatly rolled up by day, but when lowered at night often proves to be full of large holes. The safest precaution for one going beyond the beaten track is to carry one's own net.

As a rule one need worry little about malaria or yellow fever. The latter has been pretty well eliminated in recent years, and while the former still exists in some regions, proper safeguard against the bite of the mosquito will forestall it anywhere.

Reptiles are rare in the West Indies, and seldom cause concern. There *are* some tarantulas or scorpions in the jungles or banana plantations, but their bite, while painful, is fatal only to natives, who die from superstition. Snakes, where they exist at all, are harmless except for the *fer-de-lance* of Martinique, Guadeloupe, and St. Lucia. In the first-named island, however, it is said to have been largely wiped out by the great eruption of Mont Pelé, and in the last the British have practically exterminated it by introducing the mongoose, a ferret-like animal from India which preys on serpents. Elsewhere there's no danger except possibly in the interior jungles of the mainland—in Venezuela, Colombia, Panama, or Central America.

WARNING

Although we've endeavored throughout this volume to procure our information from the most authoritative and reliable sources, inaccuracies are bound to occur.

Hotel rates change from time to time. Currency values fluctuate. In growing communities the old landmarks disappear and new spring up while a book is going to press. The railway and steamship companies, it should be remembered, print upon all their published schedules the warning, "Subject to alteration without notice." And populations *will* increase, especially in the tropics.

It must be remembered, consequently, that no guide-book, however painstaking its preparation, can be relied upon as infallible Gospel, and the traveler is advised to verify as he travels the prices and the many other changeable details which we have included only for general guidance.

BERMUDA

Area—Nineteen square miles, distributed among a hundred closely-grouped islets.

Population—About 28,000 permanent residents, half of whom are white.

Formalities—Practically non-existent. No passports are required, and customs inspections are brief.

Chief Cities—Hamilton, the capital, at which ocean steamers land; St. George's, reached therefrom by launch or carriage.

Currency—British is the standard medium, but American or Canadian money is accepted everywhere at the prevailing bank rate, even when prices are quoted in sterling.

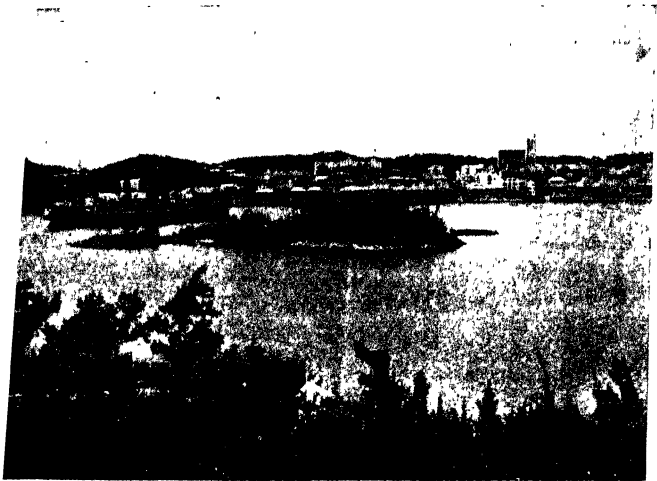
Climate—Varying gradually from temperate in January (average 50°) to tropical in July (average 90°), but with no sudden changes. The mean average for the year is 70°. There is no distinct rainy season as in islands farther south, but the rains fall regularly, to the extent of 66 inches a year.

Seasons—December and January are ideal months for a visit. In February or March, hotel or steamer reservations must usually be made in advance. April or May will find the tropic flowers at their best. The summer is considered the "dull season," and the largest hotels are sometimes closed, but the steamers and the smaller hostleries offer reduced rates from June until the Next December.

Steamship Service—From New York by Furness Bermuda Line, or Royal Mail Line; from Halifax by Royal Mail Line or Canadian Government Merchant Marine; from England by Elders and Fyffes, or the Pacific Steam Navigation Company.

CHAPTER IV

BERMUDA



HAMILTON HARBOR, BERMUDA

A Semi-Tropic Vacation Ground—The City of Hamilton—
Hamilton to St. Georges—The City of St. Georges—If You
inger.

CHAPTER IV

BERMUDA

Some forty-eight hours' steaming from the Statue of Liberty, and for many Caribbean cruises a first port of call, lies the popular resort of Bermuda.

It scarcely belongs to the West Indies, for it is situated well to the north of the other islands, its isolation so complete that early mariners, experiencing difficulty in locating it, once believed that it floated playfully about upon the surface of the sea.

In structure, it is not a single island but a group of small ones, many of them united by artificial causeways, and in recent years its peculiar shape has been likened frequently—and perhaps quite aptly—to that of an outstretched hand, waiting for the gold of the American tourist. The tourist, however, seems little daunted by this; he visits the resort to the number of a hundred thousand annually and appears well satisfied; and its inclusion on so many of the Caribbean cruises may justify it here.

In the matter of history, Bermuda affords little nourishment for the bloodthirsty.

Juan de Bermudez—a Spaniard from which it takes its name—first stumbled upon its shores in 1515 and claimed them for the Spanish Crown, but nothing further was done about it, and with the passing of years the few mariners who sighted its treacherous-looking rocks regarded them as the abode of evil and malignant spirits, until the British Admiral, Sir George Somers, took advan-

tage of his shipwreck here in 1609 to raise the Union Jack.

Three years later the same Virginia Company which had founded Jamestown established a colony here. The Colonial Office took it over in 1684, and Bermuda has been British ever since—most intensely and loyally British—with a parliament which now ranks as the oldest in the Empire save for the mother parliament at Westminster.

As compared with resorts farther south, this island group is somewhat mountainless, and somewhat devoid of the rampant jungle-riot characteristic of truly tropical islands, with few square inches of its territory which have not been explored and catalogued. But it has a climate—the most equable in the world, its local residents claim—and it's undeniably an attractive vacation-ground.

Long before one reaches it, a new balminess tempers the Atlantic breeze. Flying fish, carried northward by the warm current of the Gulf Stream, rise in silver showers and go skimming away in graceful flight. Gradually the waters themselves assume a deeper, warmer blue; one looks far into the clear depths to a reef that seems almost to scrape the vessel's keel; and when the land itself appears, the glaring whiteness of its coral and limestone makes the vegetation stand out the more vividly green.

The steamer course lies through a maze of diminutive islets, passing at one point between two menacing pinnacles that seem quite perilously close; thence across an inland sea, with many sailboats and motor-launches flitting over the cobalt surface; and finally Hamilton looms upon the left, rising from the water's edge on gently sloping ground, its streets and houses built from the coral strand itself and glistening in the play of summer sunlight.

Landing is alongside the pier. The customs officials are polite and seldom exacting. Porters for your baggage are always abundant. Carriages wait alongside the wharf to take you to the many hotels, of which Bermuda boasts more good ones to the square mile than any other resort on the West Indies run. And if you elect to make your stop at St. Georges, at the opposite side of the island, a motor-tender is usually on hand.

Hotels—In Hamilton itself, the Bermudiana (\$10 a day up, including meals), Princess (\$9 up), Hamilton (\$8 up). The St. George, at St. Georges (\$6 up) is also an outstanding hostelry, and there are some thirty or forty others, with cheaper rates, scattered throughout the islands. A complete list can be obtained usually on board your steamer, or upon application to the Bermuda Hotels Association or the Bermuda Trade Development Board.

THE CITY OF HAMILTON

The Bermudian capital, at which the steamer lands, has been the seat of government since 1815.

A somewhat newer town than St. Georges, which previously held that honor, it is modernly conventional in design, with a generally rectangular street-plan, and its catalogued sights are easily found.

Front Street, just behind the wharves and paralleling the waterfront, is the main commercial thoroughfare.

Here will be found most of the shops and stores, which incidentally supply anything the tourist is likely to require in the way of clothing, souvenirs, or photographic supplies. Here, too, are the principal banks—the *Bank of Bermuda*, or *Butterfield and Son*—as well as the steamship offices and such other concerns as the traveler may

wish to deal with. Well to the westward (to the left as you step ashore) will be found the *Cable Office*, while the *Post Office* (letters to U. S. 2½ pence) is one block inland on Parliament Street, behind the Public Buildings.

The Public Buildings, literally so-called, are to the right of the wharves, at the corner of Front and Parliament Streets. They contain the government offices, and are of particular interest at the official opening of parliamentary sessions, always a spectacular event in Hamilton, when the Governor rides in state behind a military guard of honor, to the blaring of a brass band, while the school-children harmonize on "God Save the King."

The Sessions House, a block inland by *Parliament Street* and just behind the *Post Office*, is another venerable structure, surmounted by a commanding and distinctive clock-tower, and housing the Supreme Court and the Assembly.

Church Street, paralleling Front Street two blocks inland, owes its name to the numerous ecclesiastical structures hereabouts. Where Parliament Street crosses it, is the *Wesleyan Methodist*; a block farther north on Parliament is *St. Edward's Roman Catholic*; a block to the east is *St. Andrew's Presbyterian*, with the *African Methodist* just behind it. Or, turning westward on Church Street, you'll find the *Hamilton Cathedral*, most noteworthy of them all.

The Hamilton Cathedral is a stately Gothic structure, scarcely stupendous in size, yet justly claiming in its beauty to be ranked among the finest in the Western Hemisphere. In its construction native limestone is harmoniously blended with imported granite; the cost of building, begun in 1885, is variously estimated at from anything up to half a million dollars; and the battle-

mented towers afford particularly good Lindbergh-eye-views of the city.

The Hamilton Hotel, just west of the Cathedral, is similarly historic, dating from 1863, but has been enlarged and modernized from time to time in order to keep pace with the increasing tourist traffic until it now accommodates some 600 guests.

Victoria Park, another block inland behind the Hamilton Hotel, is a shady, pleasant square, containing among other attractions a monument to the heroes of the World War, and from here one may continue northward to Mount Langton, the residence of the governor (to be mentioned later), or return to the western extremity of *Front Street* to find the Par-le-Ville and a few more points of interest.

The Par-le-Ville, another pleasant square, claims the largest rubber tree in captivity, and here also may be found the *Public Library* and a *Museum of Natural History*.

The Hotel Bermudiana, just beyond the Par-le-Ville, is Bermuda's costliest and most advertised hostelry, simple and stately in design, with a fifteen-acre garden especially notable for its landscape effects and its display of tropical flora.

The Princess Hotel, still farther west, is also attractively situated, overlooking the bay and the many yachts at anchor, and is another favored hostelry of many an old traveler.

The Pitts Bay Road, the continuation of *Front Street* upon which these last two hotels are situated, runs on through what is known as the *Fairyland District*, where are to be found many of Bermuda's finest residential estates, and leads eventually to *Spanish Point*, at the mouth

of the harbor, and to *Admiralty House*, the home of the British naval commander.

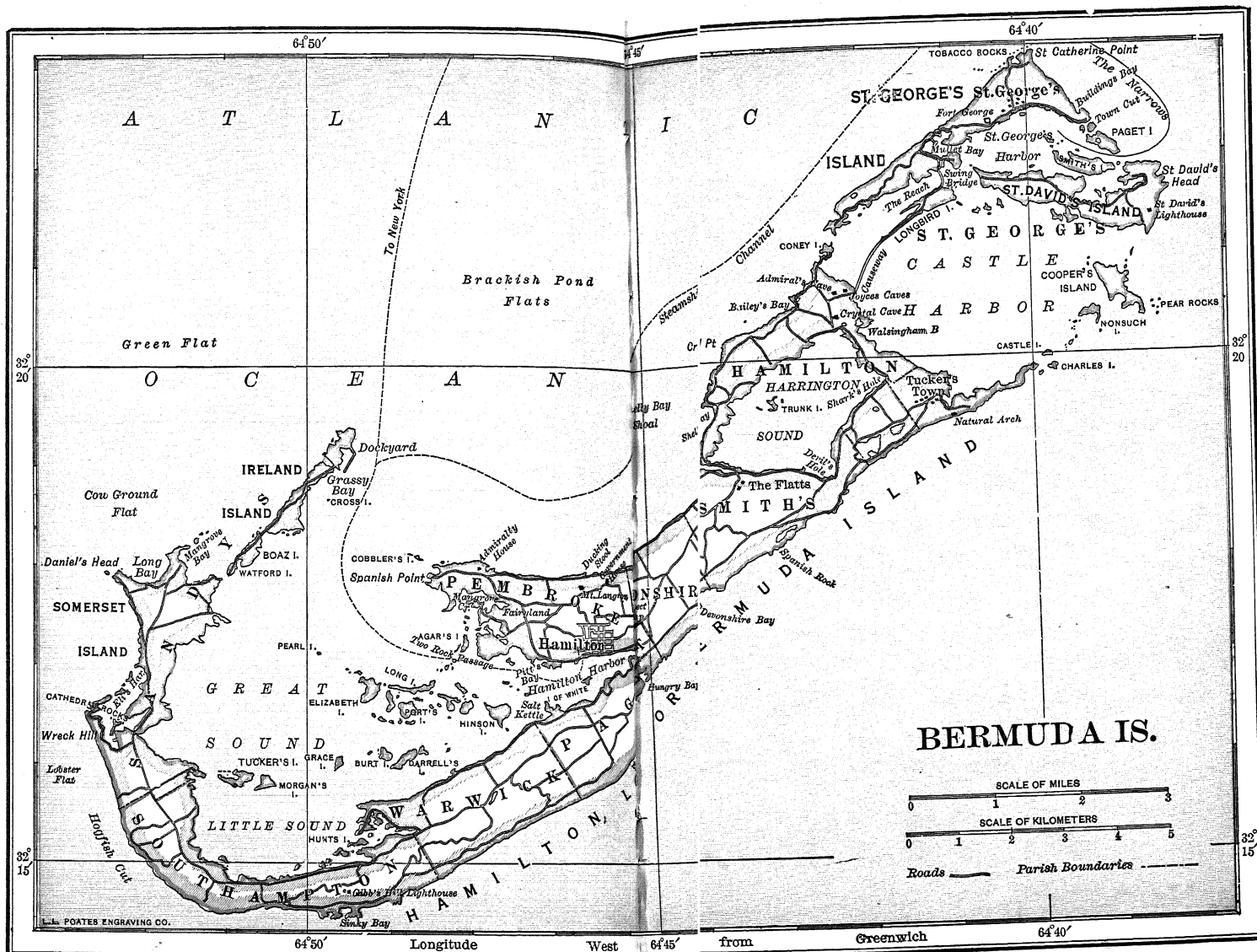
Excursions from Hamilton, if time permits, are also an attraction. Ferries run every half hour to Paget and Warwick, just across the harbor; another makes a daily trip to *Somerset* and the naval dockyards on *Ireland Island*; and there's a daily boat which leaves for the *Marine Gardens* and the Coral Reefs, with a string of glass-bottomed row-boats in tow, charging about 6 or 7 shillings for the round-trip.

The Marine Gardens, considered by many travelers the most interesting sight in Bermuda, are best visited on a calm day, when the surface is undisturbed. Gazing into the clear depths through the glass bottom of the boat one has then the sense of floating in mid-air. The marine growths are gorgeous in their coloring; sea anemones, sea-fans, sea-eggs, and other queer ocean-freaks are to be seen; many varieties of strange fish, of which nearly 300 different species exist in these waters, dart among the coral rocks, many of them of brilliant hue and often with a gift of changing their color instantaneously; and for the sportsman this is one of Bermuda's best fishing grounds.

HAMILTON TO ST. GEORGE

While Bermuda boasts many miles of excellent highway, offering a variety of drives, the most favored are those which lead to Harrington Sound and the old capital of St. George.

Carriages are usually hired by the trip rather than by the hour, and are of two prevailing types—the single victoria, which holds three passengers, or the double, which accommodates five. The rates are standardized, and obtainable at your hotel; for a ride around Harrington



Sound the present charge is about £1, to Flatt's Village 12 shillings, to St. George itself £1 10s for a single victoria, with the double costing somewhat less than twice as much; and your black Jehu can be trusted to serve as guide, counselor, and friend.

The Routes are three in number—the North Road, the Middle, and the South. Being built, like everything else hereabouts, of coral and limestone, their glare at mid-day makes colored glasses highly desirable, but they wind charmingly among hills and lead to many attractions which rival those of the sea.

The North Road, preferred by many travelers, is particularly noted for its glimpses of the ocean.

Starting at Victoria Park, just behind the Hotel Hamilton, this route passes *St. John's Parish Church*, a peaceful old structure originally built in 1621, and at the end of a mile or so, *Mount Langton*, the official residence of the Governor, with its magnificent gardens and flowerbeds. Another half mile and the coast is reached, at a point near a peculiar rock reputed in the early days of the Colony to have been a *Ducking Stool* for shrews or witches.

Thereafter the course follows close along the shore for a distance of several miles. *Prospect Hill* rises upon the right, with its barracks and golf-course to be reached by a brief detour. The main road, however, slights this attraction, winding on along the coast, descending through many deep cuts in the rock, with new vistas and seascapes opening just beyond.

The Village of *Devonshire* is eventually passed, and, somewhat farther on, a tiny islet will be pointed out as *Gibbet Island*, its name derived from the fact that here was once displayed as a public warning the head of a slave who had murdered his master, and the North Road, turn-

ing inland again, leads to *The Flatts*, or *Flatts Village*, where the Middle Road will join it.

The Middle Road, to go back a bit and follow it to this point, has few classifiable sights, but is more direct, and also, being more sheltered from the sea winds, is particularly notable for its floral displays.

Here, if one misses the seascapes, there's recompense in the gardens along the way. Occasional farms devoted to potatoes or onions may add a prosaic note, but they are interspersed with snowy white fields of Bermuda's famous easter lilies, while orchards of fig trees and oranges rise above the omnipresent oleander hedges.

At Flatts Village, where the North and Middle Roads unite, one reaches the edge of *Harrington Sound*, a large lagoon practically land-girt save for a narrow channel to the sea, and here one may continue along the northern coast, past the *Shelley Bay Race Track*, or follow the shore of the Sound to connect at its southern side with the South Road.

The South Road, up to this point, is usually regarded as comparatively uninteresting.

Near *Harrington Sound*, however, it passes *Spanish Rock*, a stone carved with the initials of some unidentified Spanish mariner, and close to its junction with the branch-road from *the Flatts* lies the *Devil's Hole*, one of Bermuda's three-starred sights.

The Devil's Hole is a natural grotto, fed by a subterranean inlet, and the property of an enterprising individual who keeps it stocked with voracious tropical fish. The small fee charged for admission includes usually an informal lecture on the ferocity of his finny wards, mostly

gaping-mouthed groupers who wait with red jaws lifted above the water as they listen for the rattle of the bait-can. Their ferocity is no fish-story, for the moment a few crumbs are tossed to them their color changes instantaneously from red to black, they churn the water into a frothing whirlpool, and one can easily believe the local tale—recounted by Hayward in his *Bermuda Past and Present*—that a doubting British officer who tossed his dog into the grotto saw the animal torn to pieces within a second and departed much chastened in spirit.

From the Hole, the main highway continues along the edge of Harrington Sound, but a branch leading down to the southern seacoast will include a few more points of interest.

By the latter, a detour may bring you to the *Mid-Ocean Club*, a restricted residential colony, with golf courses and club-house open only to members and their guests; to *Tucker's Town*, noted for its many sand dunes, some shifting with the wind while others are held tight by countless vines and creepers; to the *Natural Arch*, one of Bermuda's many queer rock formations; and to a patch of open sea where many peculiar "boilers", or coral atolls, are to be observed, the surf churning peculiarly about them with an effect which accounts for their local name.

The main road, rejoined after the detour, swings northward again between Harrington Sound and Castle Harbor, passing many beauty spots of its own and bringing one eventually to Walsingham and the "Cave District."

Walsingham, aside from the charm of a particularly verdant setting, is famed as a favored home of the poet, Tom Moore. As a matter of fact, he lived at St. George, and the house here pointed out as his was the property of the Trotts, an old Bermuda family, but he was a fre-

quent visitor, and wrote many of his poems in this charming villa or in the shade of its ancient calabash tree.

The Caves, which abound throughout this general region, are Bermuda's chief natural curiosities, and several of them are distinctly worth a visit.

The *Crystal Cave*, just above Walsingham, is probably the most famous; a passageway leads to its subterranean pool where thousands of stalactites gleam with a fairy-land effect from craftily concealed electric bulbs; and pontoon bridges enable one to explore its cavernous interior without discomfort. *Leamington Cave*, a comparatively new discovery a short distance south of Walsingham, is similarly notable for its coloring; the *Admiral's Cave* and *Joyce's Dock Cave*, nearer the north coast, also have their claims to attention, the latter containing a stalagmite bust resembling Shakespeare; while *Wonderland Cave*, *Cathedral Cave*, and others are to be found in this vicinity.

From the Cave District, the North Road and the South Road unite to continue to St. George, crossing Castle Harbor by a causeway approximately a mile and a half in length (if one include the span formed by Long Bird Island); the passage affords many pleasing views of Castle Harbor and of the ancient forts which formerly guarded it; and at the far end the road circles Mullet Bay to land one finally at the quaint old city of St. George.

The total distance from Hamilton, by the North Road, is about 12 miles; by the South Road, slightly longer; and carriages should make this journey in about two hours.

THE CITY OF ST. GEORGE

St. George—or St. George's, since it seems to be spelled most indiscriminately—is Bermuda's most picturesque town.

Quaint and quiet, in contrast to the more commercial Hamilton, its streets wind and twist and ramble drunkenly up or down hill, many of them as narrow as they were in 1612, with such queer names as "Old Maid's Alley," and here one finds an old-world atmosphere all but unknown in the port.

The **St. George Hotel**, at which most cruise parties are apt to break the journey, is itself quite venerable, many of its massive cedar beams a good two hundred years of age. Like the Hamilton, however, it has kept pace with the transition of the islands, and is quite a Twentieth Century structure to-day, its modern appointments including even a tiled swimming pool equipped with artificial heat and electrical moonlight effects. It faces a little plaza of its own, and from its position on what is known as Rose Hill, commands a magnificent panorama of the town and harbor and the encircling islands.

Ferry Road, by which one first enters St. George, passes within a block of the hotel, and just beyond divides itself into *Water Street* and *York Street*, which thereafter parallel the harbor-front and lead to many of the local points of interest.

The **Post Office**, on York Street, is one of the great antiques. Its stout walls are a reminder of 1711, when it first started its career as a jail. In its time it contained many a French or American prisoner of war, but its principal claim to fame is that it once sheltered the first Methodist Missionary to Bermuda, who was incarcerated for "preaching ye Gospel of ye Lord to Slaves," who in those days were not entitled to such ministrations.

Market Square, to which both Water and York Streets eventually lead, is the chief landing-place for boats, and about it are several buildings of importance—the *Bank of Bermuda*, the *St. George Yacht Club*, *Somer's Inn*,

(occupying what was once the Town Hall), and a step farther east along Water Street brings one to the old *State House*, where once the Courts of Justice and the "oldest" Parliament sat, but now a meeting-house for Masons.

The Public Gardens, just behind the old State House, are of interest both for their shrubbery and their antiquity. Among the monuments may be found a shaft erected in 1909 to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the Colony, and near the York Street entrance is a tomb containing the heart of the Sir George Somers who first planted the Union Jack here, and whose name—with the Sir transformed to Saint—the city itself now bears.

St. Peter's Church, a block or so to the west of the Gardens, is the mother of all the parish churches in Bermuda, and one of the oldest now standing. Parts of its foundation probably were laid in 1612, and the general structure, although renovated some twenty years ago, dates back to 1719, when a hurricane carried away the original roof.

It contains so many ancient silver communion services or similar treasures that it's almost a museum, and on its walls are innumerable mural tablets, extolling at extravagant length the virtues of innumerable departed and long-forgotten local celebrities, among them "The Good Governor Alured Popple, Esq.," whose chief claim to fame is that he used to tax the bachelors.

The Churchyard is also of interest. Long disused as a place of burial, its aged headstones are for the most part undecipherable now, but here are buried among others the American midshipman, Richard Sutherland Dale, who lost his life here following a naval engagement in

the war of 1812, as well as Hester Louisa Tucker, the "Nea" of Tom Moore's romantic poetry.

Nea's House, although it may fall to pieces while we're going to press, is (or was) situated some distance north of the Post Office on a narrow street called Cumberland Alley. Young Moore, who came to Bermuda as registrar of the Admiralty Court, seems to have been more or less harmless in his poetic infatuation for her, but she happened unfortunately to be a married lady, and her good spouse Tucker is reputed to have been unappreciative of the "Odes to Nea," and much relieved when the exuberant Thomas betook himself on to New York to seek his fortune.

Government Hill, which rises behind the Public Gardens, is now being crowned with a new Parish Church destined to replace St. Peter's, but to the American tourist this eminence is of particular interest as the site of an old powder-mill which figured somewhat humorously in the Revolutionary War.

The story is that George Washington, being hard-pressed for ammunition, dispatched one Captain Abraham Whipple to Bermuda, with instructions to obtain some in a friendly way, if possible, but to obtain it without fail. Just how Whipple maneuvered it will never be known, but one tale is that, the British governor refusing, the key was stolen from under his pillow and the kegs rolled across his front lawn while he still snored contentedly. At all events, Whipple got the powder, about a hundred kegs of it, and the American Legislature made amends for the trickery involved by sending Bermuda a shipload of much-needed provisions.

Excursions from St. George may be made by carriage to *St. Catherine's Bay*, where tradition has it that Somers

first landed; a ferry runs across the harbor to *St. David's Island*, which contains several quaint old settlements and a modern lighthouse; and interesting trips are available by sailboat or launch to numerous other points, such as *Castle Island*, on the south side of Castle Harbor, famous for its ruins of colonial forts.

IF YOU LINGER

For those who stop over, Bermuda will undoubtedly hold the chiefest charm, for it is much less a place to see than a place in which to live.

No factory whistles split the air, for there's not a factory in the group; the roar of motor-horns is strikingly absent, automobiles being banned in the interests of peace and tranquillity; and as a place in which to rest it is unsurpassed.

Outdoor sports, for the more energetic, are to be enjoyed in abundance throughout the year. Two eighteen-hole courses and four of nine holes provide golf, and with one or two exceptions are open to visitors. Tennis courts are to be found everywhere, many of the hotels conducting tournaments from time to time. Horse-races are held in season at the Shelley Bay Race Track. Boating and bathing are particularly popular, while the fishing is unsurpassed.

Social Life is an added attraction. The Bermudians are usually most hospitable; dances are held frequently at all the larger hotels, either at tea-time or in the evening, and the guests of one hostelry are welcome at the functions given by the others.

Further Data on Bermuda may be found in Hayward's book, already mentioned, in Rider's Guide to Bermuda.

BERMUDA

or in the other volumes listed in our bibliography; while the Bermuda Trade Development Board (at Parliament Street, Hamilton, or 250 Park Avenue, New York City) maintains a public information service.

THE BAHAMAS

Area—A string of 3,000 islets and cays, extending from the Florida coast to Haiti, with a total surface of about 4,400 square miles.

Population—About 60,000.

Capital—Nassau, on the Island of New Providence.

Other Islands—The principal islands, in addition to New Providence, are the Biminis (off the coast of Florida), Cat Island, Abaco, Grand Bahama, Long Island, Andros, Rum Cay, Long Cay, Ragged, and Watlings. Save for an occasional settlement of sponge or turtle fishers, the rest are mostly uninhabited.

Formalities—Practically non-existent. Passports are not required.

Currency—Officially British, but American money is accepted, and prices are frequently reckoned in U. S. dollars.

Government—British, by a Governor sent out from home, assisted by an Executive Council of nine members, a Legislative Council, and a Representative Assembly, locally elected.

Climate.—Near tropical but healthful. The temperature varies from an average of 71° in winter to 80° in summer, with a mean average for the year of about 77°. The winter months are considered the dry season, and the favorite time for a visit; in summer many of the large hotels are closed.

Communication—From New York or Miami via Munson Line; from Halifax, Bermuda, or Jamaica, via Canadian Government Merchant Marine. Several small steamers also offer frequent and comfortable overnight service between Miami and Nassau; the Santo Domingo Line touches at Turk's Island en route from New York to Santo Domingo; and airplanes offer communication from Miami or other points in Florida.

CHAPTER V

THE BAHAMAS



Courtesy of Raymond & Whitcomb

A BAHAMAN SPONGE FACTORY

Pirates of the Past—Bootleggers of the Present—The Winter
Resort of Nassau—The “Out” Islands.

CHAPTER V

THE BAHAMAS

Beginning almost at the Florida coast and extending eastward like a system of barrier-reefs for the Greater Antilles, lie the U. S. A.'s nearest tropical neighbors—the 3,000 cays, islets, and islands known as the Bahamas.

To the passenger bound for Cuba or Jamaica they may be heralded only by the flash of a distant light-house, winking out of the night, for the majority of them are sparsely inhabited if at all, and serve little purpose save as the foundation for the beacon which prevents our running into them. Mostly low and wind-swept, with but a thin layer of soil upon their coral base, they produce little except a scraggly growth of mangrove along the shore, or a scrubby forest of pitch-pine and palmetto. Yet they possess an equable climate, not unlike that of Bermuda; where efforts have been made to improve and beautify them, they respond most nobly; their capital at least—the charming city of Nassau—appears on many a Caribbean Cruise itinerary; and the group is of considerable historic interest as the first port-of-call on that most famous of all the great West Indies cruises, organized by Christopher Columbus in 1492.

The earliest to be discovered, and the last to be permanently settled, these Bahamas have had a checkered past, even for West Indian islands.

Columbus made his original landfall at what is now known as Watling's, on the outer edge of the group. Discouraged and disheartened by the mutinies of his men,

he had promised the crew that he would turn back if land were not sighted within three days, and it was on the third day that this isle appeared, wherefore at the time he christened it San Salvador, or "Holy Savior."

In the days that followed, however, few efforts were made to colonize these barren and uninviting shores. Spain continued to claim them, and when an Englishman, Captain Sayles, took shelter from a storm on an island which he called "Providence"—the "New Providence" now occupied by the city of Nassau—the irate Spaniards descended upon his settlement, killed his settlers, and toasted Sayles over a blazing fire.

Pirates naturally found the sparsely populated group an ideal hiding-place. Blackbeard made Nassau his headquarters for a time, as did many another of the "brethren of the sea," and for many years the story of the Bahamas was the usual Caribbean tale of battles between Don and Buccaneer. In 1670, Charles II ceded the Bahamas to a party of English noblemen, who established a fairly definite British proprietorship and later surrendered them to the Crown, but the islands produced comparatively little of value; their development was slow; and long after the civilized navies had driven the skull-and-crossbones from these waters, the scarcely gentle profession of "wrecking" flourished as a leading industry, whole communities subsisting upon the loot of the vessels which came to grief upon the adjacent shoals.

To-day, of course, such adventurous souls as still remain are engaged mainly in running rum across the straits to Florida. During the earlier period of American prohibition, in fact, the passage became locally known as Rum Row, and Nassau's own principal thoroughfare, a headquarters for the bootleggers, was frequently described as Booze Avenue. And although the growing expertness of

Uncle Sam's prohibition navy is supposed to have discouraged smuggling to some extent, the smuggler is still a familiar character in the Bahamas, adding a dash of the picturesque to what now is otherwise an orderly and respectable population.

Aside from the wealth which these gentlemen are reputed to squander, Nassau's chief present source of revenue is the American tourist. A rather dazzling city, the Bahaman capital sprawls over a low hillside, facing the north; the roads of brilliant coral contrast vividly with the varied tints of many gardens; the sun beams down through nodding coco-palms upon the pink or yellow of the house-fronts; and its whole effect is of languid tranquillity, as if—to quote a description from Verrill—"its only interest was in the coming of more tourists to keep it from falling fast asleep."

Yet Nassau's business men and promoters—many of whom are themselves American, with the knack for developing and advertising which such nationality implies—are keenly awake to the city's advantages as a resort. Fast boats, and faster airplanes from Miami land here daily during the winter months, bringing hordes of vacationists to enjoy the warm climate or the cool beverages; several new and palatial hostelrys cater to the luxury-loving; and Nassau ranks to-day among the leading playgrounds of the Caribbean.

Hotels—New Colonial, Royal Victoria, Waterloo, Nassau, Lucerne, Allan, etc.

THE SIGHTS OF NASSAU

While the Bahaman capital, like Bermuda, is a place in which to enjoy life rather than a place to be systematically "seen," it has its catalogued sights.

Rawson Square, at which the traveler lands, is a natural starting-point, with the city's principal thoroughfare just behind it, paralleling the harbor-front.

Bay Street, the "booze avenue" of local philistines, although scarcely imposing architecturally, with wharves and warehouses on its seaward side, contains most of the leading shops and business offices—the *Royal Bank of Canada*, the *Chamber of Commerce*, and the *Development Board*, with its information service on the Bahamas. The *Masonic Temple*, and the *New Colonial Hotel* are also on this street, and just opposite Rawson Square are situated the *Public Buildings*, the center of local government.

The **Public Buildings**, which form three sides of a quadrangle about a statue of Queen Elizabeth, contain the *Post Office* (postage to or from the United States 2 cents U. S. per ounce), the *Treasury*, *Custom House*, and other government departments. In the central structure, upstairs, are the *Legislative Chambers*, and in the western wing the House of Assembly, which can boast portraits on its walls of British sovereigns as far back as George III. The mace used here was brought from South Carolina by Loyalists, many of whom emigrated to the Bahamas at the time of the American Revolution and who at the time composed the greater part of the islands' population.

Government House, the headquarters of the governor, just back of town on an eminence known as Mount Fitzwilliam, is also worth a visit. It stands in the center of grounds about 18 acres in extent, and at the head of George Street, offering magnificent views of the town and the harbor. The approach is guarded by a large *Statue of Columbus*, said to have been modeled after suggestions by Washington Irving, but notable for its size rather than its artistry, and described by more than one commentator

as suggesting a pirate rather than a world-famous discoverer. It is regarded, however, with much reverence by the darky population, who (according to Ober), date the landing of Columbus from the date of the statue rather than from 1492.

The Royal Victoria Hotel, four blocks east by Parliament Street from Government House, offers another pleasing view, and is notable as the oldest and most famous of the local hostelrys. Once regarded as the finest in the West Indies, it has been superseded in Nassau by the New Colonial but still ranks high on the list.

Fort Fincastle, to the east of the Royal Victoria and crowning the summit of another hill, is another worthwhile vantage-point, and its usual approach from town is through a passageway known as the Queen's Staircase, considered one of Nassau's chief sights. Cut from the solid rock, 70 feet in depth by about 30 in width, this passageway was probably made by early garrisons to afford shelter in reaching or leaving the fortress, and no queen of England has ever trod its steps, but the fact does not detract from its interest. The fortress itself, somewhat squatty and suggesting an old-fashioned steamboat in shape, dates from 1789, and is now obsolete, being used chiefly as a signal station.

Forts Charlotte and Montague, which complete Nassau's former system of defense, are also deserving of a visit, but demand a somewhat more extended journey best accomplished by carriage or motor car.

The former, erected in 1788, is at the western extremity of Bay Street; the latter, built about 1741, at the eastern end of town; and both have played a dramatic part in the city's early history. Fort Montague was captured by Commodore Hopkins, of the then embryonic American navy, in 1776; by Spaniards in 1781; and finally retaken

by a Colonel Devaux, a loyalist of Carolinian birth, in 1783, in a coup which merits description. His force of less than 300 men was far inferior to that of the Spaniards, but by merely rowing them back and forth between ship and shore—displaying them as they approached land, but hiding them under tarpaulins on the return to the vessel—he created the effect of a vast army. The Dons, convinced that they faced overwhelming numbers, hauled down their flag at the first gun-shot, and by this victory Nassau reverted permanently to British ownership.

The New Colonial Hotel, largest and finest of the island's present hostelries, is passed on the way to Fort Charlotte, and maintains a club-house and golf-course on the grounds of Fort Charlotte itself, open to the company's guests.

Other Sights in Nassau include the old *Vendue House* at the foot of George Street, originally a slave market but now a telephone exchange; the *Old Jail* behind the Public Buildings, which at present serves as a Library; the *Cathedral*, on George Street; the *Barracks*, on Bay Street, with their Parade Ground to the south; and the *Sponge Market*, at the foot of Frederick Street, where small boats from the outlying cays unload this exotic local product, to be cleaned and dried and sold to the highest bidder.

Excursions, providing the stopover permits, may be made from Nassau to several neighboring points of interest, and the latest data can usually be obtained from the local Development Board as to rates and transportation.

The Lake of Fire, a short distance out from Nassau and easily reached by carriage, is an outstanding attraction for those who remain overnight.

An artificial pond, about 300 by 1,000 feet in dimension, cut from the coral rock originally to provide a park-

ing-place for captured sea-turtles, this so-called lake (which officially is known as Waterloo) possesses phosphorescent properties, and every disturbance of its waters causes a phenomenal effect. The darker the night, the more brilliant the flame; the countless darting fish, according to Ober, leave fiery trails in their wake, by whose weird light coarse print may be read; and the black boys swimming in the water remind one of the fabled El Dorado—"until they emerge from the phosphorescent element and remind the visitor that the charge for their evolutions is a sixpence each."

The Marine Gardens, at the eastern end of Nassau Harbor, may be visited in glass-bottomed boats from the dock at Rawson Square, and are rated among the best in the West Indies.

As in Bermuda, the clear waters permit one to see far down to the coral bottom, where strange fishes play among fantastic marine growths; the currents sweeping in from the sea give the effect of a strong wind as the shrubs bend and sway; and the bright-hued creatures swimming through the "forest" rival the tropic birds in their coats of crimson and orange, azure and emerald. One should insist, however, upon the glass-bottomed boat, for many of the would-be guides hereabouts offer an ordinary skiff or rowboat, with a pair of marine-glasses as a supplement, by which much of the most striking effect is lost.

Sports are offered in Nassau in the abundance characteristic of British colonies. Tennis is especially popular. The golf course at Fort Charlotte is open to guests, as is the swimming pool of the New Colonial Hotel. Swimming is also to be enjoyed at Hog Island, just across the harbor. Duck shooting on Lakes Cunningham and Killarney (on New Providence) is permissible from No-

vember to April. And yachting for those with unlimited time, affords a further acquaintance with some of the least-known islands of the West Indies.

THE "OUT ISLANDS"

Quite off the tourist trail, but worth a word or two, are the Bahaman cays which—to the people of Nassau—are known as the "out islands."

Scattered over a territory 700 miles long, few of these 3,000 little islets have any connection with Nassau, or with any other place, save possibly by the irregularly-scheduled schooners which the government may subsidize for carrying mails, and the yachtsman—or the more adventurous traveler who ships in a sponging-boat—will find them a comparatively new field.

The Biminis, just off the Florida coast, are probably the most frequently visited to-day, being reached by motor-boat or sea-plane in a few hours.

Tradition has it that somewhere here or hereabouts exists the Fountain of Youth for which Ponce de Leon searched, but the legend takes many conflicting forms. One story is that there is a fresh-water spring in the ocean itself, where a Spaniard, quenching his thirst, attained new life. At any rate, Ponce de Leon, hearing a garbled version of the tale, stopped at the Biminis on his way to Florida, where he met his death. The islands to-day, however, are famous mostly as a fountain of Johnny Walker or Three-Star Hennessy; several large hotels and a palatial Country Club make Bimini a small rival of Nassau as a tourist mecca; and local merchants are among the staunchest advocates of American prohibition.

Great Bahama and the Abacos, forming a detached group north of Bimini, are inhabited mostly by fishermen

and turtle-hunters, descendants of American Loyalists who have kept to themselves and closely intermarried.

Andros Island, just west of New Providence, is the largest of the Bahamas, measuring some 90 miles in length and 20 to 40 in breadth, sparsely populated and to a large extent unexplored. This island is said to be the only one in the group containing running streams, and is partially surrounded by a great barrier-reef of coral, within which a large lagoon with numerous entrances affords a yacht-ground for shallow-draught vessels.

Eleuthra, east of New Providence, contains several settlements, of which Dunmore Town leads with over a thousand inhabitants. Its shores are especially notable for queer carving, the effect of wind and water, the most noteworthy being a great limestone arch known as the "Glass Window," 85 feet above the ocean, which picnic-parties from Nassau occasionally visit.

The Exumas, southeast of New Providence, are surrounded by some 160 or more cays, inclosing a large sound, also a favored cruising-ground for Nassau's yachtsmen, where one may drift some sixty miles among wooded islets in fairly shallow water that reveals the coral depths.

Watling's Island, where Columbus first touched, lies to the northeast of the general group, and is sighted by many steamships making the direct run from New York to Jamaica or Panama. It is about 6 by 12 miles in extent, and save for its historic interest contains little except a small fishing village and a fifty-foot lighthouse.

Turk, the most easterly of the islands (save for a few minor shoals) is governmentally linked with Jamaica.

CUBA

Area—44,164 square miles.

Population—3,370,000, Spanish or dark.

Capital—Havana (500,000).

Chief Cities—Santiago (62,000), Matanzas (54,000), Cienfuegos (50,000), Camaguey (40,000).

Language—Spanish, with English generally understood in Havana and frequently in other cities.

Government—An independent republic, with constitution resembling that of the United States, and under U. S. protectorate.

Formalities—Practically non-existent. Travelers do not require passports even when stopping in Cuba.

Currency—American money is accepted everywhere. Local coins, five, ten or twenty cent pieces, are usually offered as change and are of equal value, the Cuban dollar being equal to the American.

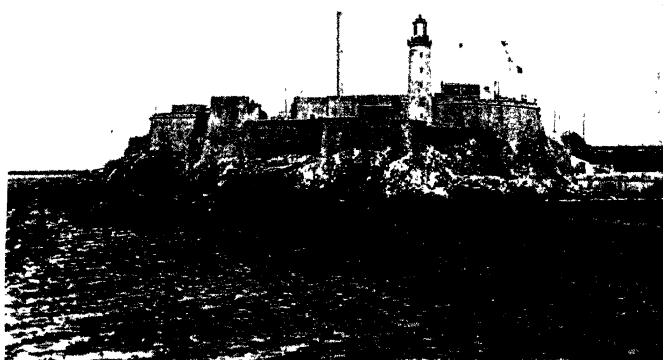
Climate—Warm by day, ranging from an average of 70° in winter to a maximum over 90° in summer, but tempered in Havana by sea breezes, and usually pleasant enough at night. The "dry" months, from November to April, are the best for a protracted visit. In the other months, the rainfall is apt to be heavy, and the climate muggy and oppressive.

Steamer Service—From *Key West* by daily ferry; from *New York* by Atlantic Navigation Co., Ward Line, Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Dollar Line, United Fruit Co., and Panama Pacific Line; from *New Orleans* by Munson Line and United Fruit; from *European ports* by P.S.N.C., Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, Hamburg-Amerika, Royal Netherlands; from *Miami* during winter months by Clyde Line.

Airplane service is also advertised now, daily from Key West to Havana, by tri-motored planes with accommodations for ten passengers, making the journey in a trifle over an hour.

CHAPTER VI

CUBA



Courtesy of Raymond & Whitcomb

MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA

The Pearl of the Antilles—The Havana Tour—The Suburbs of Havana—Amusements—Excursions—Santiago de Cuba.

CHAPTER VI

CUBA

Llave del Nuevo Mundo y Baluarte de las Indias Occidentales!

Such was the title its founders gave Havana, meaning "Key to the New World and Bulwark of the West Indies," and the name is not inapt.

If from New York you sail directly for this great Caribbean metropolis, omitting Bermuda and the Bahamas as many parties do, a third day should find your steamer off the Florida coast, with the beaches to Miami and the keys beyond almost constantly in sight, and the fourth morning will reveal the "Pearl of the Antilles," veritably the key to a new and romantic world.

Even in the glare of mid-day, Havana holds a thrill as seen from the sea, while at sunrise—when the skipper usually aims to make his arrival—the city is at its best. To the right lies a semicircular strip of sea-wall, against which the waves shatter themselves in a sickle of milky foam; behind it and beyond a handsome driveway, rise the houses of the wealthy, typical Spanish homes, flat-roofed and ornate of front, their white columns and balconies touched with pink by the rising sun until they assume the shade of coral. To the left, dominating the narrow harbor entrance, stands Morro Castle, looming solidly above a rocky headland, aged and crumbling and steeped in history, its massiveness scarcely apparent until one sights the tiny figures of the khaki-clad soldiers who wave

their welcome from its weatherstained parapets. Behind it is the fortress of Cabañas, rambling over the hills opposite the main city, and to the right again are the wharves, at which most steamers dock, and the city itself, mostly very foreign-looking, but with an occasional new office-building or hotel rising like a sky-scraper above the Moorish domes—the biggest and busiest and gayest cosmopolis in the West Indies.

To the average tourist, this Havana is the beginning and end of the Cuban excursion, yet the island—as well as the republic—deserves a brief review.

It was some three or four days after his first landfall in the Bahamas that Christopher Columbus sighted Cuba, near the eastern point of Cape Maisi, and such was its bulk as compared with the smaller islets he had seen, that he took it for a new continent.

The first settlements on the island were established by Diego Valesquez, who came from Santo Domingo in 1511 with some 300 other doughty warriors, founding Santiago and other towns along the southern coast, which for many years suffered a precarious existence. Havana itself was originally on this south side, but fevers so ravaged the garrison here that presently the city moved to the north shore. The site selected, however, was not an ideal one for defense; French, Dutch, and British buccaneers, attracted by the treasure stored in transit from Mexico to Spain, hammered constantly at its gates; and in 1519 Havana—or San Cristobal de la Habana, to do it full titular justice—was moved again, this time to the edge of the landlocked harbor where it stands to-day, some 90 miles south of Key West.

Slaves were introduced in 1523, and Cuba became immediately successful in the cultivation of sugar and tobacco,

but the troubles of the Cubans were by no means ended. During years of constant Caribbean warfare, Havana continued to be attacked, and in 1762 was captured and briefly held by the British under Lord Albemarle and Admiral Pocock. But the greatest sufferings of the local planters were undoubtedly due to the harsh and tyrannical rule of Spain itself, which resulted in local movements for independence as far back as 1850.

In 1848 President Polk tried to purchase the island for the United States, offering \$1,000,000, which the Dons refused. In 1851 a filibuster led by a Venezuelan named Lopez was aided by many Americans under Colonel Crittenden, but the movement was summarily suppressed, Crittenden and some fifty of his Kentuckians being captured and shot. The spirit of revolt still smoldered, however, and the final uprising, organized by Martí, Gomez, Maceo, Garcia, and other patriots, came to its conclusion with the sinking of the *Maine* and the intervention of the United States in 1898.

That the *Maine* was sunk by a Spanish torpedo seems still subject to debate. There are still those who believe the explosion caused by a drifting mine, while others claim that it was internal, and a few suggest that it was the work of Cubans who hoped the Spaniards would catch the blame. But the vessel went down in Havana harbor on the night of February 15th, 1898, and "Remember the *Maine*" became a watchword in the brief war that followed.

American forces under General Shafter landed at Daiquiri, near Santiago de Cuba, in June, and marching overland, took El Caney and San Juan Hill by storm on July 1st. The Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera, which Lieutenant Hobson had failed to bottle up in Santiago harbor by his heroic sinking of the *Merrimac* at the channel entrance, promptly took to sea, only to be de-

stroyed by the waiting guns of Admiral Sampson. Santiago capitulated on July 17th, to be followed quickly by other strongholds, and the United States took over control of the country on January 1st, 1899, to deliver it back to the Cuban people on May 20th, 1902.

Havana's growth and progress date largely from the period of American occupation.

Described in its earlier days as "a vile and filthy pest-hole," its regeneration began under the governorship of the late General Leonard Wood. Yet it is to be remarked that the Cubans themselves have continued the work with an energy which the Anglo-Saxon seldom expects of a tropical Latin race. The Havana of to-day boasts proudly of a lower death-rate than Chicago or New York. Its luxurious hotels are among the world's best. Several of its park-like boulevards rank among the finest in the Americas. Its harbor contains more shipping than any other in the Carribbean. And in its facilities for varied entertainment, it seems fairly justified in calling itself "The Paris of the West."

The new, however, has not effaced the old, so that the present-day visitor, while enjoying all the comforts of home, may still find here all the quaintness of an exotic foreign land.

The old Havana, about the wharves, is still quaintly Spanish, and notable for its extremely narrow alleys that date back to the Colonial days. The tiny lanes lead like caverns between buildings of many colors, often with overhanging Spanish balconies from which the señoritas peep down; through an occasional arched gate, one glimpses the palms and flowers of a patio, or interior garden; and everywhere are cafés, festooned to the ceiling with bottles—perhaps the region's most characteristic sight. They

stand literally wide open, with walls of sheet iron which are drawn up in the daytime, making the bar itself a continuation of the sidewalk. Other shops are similarly exposed, and one has a delightful sense of intimacy here as he watches the local citizenry shod, shaved, or shampooed in public.

In fact, to those who relish foreign atmosphere this old part of the city will repay further exploration. But those in haste to see *all* of Havana within the brief stop-over of the average steamer may prefer to hail an automobile—the public cars are distinguished by a sign on the windshield of “Se alquila,” literally “Rents itself”—and start at once. The native driver may appear somewhat reckless, but he’s usually very expert at maneuvering through the narrow streets, and it’s both faster and safer to ride with him than to dodge him.

Guides also are abundantly available, if desired. In fact, one’s patronage is usually solicited upon landing; escorts can be provided by hotel clerks; several local tourist concerns operate trips about town; even the rubberneck-wagon has made its appearance; many of the taxi-drivers themselves speak English, as do most of the clerks in the larger shops or hostelrys, and one should experience no difficulty in seeing Havana.

HAVANA

Population—Around 500,000.

Hotels—Sevilla-Biltmore, Plaza, Inglaterra, Telegrafo, America, Union, Grand, Saratoga, Pasaje, (Trotcha and Almendares in suburbs), Lafayette, Florida, Ritz, and many others, varying from New York prices down.

Conveyances—Fords, constantly plying the main streets, carrying passengers anywhere within the city limits for 20

cents per person. Cars may also be hired by the hour, at from about \$2 to \$5 by agreement. After midnight the rates per ride are doubled.

Banks—Chase National, National City Bank of New York, First National of Boston, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Royal Bank of Canada, Banco Mercantil Americano de Cuba, Bank of Nova Scotia, National Trust Co., Mercantile Trust Co., Pan American Surety & Trust Co., and about twenty others, Cuban concerns predominating.

Publications—The Havana American, Evening News, Havana Evening Telegram, and Havana Post are all dailies in English; the Times of Cuba, monthly, is in English and Spanish.

Tourist Police—A recent Havanese innovation, of interest to travelers, is the establishment of this special force, designed not to arrest but to help. Such cops as happen to speak English are stationed where they're most likely to be asked questions, and are distinguished as such by white helmets.

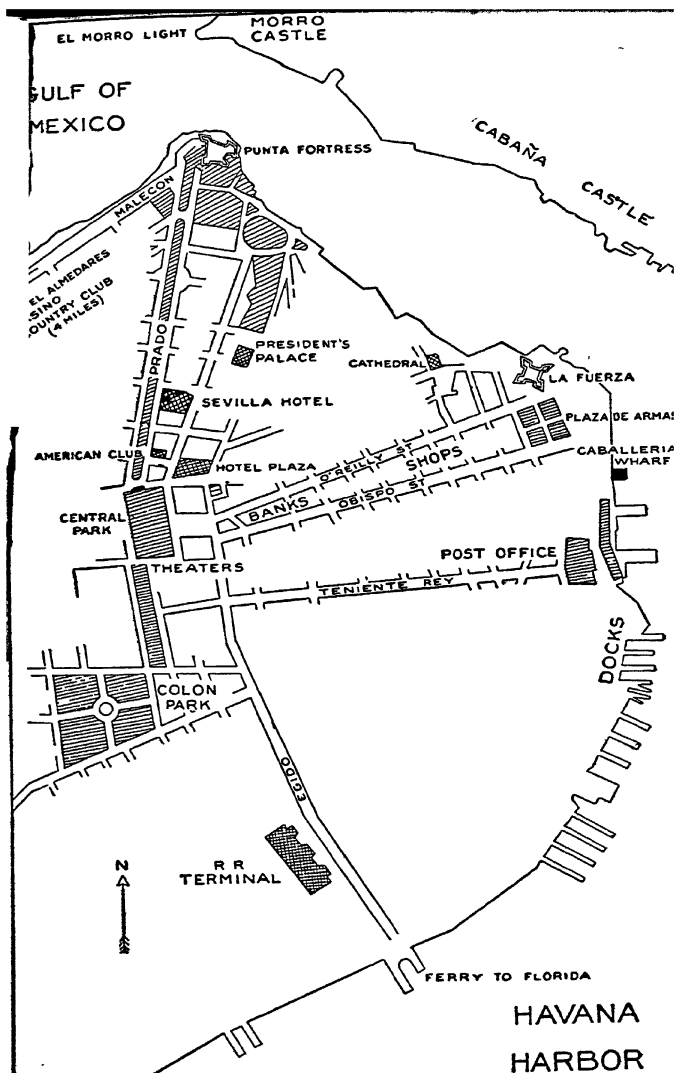
Restaurants—Plaza Roof (dancing and cabaret); Casino (ten miles out at Marianao); Central Café (Central Park and Zulueta); Restaurant Paris (11 O'Reilly St.); Giovanni's Place (Prado 85); Café dos Hermanos (near Maquina Wharf); El Pueblo (Prado and Virtudes St.).

Consulates—U. S. Consulate, 7 Obispo St; Embassy and Passport Office, 5 Obispo; British Legation and Consulate, 4 San Pedro.

THE HAVANA TOUR

A conventional round of the city's principal "sights," which can easily be seen in less than half a day by motor car, begins usually near the landing, at the Plaza de Armas, where Havana itself began.

The Plaza de Armas, although somewhat lacking in beauty, is of considerable historic interest, for here the



founders first set foot. On its eastern side stands the *Templete*, a small chapel-like structure commemorating the mass said when the settlers landed, a building closed usually to the public (save on November 16th, the city's official birthday), but containing merely a few commemorative paintings by Escobar. On the west side is the old *Palace of the Viceroy*s, now the City Hall, notable for a marble staircase and throne-room. On the northwest corner may be seen the *Senate Building*. And on the northern side, undoubtedly its chief interest, stands the *Fortress of La Fuerza*, the oldest structure in town.

La Fuerza, now cracked and crumbling, was built by Ferdinand de Soto in 1538, and for many years served as "the treasure vault of the New World. In its day it was a storehouse for the gold and silver trans-shipped here on its way from the mines of Mexico or Peru, and a favored objective of Havana's many assailants. Its stout walls resisted all except the British forces who, in 1762, mined and captured the Morro, and turned its guns upon this fortress; and tradition surrounds it with something of pathetic romance as the home wherein de Soto's wife, the Dona Isabella, waited four years for his return from Florida and died of grief when the news reached her of his death.

At the Plaza, commence the two principal shopping streets of the city—now renamed *Presidente Zayas* and *Pi y Margall*, but better known by their old names of Obispo and O'Reilly—leading inland toward other points of interest.

The Dominican Convent, one block inland and between the two, dates back to 1578.

The Cathedral, a short distance away on Emperado Street and reached by a momentary detour, goes back to 1656. It is Latin-Gothic in design, and a venerable-looking

structure, containing several works by old masters and many richly jeweled vestments, and its silver altar is valued at ten million dollars. It also claims the distinction of having once been the resting-place of Christopher Columbus, whose bones the Spaniards carried home with them after the war of 1898, but their genuineness is disputed by Santo Dominga City (see page 134), which claims still to have the great Admiral's bones in its own vault. Havana, however, sticks to its story, and the Havana cathedral is frequently described in local publications as the "Columbus cathedral."

O'Reilly and Obispo Streets, if you rejoin them to continue inland, take on an increasingly gay aspect. They are quite as narrow as the other old thoroughfares hereabouts, and even more congested with traffic, yet bright with awnings and advertisements. The shops which line them are thoroughly modern; here one may buy anything from a Rolls-Royce to a Cuban souvenir of the best German make; and from the small square where they eventually merge together—a square dedicated to Alvear, the engineer who built the local water supply system so generally neglected for other beverages—it is but a step to the Parque Central, and the broad Prado, and a Havana quite different from that of the waterfront.

The Parque Central, or Central Park, is the terminus for the city's principal trolley lines and the hub of the newer metropolis.

A large and pleasant square, embellished with lawns and gardens and a statue of Jose Martí, leader in the final movement for independence, it serves as a sort of courtyard to a Havana as handsome and up-to-date as the older Havana is mediæval. Surrounding it, or not far distant, are several of the city's most luxurious hotels, several of the leading clubs, among them the *American Club*,

just to the north, or the *Centro Gallego*, the largest and wealthiest in town, its million-dollar club-house sharing a block with the *National Theatre*, nearly a century old (although more recently remodeled) and for many years rated the fifth largest in the world.

The Prado, a broad, park-like boulevard which passes the Parque Central, is Havana's proudest thoroughfare, and ranks with Pennsylvania Avenue or Buenos Aires' famous Avenida de Mayo among the fine thoroughfares of the Western Hemisphere.

It begins a few blocks above (or perhaps below) Central Park at the somewhat larger *Parque Colon*—another pleasant square, though noted mainly for a somewhat over-rated statue of an Indian goddess known as "La India"—and sweeps seaward for a distance of nearly two miles, passing many Parisian sidewalk cafés interspersed with some of the city's most impressive residences, bringing one eventually to the tiny fortress of *La Punta*, whose picturesque sentry-boxes glower across the narrow harbor-entrance at the weatherstained walls of Morro Castle.

La Punta is one of Havana's most delightful loafing-places, especially in the evening, when lights outline the Prado and twinkle across the bay from the sweeping curve of the adjacent sea-wall. Band-concerts are given here on Thursday or Sunday evening, in a convenient kiosk, and from the benches (which one may occupy for a nominal rental on such occasions) the élite of Havana may be observed. It is then that the womenfolk, conspicuously absent from public gaze in the daytime, make their appearance, and late into the night—this Cuban capital being notoriously a "night-town"—the boulevard is thronged with motors, filled with señoritas enjoying the mild pleasure of being admired.

Near the band-stand and fortress is the *Student's*

Memorial, a plaque set in a house-wall to mark the spot where several youthful patriots from the local university were unjustly executed by Spanish soldiers in 1871, and also the *Old Jail*, which in revolutionary times often held 500 prisoners, but which now is the headquarters for the Board of Education.

From *La Punta* one may continue by the Malecon Drive along the shore of Havana's attractive suburbs—as we shall do presently—but a few other points of interest still remain in the central portion of town.

The *President's Palace*, a brief step from the little fortress (see map), is especially deserving of a visit. Opened in 1920, it is one of the newest and handsomest—and showiest—executive mansions in America. The large ballroom, wherein the Pan American Congress of 1928 was entertained, and the state banquet hall, in Louis XVI style with ivory and gold forming a pleasing contrast to Greek marble, are considered models of interior decoration.

Cigar Factories, usually of interest to northern visitors, are scattered throughout the city, and the Henry Clay establishment, on Zulueta street (near the Palace), always welcomes visitors, shows them Havana's famous product in the making, and usually sells them some before they leave.

The *Public Markets*, although less picturesque in Havana than in Haiti or many other islands yet to be visited, are also considered of interest for their displays of tropical fish and other local wares. Of the several such bartering places, the *Tacon* (one block west of Parque Colon) is the largest, while the *Colon* (one block east of the Prado on Trocadero street) may be more conveniently reached from *La Punta* or the Palace.

Old Churches abound throughout the city and many

of them deserve a passing glance. That of *Los Angeles* (on Montserrate street, not far from the Cigar Factory) is especially quaint, and situated near the *Loma del Angel*, considered Havana's narrowest lane. *La Merced* (in the southeastern corner of town, on Cuba and Merced streets) was built in 1746 and is rated the wealthiest and most fashionable house of worship. *Belen*, at Luz and Compostela, is also venerable and picturesque.

Other Sights, worthy of attention, include the *National Library* (at Chacon and Maestranza streets) which contains many rare old manuscripts; the *National Bank of Cuba Building* (at Cuba and Obispo), known as "Havana's sky-scraper"; the Produce Exchange (near San Francisco wharf); and the *Central Railway Station*, in the southern part of the city, a starting-place for points beyond.

THE SUBURBS OF HAVANA

Despite the allurements of Havana itself, many of the capital's attractions are situated in the suburbs, which may be reached by train or tramway, but which are best visited and best enjoyed by sightseeing-bus or motor car.

The Malecon, the wide boulevard which begins at La Punta where the Prado leaves off, affords the pleasantest route, curving westward along the sea-wall past a notable monument to General Maceo, of revolutionary fame, and an old watch-tower from which a lookout was once kept for pirates, and bringing one presently to the district known as the Vedado.

The Vedado, which takes its name from a Spanish word originally meaning "forbidden," was in early days a region of thorny scrub which effectually forestalled invasion of the city from its landward side, and the Havanese were forbidden to enter it, lest they make trails

which might be of use to the city's assailants. To-day, however, the scrub has completely disappeared, and this is the first of many charming residential sections notable for their neat gardens and handsome villas.

From the Vedado a variety of routes continue westward, and the course can best be left to the discretion of the driver, for the new avenues and suburbs are growing up faster than a guide-book could record them—the *Gonzalo de Quesada Park*, in the Vedado itself; the broad *Avenida Colombia*, which leads through the new section known as *Buen Retiro*; the suburb of *Almendares*; the *Parque Japones*; the *Botanical Gardens*, noted for their stately royal palms; the *Tropical Gardens*, where a progressive Havanese brewery advertises its product by serving free beer; with here or there a familiar old landmark which should not be neglected.

Principe Fortress, whose heavy walls, on a commanding knoll back of the Vedado, once guarded the landward approaches to the city, is worth a detour either in going or returning, for the view it affords of Havana and its harbor.

The University of Havana is situated at Principe Hill, of interest to educators and to others as well, containing among other features the *Aula Magna*, or Great Hall erected as a meeting place for the Pan American Congress of 1928.

Colon Cemetery, somewhat farther out, is also deserving of a visit, being noted both for its floral display and for the elaborate artistry of its tombs. Here, among others of note, will be found a monument to the student martyrs whose execution was recorded by a plaque near La Punta, and here also a memorial to the victims of the *Maine*, who once were interred here, but who have since been transferred to Arlington Cemetery, near Washington, D.

C. For contrast, there's another section where, according to old Spanish custom, the poor are interred in a tenement-like system of rented vaults, and if an old-fashioned funeral cortège happens along—although the Havanese are said now to be shunning the gayly-caparisoned hearses of other days—you may marvel at the display, which irreverent writers have frequently likened to the glories of a circus parade.

Marianao, Havana's bathing resort, to which the suburban drive usually leads, is about ten miles from the center of town.

Its beaches are scarcely comparable with those of Bermuda or many of the other islands, but the residences are particularly imposing; the Havana Country Club and the Havana Yacht Club have their quarters here; not far distant is the *Oriental Park Race Track* of the local Jockey Club; and overlooking the bathing beach is the famous *Casino*, one of Havana's best restaurants, with gambling tables to provide for the American tourist the delights forbidden at home. Marianao may also be reached by trolley from the Vedado, or by electric trains from Havana itself.

Cabañas and the Morro may also be visited—if time permits—either by a ferry which leaves from the vicinity of the Machina Wharf, or by small boats and launches which usually lie in wait for tourists at the foot of O'Reilly street.

By the former, there will be a short walk at the other end, but the small boats—operated usually by men who will serve as guides, and with whom a bargain should be made before starting—will land one just below Cabañas Heights, where a stairway leads up to the fortress.

This Cabañas, the least impressive of the two forts, was begun in 1763, after the British had stormed and

captured the Morro. Its walls, built at a cost of fourteen million dollars, extend for about a mile along the hillsides opposite the city, honeycombed with cells and dungeons, but they are somewhat rambling and lack the majestic compactness of the older stronghold. They offer a splendid view of Havana and its environs, however; to the right as one ascends the steep stairway is the famous Laurel Ditch, a former place of execution, where rows of bullet holes dent the heavy masonry; and from Ca-bañas it is but a brief step to the Morro itself.

The Morro, dating from 1597, is supposed to be a replica of the Morro at Lisbon, after which half a dozen other West Indian fortresses are similarly named. Its seaward walls rise a hundred feet above the wave-lashed cliffs, and the moats are cut seventy feet deep into solid rock. From the sea it was impregnable in its time, and the British captured it in 1762 only after a six weeks' siege from the landward side, at a cost of about two thousand lives. It stands obsolete now, and useless save as a foundation for the lighthouse that towers above it, but its many bastions and salients still retain a majesty, and one may descend a sloping passage to many gloomy dungeons, and see the steep slide where prisoners were dropped to the water below.

The pool into which the victims fell is known as the "Nido de Tiburones," or "Sharks' Nest," and local tradition has it that the monsters still infest the place, waiting patiently but vainly for another meal.

IF YOU LINGER

For those who stop, Havana has much to offer in the way of diversion.

The Cafés and Restaurants, undoubtedly the city's

most conspicuous and distinctive feature, are of interest even to the teetotaler. With the exception of the more cosmopolitan and expensive establishments, which resemble New York hotels even to the extent of providing roof-gardens and jazz, the Havana cafés open upon the sidewalk, thus providing a cool and shady retreat where one may loaf and watch the swirling life of the narrow, crowded streets.

Clubs of more exclusive character are also numerous, for those who have the *entrée*.

Havana, in fact, claims to have more clubs in proportion to its population than any other city in the world, and many of them are lavishly housed. At the Parque Central, in addition to the *American Club* and the *Centro Gallego* (whose million-dollar club-house, previously mentioned, is particularly handsome, with several spacious and magnificent ballrooms), one finds the *Centro Asturiano* (also noteworthy), and not far distant on the Prado is the *Centro Dependientes*, or Clerks' Club, in many respects the most unique. Originating as a democratic mutual-benefit association, with the very modest dues of \$1.50 a month, it now numbers among its 30,000 members many men of wealth and prominence. Its present home on the Prado is said to have cost over a million dollars; its grand ballroom accommodates 3,000 couples; and in addition to its social activities this Centro Dependientes maintains schools, libraries, hospitals, and medical or dental dispensaries for its members.

Holidays are always occasions for celebration in Havana, and are observed as a rule with more gayety than in northern climes.

Particularly notable are the *Carnivales*, or Mardi Gras festivities, which occur annually on the Sunday, Monday,

and Tuesday before Ash Wednesday and break out again on each of the four Sundays thereafter. During this period of parades, songs, dancing, and "general hilarity"—to quote a Pan American Union booklet—"the sidewalks are blocked with slowly moving throngs and the streets with thousands of decorated automobiles and floats filled to overflowing with gay masqueraders." The same custom, it might be noted here, is not confined to Havana, but prevails in all Latin-American countries.

Sports also flourish exuberantly in Havana, especially in the local "winter" season, when the drier weather is more favorable.

Baseball, gaining constantly in popularity, is played at Almendares Park, and here in Cuba is the subject of much excited betting. The Havanese, although they enjoy the game for its own sake, are such enthusiastic gamblers that they wager not only on the score, but on such trifling questions as to whether the man on first base will reach second or not, and sometimes even as to whether the next pitch will result in a ball or a strike. Horse-racing, which begins about Thanksgiving Day, attracts not only large crowds of the Havanese, but throngs of sporting men from the U. S. A. The track near Marianao is excellent and up-to-date, and betting (conducted without secrecy or hypocrisy) is again the chief *raison d'être* of the affairs. The Country Club, also at Marianao, is noted for its golf course, and the Yacht Club at the same suburb stages frequent regattas, while those who would see something new in the way of sports will find it in Jai-Alai.

Jai-Alai, pronounced "high-a-lie," is played nightly by professionals, and tickets can usually be purchased in advance at the larger hotels or through the local tourist agencies. To some extent this old Basque game, known in

Europe as *pelota*, resembles handball, being played in a granite-walled court, about 210 by 36 feet in size; the side-walls, however, complicate the play; basket-like contraptions attached to the players' hands give the ball additional velocity; and jai-alai is generally regarded as the fastest game yet invented. The inevitable betting, of course, thrives here as elsewhere, and so intense is the general excitement that the Fronton, in which the matches take place, is locally known as the "Palace of Shouts."

Theaters provide a variety of bills, and although much of their entertainment may prove inferior to what you'd see at home, the National Theatre is visited in the winter season by many high-class artists and has numbered Caruso and Duse among its entertainers.

Other theaters, all situated in the vicinity of the Parque Central, include the Alibisu, Payret, Politeama, Compoamor, and Martí, and their bills range from light opera to movies, with an occasional *zarzuela*—a program of humorous one-act skits, resembling tabloid musical comedies—for those who would see something typical of the Spanish countries.

Shopping, while it appeals to many visitors, will similarly offer few bargains which cannot be surpassed at home.

The more exclusive shops on Obispo and O'Reilly streets are up to date, and well stocked with European or American goods, but prices generally are as high as those in New York, and often higher. Such souvenirs as Spanish shawls, mantillas, fans, etc., are here to be found, however; canes and cigar boxes of mahogany or other tropical woods, snake-skins, sword-fish swords, or similar curios; guava jelly or Cuban cigars, neatly and attractively packed for the visitor; and the embroideries and laces of local manufacture.

EXCURSIONS FROM HAVANA

While to most travelers, particularly on a cruise, a visit to Cuba ends with Havana, there are many available trips which *can* be taken to points of interests outside the capital.

Sugar Centrals, or "factories," are an attraction to most northern visitors, and can usually be inspected upon application to the management.

The most accessible is the *Ingenio de Toledo*, about three miles beyond Marianao, one of the largest in its province, with an estimated yearly output exceeding 400,000 bags. The Havana Central Railroad also runs a daily excursion to the *Central de Providencia*, about 36 miles from the capital, and one of the most up-to-date plants in Cuba.

Other One-Day Trips are usually advertised in the local papers, or information may be obtained through your hotel management or any of the numerous tourist offices.

A bus line runs to Vento, a rather pleasant ten-mile trip to the springs which supply Havana with water. Electric cars operate to *Guanajai*, about 31 miles west of the capital, the journey taking one through a luxuriant pineapple and tobacco growing region. *Guanabacoa* (reached by taking ferry across the harbor to Regla and thence trolley) is a once-fashionable suburban resort now rather neglected by the élite; the hills, however, offer retrospects of the capital, and the town contains an old church, Potosí, famous for a miracle-effecting shrine. Or, for those with more time at their disposal, there's the more extended excursion by rail to *Batabano* and thence (via connecting over-night steamer) to the *Isle of Pines*, where one may enjoy a Florida climate without the Florida prices.

Matanzas, the third city of Cuba and much more gen-

uinely Cuban than Havana itself, is only 54 miles from the Central Station. The United Railways operate one-day excursions for about \$11, including lunch at Matanzas and trips to the Yumuri Valley and Caves of Bellamar, and the Hotel Plaza runs similar excursions by auto for \$13.

The journey leads through one of Cuba's richest sugar-growing regions, where palm-dotted fields of bright green cane are interspersed with smoke-belching mills. *Matanzas* itself is cut into three sections by the San Juan and Yumuri Rivers. The older part, between the two streams, is quaint and picturesque, with narrow streets and Moorish architecture; and the Plaza Libertad is of interest, bordered by the Governor's Palace and several clubs.

The drive from here is usually across the Yumuri to the residential suburb of *Versailles*, along the *Paseo Marti* a park-like boulevard locally equivalent to the Prado of Havana; and finally out to the *Chapel of Monserrate* on a dominant eminence beyond the town, from which one enjoys a wide view of the river valley. A deep gash in the hills, with the river meandering through verdant jungle, and the hillsides gorgeous with stately royal palms, this Yumuri basin is pronounced by Ober to present "one of the most beautiful scenes the world affords." The *Chapel of Monserrate* itself is notable for the miracles performed by its virgin, and contains many testimonials typical of Latin-American healing shrines—canes and crutches and innumerable crudely-executed pictures sent by cripples who could not make the pilgrimage in person.

The *Bellamar Caves*, about two miles southeast of Matanzas, are entered through a narrow aperture, but prove to be of amazing size. One chamber, the "Gothic Temple" is over 200 feet in length, and the whole series of connecting caverns is estimated to extend for over three miles into the hillside. Some, after the fashion of

the caves in Bermuda, are now electrically lighted, and competent guides are available.

Hotels in Matanzas—Louvre (\$3.50 a day up); Paris (\$3.00).

From Matanzas, one may continue over the tracks of the Cuba Railway through the heart of the island—via *Cardenas*, *Santa Clara* (a transfer-point for *Cienfuegos*), and *Camaguey*, to *Santiago de Cuba*, the leading port of the south coast, and a port of call for several Caribbean steamship lines. According to present schedules there are two expresses daily; the distance is 540 miles; and the cities en route are covered more fully in Frederick A. Ober's "Guide to the West Indies."

Hotels in Santiago—Casa Grande (\$2 to \$5), Venus (\$1.50 to \$10), Luz (\$2.50), and America (\$1.50 to \$3).

SANTIAGO DE CUBA

Antedating Havana, and in its time the most important town in Cuba, the present "second city of the Republic" is in some respects more interesting than the capital.

Diego Velasquez, who founded it in 1514, made it his place of residence. Las Casas, the historian of Columbus' early voyages, also lived here, as did Hernando Cortez for some years previous to his departure for Mexico. And it remained only for the War of 1898, centering largely about this vicinity, to make Santiago the island's most historic spot.

From the Sea, the approach is not unlike that to Havana itself—through a narrow channel (where Hobson maneuvered his Merrimac past hidden mines in his efforts to bottle up Cervera's fleet) and past a rocky headland crowned by an ancient fortress, known like Havana's as "the Morro." Another fine harbor is this, the finest indeed

in Cuba, six miles long by three miles wide, and beyond it Santiago looms like an oriental city, a sea of red or pink-tiled roofs extending up steep hillsides.

To some extent this Santiago has kept pace with the times; trolley cars now traverse its asphalt streets, garbage is no longer parked in the plaza, and even the water-supply is reported safe for drinking purposes; yet the streets are narrow and crooked, and the steeply rising ground upon which the city is built gives them an added quaintness; some of them even ascend by flights of steps, beneath overhanging Spanish balconies; and Santiago has a hilly, jungle-grown mountain background which Havana can not duplicate.

The Alameda, a park-like boulevard along the waterfront, is the fashionable promenade of present-day Santiago, particularly in the late afternoon or on Sunday morning, and from here *Marina Street* (an important shopping thoroughfare) runs inland to the principal plaza.

About the plaza are several important buildings—the *Municipal Building*; the fashionable *San Carlos Club*; the hotels *Casa Grande* and *Venus*; and the *Cathedral*, considered the largest in Cuba.

From the Plaza, a few other scattered "sights" are to be found. The old *Filarmonia Theatre*, nearby, will be pointed out with pride by local residents as the place where Adelina Patti made her childhood début. There used to be a squatty old house on a neighboring hill, which Hernando Cortez is supposed to have occupied, but which has long threatened to collapse and may fall before you get there. And on the Avenida Loraine, overlooking the bay is a monument to a British Admiral, Sir Lambton Loraine, which should be of special interest to Americans as well as Britons, recording the words wherewith this commander of H. M. S. *Niobe*, when on a visit to Santiago in 1873,

stopped the massacre of an American merchantman's crew whom the Spaniards, without the formality of a trial, were shooting in the public slaughter-house under the assumption that they were filibusters:

"I have no instructions from my Government, because they are unaware of what is happening; but I assume the responsibility and am convinced that my conduct will receive the approval of Her Majesty, inasmuch as my action is on behalf of Humanity and Civilization, and I require you to immediately suspend the filthy butchery now going on. I do not think it will be necessary for me to say what my procedure will be, should my demands not receive attention.—Lambton Loraine, November 8th, 1873."

The Battlefields, where the decisive engagements of the Spanish-American war were fought, may easily be visited from Santiago by either trolley or motor car.

On the way, one passes the "Surrender Tree"—an old ceiba or "silk cotton"—where General Shafter received the unconditional surrender of Santiago. San Juan Hill itself is about three miles out from town, its summit now crowned by a simple, shell-topped column, "in memory of the officers and men of the United States Army who were killed in the assault and capture of this ridge." El Caney, about a mile beyond, is at present notable mainly for the crumbling ruins of the old Spanish fort, and for a peaceful native village nearby whose inhabitants are reputed to be of semi-Indian ancestry and the only surviving aborigines in Cuba. The battlefields are now a national park, by a recent decree of President Machado, and are being improved by public subscription sponsored by the Cuban newspapers.

JAMAICA

Area—4,207 square miles, largest of the British West Indies and third largest of all the Caribbean islands.

Population—860,000, darkies predominating.

Capital—Kingston, on the south coast (63,000).

Other Cities—Port Antonio, Port Royal, Spanish Town, Mandeville, Montego Bay, Moneague, Port Morant, St. Ann's, Savanna la Mar, etc.

Language—English, or the local negro's conception of such.

Government—British, with some locally-elected members in the Legislative Council.

Formalities—Neither British nor American subjects require passports.

Currency—Local notes based on the British monetary system. American money is usually accepted, at the rate of four shillings to the dollar, but coins smaller than a twenty-five cent piece are sometimes rejected.

Climate—varying according to altitude. On the seacoast, at Kingston and other ports, the thermometer may range from 76° to 96°, and it's sometimes muggy and unpleasant. There's usually a sea-breeze by day, locally called "the Doctor," and a land-breeze by night, known as "the Undertaker," which make life pleasanter, despite their names, while many towns in the loftier interior enjoy perpetual spring. Rains are most apt to be encountered in May, or again in October, but Jamaica is generally a land of sunshine broken only by occasional showers.

Steamer Service—From New York or New Orleans by United Fruit steamers en route to and from Panama or Central American ports; from Montreal or Halifax by Canadian Government Merchant Marine; from Santiago de Cuba by local steamer; from English ports by P.S.N.C., Elders and Fyffes, Leyland and Harrison, and other lines.

CHAPTER VII

JAMAICA



Courtesy of Raymond & Whitcomb

THE SIDE-STREETS OF KINGSTON

The Pirates of Port Royal—The Sights of Kingston—To Spanish Town and Bog Walk—Newcastle and Hardwar Gap—Castleton Gardens—All Around the Island.

CHAPTER VII

JAMAICA

About a day's sail from Havana, two from Nassau, three from Bermuda, or five from New York, lies "the loveliest isle of the tropics."

Such, at least, is the description of Jamaica which its boosters always give, and while many another island may claim much similar praise, it's undeniably beautiful. Even Kingston—although less lovely than many a near-by hamlet—presents an intriguing picture as one approaches from the sea. In the foreground the low shores are verdant with coco-palms; in the distance rise the Blue Mountains, towering hazily to the majestic height of a mile and a half above the coast; and off the starboard bow beyond a low sand-pit, may be glimpsed the remains of old Port Royal, in its time the greatest of all the Caribbean pirate haunts, to which many a freebooter brought his ill-gotten doubloons, or his pieces of eight, to make merry with wine and women, and possibly a little song.

Like most of the Caribbean islands, this Jamaica first got its start—so far as its written record is concerned—from Columbus and the Spaniards.

Christopher saw it on May 3rd, 1494, calling it "Sant' Iago," or "Saint James," but as in the case of Cuba, its Indian name survived—Xaymaca, meaning something equivalent to "land of trees and rivers"—and the Spanish appellation became applied only to Santiago de la Vega,

for many years its capital, and known to its present British proprietors as "Spanish Town."

For over 160 years the Dons continued their rule, through a period marked by the usual "stirring events." Columbus himself, returning from his fourth and last voyage to the New World, was shipwrecked at St. Ann's Bay, on the northern coast. The aborigines were duly and systematically exterminated, as per custom, and negroes imported in their stead, many of whom, fleeing the plantations and taking refuge in the mountains, maintained an intermittent guerilla warfare with their erstwhile masters. British fleets attacked and plundered the Spanish settlements. And when, in 1655, a force under Admiral Penn and General Venables took Jamaica for keeps and proclaimed it a part of the British Empire, there followed the most colorful chapters in the growth of old Port Royal.

To this great den of iniquity came all the swaggering ruffians of the sea, bringing their trophies—jewels and silks and bars of silver—and squandering fortunes in a single night. Even the drinking-cups in those days are reputed to have been made of gold and silver, and studded with jewels, for diamonds were mere baubles to such gentry, and the urge to save and accumulate wealth scarcely affected those who "lived beneath the shadow of the gallows."

Stories are told of pirates who would open kegs of rare wine upon the sidewalk, and standing with drawn pistol, force every passerby to join them in a drink; of pirates who emptied gallons of rum into the gutter and scooping it up with pannikens, threw it over one another; of pirates who brought home the candle-sticks and altars from Spanish cathedrals to deck their own house of worship, and having captured a parson or a priest, would make him preach for them before they walked him off the plank.

To quote the chronicler Henderson, "precious stones were cheap, but life was cheaper;" "dagger thrusts were as common as brawls;" and "the body of a murdered man would remain in a dancing room until the dance was over." And not the least fantastic story is that of Henry Morgan, who was once among the most brutal of them all but who, having been captured and taken to England for trial, bought his freedom with loot stolen from Panama, rose to knighthood, and returned to Jamaica as its official governor.

Port Royal, however, is little more than a memory to-day, for an earthquake in 1692 shook most of it into the harbor. Your steamer, having paused for a brief medical inspection, sails placidly over the roofs of the one-time "vilest Hell in Christendom;" on the left a series of forts and batteries slip past; Fort Henderson and Fort Augusta, and the Battery of the Apostles, so named from its twelve grim cannon; the mountains across the harbor draw closer; and finally Kingston makes its appearance, nestling at their foot, a gateway to a tropic paradise.

Landing is alongside the wharf, where a swarm of darkies—all but two per cent. of Jamaica's inhabitants are either black or "colored"—wait to transport the new arrival to boarding-house or hotel, their faces wreathed in smiles, and their voices hailing one in chorus—in well-modulated and persuasive chorus with an English accent which to the American sounds quite strange from negro lips:

"Do you wish me, sir, my gentleman? Your carriage awaits, my lady!"

KINGSTON

Population—63,000.

Conveyances—Cab or bus within city limits, about half

a shilling per person for one journey, four shillings per hour. Automobiles, about two shillings per person for one journey not exceeding a mile. A schedule of rates should be posted in every conveyance.

Hotels—Myrtle Bank (owned by United Fruit Co., \$8 a day up, including meals); South Camp Road Hotel (\$6 up); Manor House Hotel (at Constant Springs, \$5 up); Mona Great House Hotel (at Liguanea, \$3.50); Rosleyn Hall Guest House (at Half Way Tree, \$4); Earl's Court Hotel (\$3.50); Melrose House (\$4); Grenville (\$3.50).

Post Office—In Government Buildings (shown on map). Letters to U. S., five cents (2½d); post cards, three cents (1½d).

Aids to Tourists—The Tourist Trade Development Board, with an office at 85 Barry Street (just north of the Government Buildings) maintains an information service.

Banks—Barclay's Bank, Bank of Nova Scotia, Royal Bank of Canada, and Canadian Bank of Commerce, all near the intersection of King street and Harbour street.

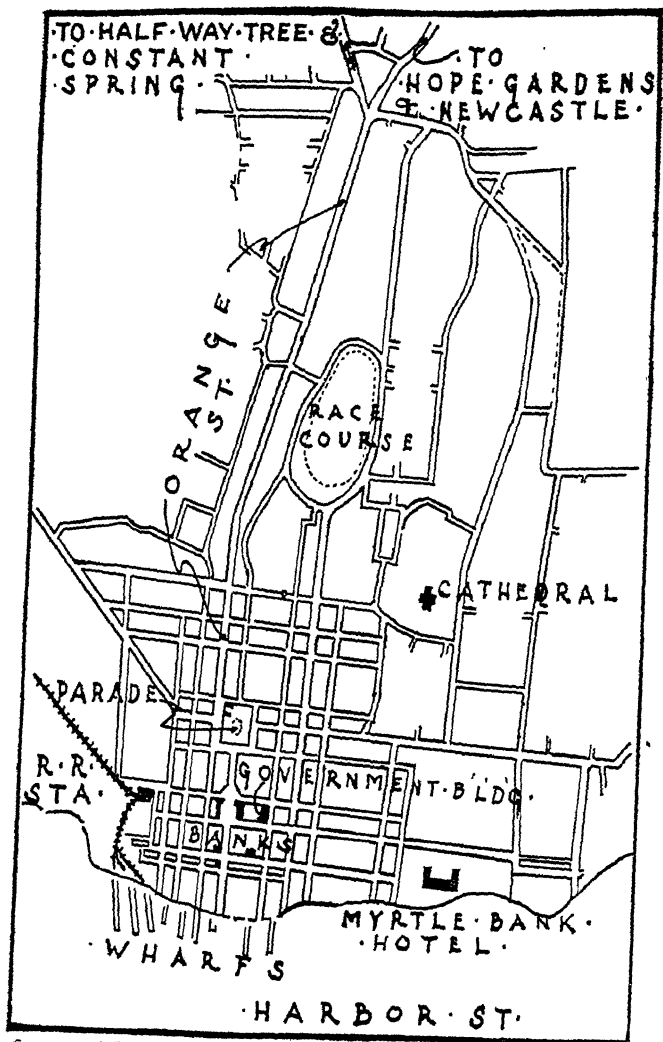
Restaurants—Myrtle Bank; The Cabin, Gardner's and the Oleanders, on Harbour street; or Barham's, in the Coronation Building.

Newspapers—The Gleaner, daily; Jamaica Mail, tri-weekly; Jamaica Gazette, Jamaica Times, and The Herald, weekly; as well as several monthly magazines.

THE SIGHTS OF KINGSTON

Jamaica's present capital and chief city, founded after the destruction of Port Royal, in 1692, has experienced its own troubles in the past.

Its early history is largely one of catastrophes—of fires, hurricanes, or earthquakes—and a combination of the last two misfortunes laid it in ruins in 1907, costing from 1,000 to 1,500 lives and a damage estimated at from £1,000,000 to £1,500,000. It has risen nobly from its ashes,



Courtesy of Raymond and Whitcomb

KINGSTON, JAMAICA

however, with wider streets and finer buildings; its negro slums, although they still exist, are interspersed with several attractive thoroughfares; and although, because of the beauties of rural Jamaica, many travelers regard Kingston as little more than a starting-point for motor-drives, it deserves at least a day.

King Street, its principal artery, commences at the wharves (where a statue of a former governor, Sir Charles Metcalfe, graces the waterfront), and runs inland through the heart of the city.

This is the leading business avenue; at its foot is the public *Victoria Market*, with the shops and commercial houses just beyond; the banks are here most conveniently grouped; and just a step distant on *Port Royal Street* (which crosses King and parallels the waterfront) are several of the shipping offices, including that of the Royal Mail, one of the most notable business structures of the city, with a mahogany-paneled entrance hall.

Harbor Street, two blocks inland, ranks next to King in commercial importance.

A tram-line traverses it, running westward to the *Railway Station* (for trains to Montego Bay, Port Antonio, or other points), or eastward to the *Myrtle Bank Hotel*, one of the best hostelries in the West Indies. The hotel grounds, extending back to the harbor-front, are attractively gardened; a swimming-pool is provided for guests, along with tennis court, golf-putting green, and a pier and dancing pavilion; the winter cruise-parties are usually entertained here at luncheon, and the Fruit Company's Jamaican cruise-parties usually make it their headquarters.

The Public Buildings (or Government Buildings), about four blocks inland on King Street, comprise two large groups of government offices on either side of the thoroughfare. Three stories in height—which makes them

comparative "skyscrapers" in this earthquake-dreading city of low roofs—their colonnades and verandas give them rather an oriental appearance; the square which they inclose is embellished with tropic shrubbery; and another garden to the east, just behind the *Supreme Court* and *Administrative Offices*, contains a memorial to the Jamaicans who died in the European War.

The Parade, or Victoria Garden, another block northward by King Street, is a former drill-ground which has been converted into a charming rest-spot of lawns and fountains and shade-trees, and another center of interest. On its northern side is the *Ward Theatre*, where plays or concerts are occasionally given; on the east is *Coke Chapel*; on the west the *Police Court*, and on the south, a *Statue of Queen Victoria*, whom the last earthquake turned half-way around upon her pedestal, apparently without ruffling Her Majesty's composure.

The Parish Church, also on the south side of the Parade, is of interest as the oldest in Jamaica. Originally constructed in 1695 or thereabouts, it has been several times restored, but some portions of it are said to remain from the original structure. Within may be found, along with the usual ancient bells and communion plate, the venerated tombstone of Admiral John Benbow, who died here as a result of a naval engagement in 1702, wherein, after being deserted by his captains, three times boarded, and shot through the leg, he repulsed an entire French squadron.

Headquarters House, at Duke and Beeston streets (a few blocks northeast of the Parade) is notable as one of the few structures which survived the quake of 1907, and has been the meeting-place of the Legislative Council since Kingston first became Jamaica's capital.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral, some distance farther

to the northwest is best reached by carriage. A huge, ornate building, topped by a massive dome, its architecture commands genuine admiration; it is unquestionably the most striking edifice in Kingston, and many rate it the finest cathedral in the West Indies.

The Victoria Market, at the foot of King Street, is seen to best advantage in the early morning, or during the last week-end rush on a Saturday night.

As early as sunrise the market women are on hand—for in Kingston as in all West Indies ports it is the women who barter and trade—and for several hours a near-bedlam reigns beneath the huge iron roof. Many of the products offered will be new to the northern visitor—cacao beans, pepper pods, breadfruit, mangos, grana-dillas, sour sops, and the raw native tobacco known as “jackass rope”—while such curios are occasionally to be picked up as swordfish swords, or walking sticks made from the backbone of a shark. Haggling and bargaining is, of course, the custom; here, as elsewhere in the tropics, the saleswomen relish a contest of wits, even feeling a trifle disappointed if a purchaser pays the first price asked; but if you can match them for endurance, most of their goods are eventually to be obtained at remarkably reasonable price.

The Institute, on East Street (in the neighborhood of the Myrtle Bank Hotel) also deserves a visit.

A combined art gallery, museum, library, and vivarium, it contains among its curios many of the old instruments of torture once used in punishing criminals or runaway slaves, an iron cage (or gibbet in which the condemned were forced to stand barefoot upon sharp iron spikes until they died a lingering death from pain), an ancient bell salvaged from the pirate loot of Port Royal, and—perhaps

the most noted of all—the famous “shark papers” which once, through most remarkable circumstances, caused the conviction and execution of a Yankee skipper.

As the tale is told—and historically authenticated—the skipper in question, whose brig *Nancy* was unlawfully privateering in local waters in 1799, threw his log-book overboard when captured by a British frigate, and had just about convinced a Jamaican court of his innocence when another British boat hove into port with the incriminating documents, which had been found quite by accident in the belly of a shark.

The Bournemouth Club, east of the Myrtle Bank Hotel, maintains a swimming pool, open to visitors and guaranteed to contain no sharks.

Kingston's Suburbs, which may be reached by tramway or carriage, provide a further group of attractions.

Half-Way Tree, about three miles to the north on the tramway line to *Constant Spring*, is a somnolent little village, with a memorial clock-tower honoring Edward VII and an old Parish Church, from which one may easily walk to the residence of the Governor.

King's House, as His Excellency's home is known, is about five miles out, and attractively embowered in spacious gardens. The structure itself—with a billiard room 70 feet long and other details in proportion—is not open to the public, but the 170-acre grounds are worth a glance for their gorgeous tropic shrubbery.

Constant Spring, terminus of a trolley-line, is approximately six miles from town, at the base of the Blue Mountains and situated about 600 feet above sea-level. The Constant Spring Hotel, long a leading hostelry, was recently destroyed by fire, but the Manor House is still

open, and the United Hotels Company is erecting a new establishment, with golf-course and other luxuries for those who prefer the foothills to the port.

Knutsford Park, near Half-Way Tree, is the site of the *Liguanea Club*, one of the most "select" in the West Indies, also with golf links; and not far distant are the grounds of the *Kingston Polo Club* and the race-track of the *Jamaica Jockey Club*, where meetings are held frequently throughout the winter season.

Hope Gardens, five miles by tramway from Kingston, are the experimental gardens of the government botanical station, covering some 200 acres, and containing many varieties of rubber trees, palms, and other tropical plants. *Jamaica College*, one of the island's leading schools for boys, is passed on the way, and the *Mona Sugar Estate*, which may be of interest, is about a half hour's drive beyond the botanical station.

Port Royal, at the entrance to Kingston harbor, may be visited by small boat, or possibly by a launch which plies daily between the capital and the ruins of the old pirate rendezvous.

On exceptionally calm days, the roofs of the sunken city are said to be visible from the surface, and local tradition has it that you can hear the church-bells in the depths, still tolling for the wicked who went to this watery grave in the quake of 1692. Portions of the original Port Royal *did* escape that catastrophe, and some efforts were made thereafter to rebuild the town and refortify the point, but fires in 1702 and 1816 and a hurricane in 1722 proved rather discouraging; the final quake of 1907 left even the most recent structure, Port Royal's light-house, tilting at a Tower-of-Pisa angle; and the present town consists only of a few ramshackle huts inhabited mainly by fishermen.

Here or there, however, a few venerable ruins survive, among them an old church which dates back to early colonial days and some of the ramparts of Fort Charles, which Nelson commanded in 1779. The wall where he used to pace up and down is known as "Nelson's quarter-deck," and a placard in a disintegrating brick wall bears the inscription :

"In this place dwelt Horatio Nelson. Ye who tread his footsteps, remember his glory."

Excursions from Kingston, by rail or motor car, are undoubtedly the outstanding feature of a visit to Jamaica, and the Tourist Bureau at 85 Barry Street publishes a bulletin outlining some 35 or more trips which may be taken through the island, varying in duration from two hours to two weeks.

The Jamaican Government Railways operate daily trains to Spanish Town (12 miles), Old Harbour (23 miles), Williamsfield (53 miles, a point of departure for Mandeville), Balaclava (for Malvern, in the Santa Cruz mountains), and Montego Bay (113 miles). From Spanish Town, another branch of the railways, also with daily trains, runs to Bog Walk (20 miles), Annotto Bay (50 miles, on the north coast), and Port Antonio (75 miles, a headquarters of the United Fruit Company). Shorter branches, to Ewarton, etc., provide additional communication, and mail coaches serve as further connecting links. The journey to Montego Bay by railroad requires a trifle over seven hours; to Port Antonio about four and a half; and the schedules, at present writing, require a night's stop-over at these termini before returning to Kingston.

Automobiles, for points beyond the capital, are usually hired by the mile, although when making a comparatively short run including a stay of an hour or so, arrangements

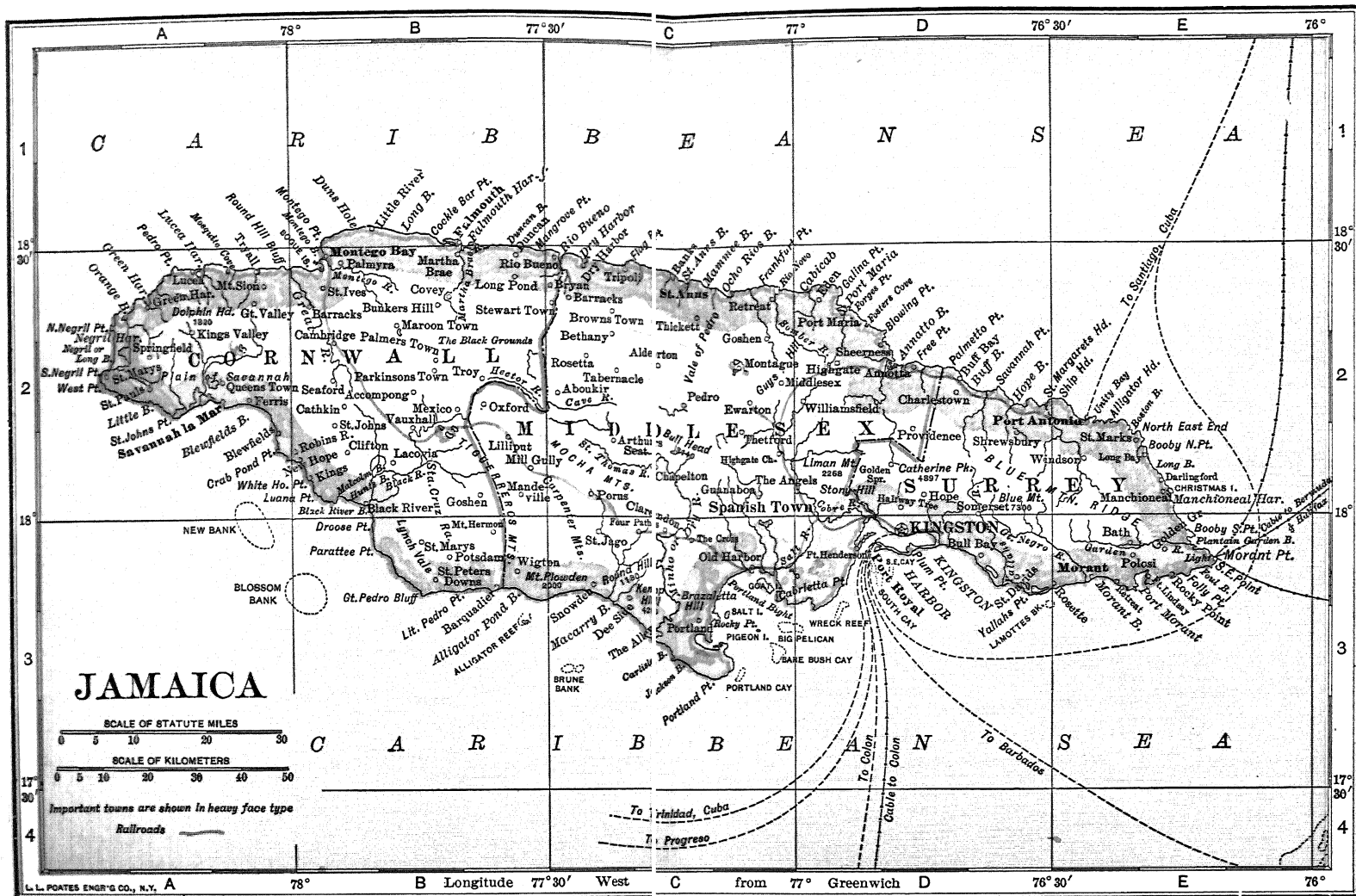
should be made in advance to cover the waiting period. Rates vary, but should range from 9d (18 cents) to 1s 3d (30 cents) per mile, according to the car. When a single journey is made, of course, the hirer is expected to pay the cost of the driver's return, and when a journey includes an over-night stop to pay the chauffeur's expenses, unless otherwise agreed. Jamaica's two thousand miles of good roadway lead to almost anywhere; all the points on the railway can be included in a motor-tour; and a choice of routes is largely a matter of taste.

TO SPANISH TOWN AND BOG WALK

One of the most popular drives, included in many cruise itineraries, is that to the old Castilian capital, and the fascinating gorges of the River Cobre, a round trip of fifty miles.

Spanish Town, the "Santiago de la Vega" of early days, was first founded in 1534 and later remained the headquarters of British rule until Kingston succeeded to that distinction in 1872.

A somewhat sleepy quiet village, basking in the tropic sunshine, it retains few reminders of the Dons, but its central plaza, now more frequently called "The Square" is redolent of the Colonial era. On its west is the ruin of the former *King's House*, or gubernatorial residence, once described as "the noblest edifice either in North America or any of the British colonies," but quite de-glorified by fire in 1925. On the south is the old *Town Hall*; on the east, the one-time *House of Assembly*; and on the north, the *Rodney Memorial*, a monument to the Admiral whose victory over De Grasse off Dominica in 1782 established British supremacy in the Caribbean, with some of De Grasse's cannon ornamenting its base.



Also of interest, and only a brief walk from the square, is the Cathedral, rebuilt in 1714 to replace a Spanish church which, as a tablet over the doorway informs one, was "thrown down by ye dreadful Hurricane of August ye 28th Anno Domini MDCCXII." The present building, re-erected "by ye Divine assistance and at ye expense of ye parishoners" is in the form of a cross, scarcely imposing from without, but spacious and handsome within. Among its treasures may be found many a chalice and flagon of great value, and the mural tablets and grave-stones are of interest to ye curious, one of them containing the coat of arms of a gentleman named Assam, who appropriately chose three rampant donkeys as his official insignia, while another tribute honors a man who "died amid great applause."

Bog Walk is a corruption of the Spanish *Boca del Agua*, meaning "Water-Mouth," and scarcely does justice to the magnificent gorge to which it is applied.

A few miles from Spanish Town by a road along the banks of the rapid stream (which incidentally supplies light and power for the city of Kingston), the cañon lies among forested mountains, a paradise of luxuriant jungle hemmed in by precipitous cliffs, with the river coursing through it—one of the outstanding beauty-spots of a land where such are common.

At the lower end of the gorge is a dam and an irrigation canal; Bog Walk Village, which may be reached from Kingston also by the Port Antonio branch of the railway, contains a hotel where refreshment or accommodation can be obtained; some six miles above the station is a remarkable bridge of natural stone which spans the deep river-cañon; and at the upper end of the great ravine is a massive rock-face known as Gibraltar, through which the railway to Ewarton passes by means of a half-mile tunnel.

From Bog Walk, although many travelers turn back toward Kingston, the motor road continues on via Ewarton, Mount Diabolo (where, at 2,300 feet above the sea, some glorious views are to be enjoyed), Moneague (where tourist parties usually stop for lunch), and Fern Gully (where, for several miles, the route lies through a forest of ferns that range from the tiny maidenhair variety to veritable trees), to Ocho Rios on the North Coast, whence one may proceed either to St. Ann's (covered on page 98) or to Port Antonio (on page 96).

NEWCASTLE AND HARDWAR GAP

Equally popular as a half-day excursion is a drive through the foothills of the Blue Mountains to Newcastle and Hardwar Gap, a round-trip of 44 miles.

From Kingston the usual route leads through *Papine Corners* and *Gordon Town*, and thereafter by a choice of several roads through picturesque country where tropical jungle gives way to coffee-grove and temperate shrubbery.

Newcastle, 19 miles from the capital, has an altitude of 3,900 feet, and was once the cantonment of the white British troops stationed in Jamaica, who found this region more healthful than the coast. These forces have long since been withdrawn from the island, but from their barracks on the terrace-like mountain slopes many charming vistas of Kingston and its harbor may be obtained.

Catherine's Peak, which takes its name from Catherine Long, the first woman to scale it, and which may be ascended from Newcastle by a not-too-difficult trail, rises to an altitude of 5,000 feet, and also affords many retrospects, considered by many the best obtainable in the island.

Blue Mountain Peak, the highest on the island with its summit 7,423 feet above the sea, is better approached from Gordon Town, either by horseback or part way by auto and finally on foot. "The ascent is steep," writes Ober, "but the trail is safe, so that one may leave the pony to pick his way, and freely admire the great tree-ferns, the shell-tinted begonias, the vine-hung forest trees that line the path, until the Peak is nearly reached. Arrived there, you will admit that mere words can not do justice to the glorious view outspread on every side, for half the island is visible, ringed about by the blue sea."

Hardwar Gap, the usual terminus of the motor tour—if one sticks to the main highroad—is itself 4,079 feet above the ocean, and rated one of Jamaica's chief beauty-spots and vantage-points, and from here one may return to Kingston more or less directly, or (stretching the round-trip from 44 miles to 84) return via Castleton Gardens. One may also continue on across the island to Annotto Bay, and the North Coast.

TO CASTLETON GARDENS

Still another half-day trip, of about 40 miles including return, is that to the Castleton Gardens, a government botanical station on the road to Annotto Bay.

From **Kingston**, this route lies through some nineteen miles of forested, hilly country; the ridge known as Stony Hill offers another unusual view; and the Wag Water River, upon whose banks the botanical station is situated, is a favored stream for bathing.

Castleton Gardens were established here because the soil and the climate of the region are considered the best in the island for horticulture. The elevation is about 460 feet above sea-level; the mean average temperature about

75°; and the annual rainfall about 100 inches. Some 500 species of plants are included in the garden, neatly and artistically arranged; palms, bamboos, tree-ferns, and other tropical curiosities grow in riotous profusion; pleasant walks lead through the artificial wilderness to charming bathing-pools; and the tourist excursions usually allow time for a swim before returning to Kingston.

From the Gardens, the ride *can* be continued over the mountains to the North Coast, and many parties combine this trip with those previously described, crossing the island via Spanish Town and Bog Walk, spending a night at Port Antonio or St. Ann's, and visiting Castleton Gardens on the return.

ALL AROUND THE ISLAND

With still more time at your disposal—for three or more days of motoring—there's the grand circuit of the Jamaican coast.

From Kingston, starting eastward, the road leads past *Harbor Head*, *Yallahs*, *Morant Bay*, and a succession of quaint villages—the town of *Bath*, noted for its mineral springs, or *Manchioneal*, the setting for many scenes in "Tom Cringle's Log"—and curving around the eastern end of the island, brings one (at the end of the 82nd mile) to *Port Antonio*, where the first night is usually spent.

Port Antonio, formerly the chief headquarters of the United Fruit Company, is picturesquely situated upon a peninsular between two charming bays, with forested hills rising behind it, and is regarded by many as the most delightful place on the island. Here one finds the *Titchfield Hotel*, under the same management as the *Myrtle Bank* (\$8 a day), or the *Waverly Hotel* (\$4); bathing, tennis, or golf may be enjoyed; and excursions can be

made to various banana plantations, of which the *Golden Vale* is recommended, or to *Moore Town*, famous as a home of the *maroons*, or fugitive slaves of early Colonial days.

These *maroons*, whose original name of *cimarron* is derived from the Spanish *cima*, or "hill-top," whereon they habitually took refuge, succeeded in defying in turn the armed forces of Spain and Great Britain for over a century. Hunted with blood-hounds, those caught were deported in large numbers to Nova Scotia, Sierra Leone, and other distant lands, but many of them held out, and to-day—although peaceable enough—whole communities of their descendants still maintain their own thatched villages in the hills, living on nature's providence, contentedly oblivious to the rest of the world.

From *Port Antonio*, the road swings westward along the coast, frequently offering superb views of the sea.

At the *Rio Grande River*, which flows gayly down from the *Blue Mountains* with the noisy hilarity characteristic of most Jamaican rivers, the traveler in search of new thrills may enjoy the experience of rafting over the rapids. The local negroes build floats of bamboo which are fairly safe, but which negotiate the swift current at exhilarating pace, and usually abandon them at the end of the journey, since it's easier to construct new ones than to drag them back up-stream.

Many similar streams are crossed as one proceeds; the luxuriantly fertile country is gorgeous with hardwood forests and patches of banana plantation, their vivid green sometimes interspersed with the red bushes of cacao; *Annotto Bay* and *Port Maria* are both important Fruit Company shipping centers; and the motor road thereafter will bring one to *Ocho Rios*, where a particularly ram-bunctious stream known as *Roaring River* emerges tor-

rentially from a mountainside some two miles inland and cascades over the rocks for 150 feet. The explosion can be heard from the highroad, but to reach the falls one must make a detour through private property, for which a small fee is collected.

St. Ann's Bay, 71 miles from Port Antonio, is the next stop of importance, with another good hotel (The Osborne), and another attractive setting. And, having paused here, one may either return overland to Kingston (via Fern Gully, Mount Diablo, Moneague, Bog Walk, and Spanish Town) or continue on along the coast.

Continuing from St. Ann's, the coastal route passes *Don Christopher's Cove*, where Columbus is supposed to have beached his storm-driven vessels in 1503; *Sevilla del Oro*, the island's earliest Spanish settlement; *Runaway Bay*, where tradition has it that a last Spaniard made his escape when the British took the island; and the *Martha Brae River*, one of Jamaica's larger rivers, which passes the highroad in quiet beauty near the town of Falmouth.

Several maroon villages are also passed hereabouts, and many old plantations, among them the estate known as *Rose Hall*, once occupied by a beautiful and eccentric Mrs. Palmer. Magnificent in its time, as the remains of a mahogany staircase may testify, the venerable plantation is falling rapidly into decay, and local superstition has it that the jungle-grown gardens are still peopled with the ghosts of several husbands whom Mrs. Palmer is reputed to have slain. Historians differ as to the details, some crediting her with three murders, others with more, but it is reported that when a negro paramour finally choked her to death she was wearing a ring with the cheerful inscription, "If I survive, I shall have five."

Montego Bay, 130 miles from Port Antonio and an-

other over-night stop for most travelers, ranks next to Kingston in commercial importance, and has several good hotels, among them the *Ethelhart*, and the *Doctor's Cove Hotel* (both \$5 a day).

Like many another Jamaican town, Montego owes its name to a mispronunciation of Spanish, being a corruption of the *Manteca*, or "lard," which the early Dons obtained from the wild swine in the neighboring hills and which became the first local article of export. To-day, however, the city is the *entrepôt* for a large and fertile territory devoted to fruit and sugar-growing, and its business men are assiduously promoting it also as a tourist mecca.

Of possible interest in the town itself are the Parade, officially known as *Charles Square*; the old *Barracks*, with mediæval-looking battlements and towers; and a venerable *Parish Church*. Excursions may be made to *Catherine Hall* (one mile), an important sugar factory; to *Reading Stream* (three miles) or *Great River* (six miles), both considered beauty spots; to *Seven Rivers Cave* (14 miles), where the limestone stalagmites are noteworthy; or to *Lucea* and other towns at the extreme western jut of the island. The *Doctor's Cove*, near Montego Bay itself, offers good bathing; the harbor is ideal for boating, and an interesting trip by water is to the neighboring *Bogue Islands*, with their coral reefs and marine gardens and a mangrove swamp where the oysters, attaching themselves to the tree-roots at high tide, are left high and dry when the water is low and are locally supposed to have grown upon the mangroves.

From Montego Bay, a motor road leads back to Kingston by way of *Savanna-la-Mar*, and *Mandeville*.

Cutting across the island to the first-named town, the route traverses a pastoral country, dotted by many of

the ranches which locally are known as "pens," and among the herds may be noticed many zebu bulls imported from India because of their immunity to the ticks, which cause considerable havoc among the local breeds. Queer, humped-backed creatures, and quite unimpressive beside the lordly Herefords, they nevertheless bring a virility to animals less accustomed to the tropics, and a slight infusion of the zebu blood gives the stock a resistance to disease and a working strength that has revolutionized the cattle industry of the island.

Savanna-la-Mar, the chief town of western Jamaica, is low-lying and not especially attractive. Like old Port Royal it has suffered from past earthquakes and hurricanes, and on one occasion (in 1744) it was destroyed by a tidal wave which obliterated every sign of it and its inhabitants. It is of considerable local importance, however, as an outlet for the produce rafted to it down the Cabarita River, and a shipping point for mahogany and other woods.

Black River, about thirty miles southeast of Savanna-la-Mar, is another outlet for hardwoods. The town itself has little distinction, but the near-by river of the same name is the longest in Jamaica; alligators abound here and attract many sportsmen; the general locality, although somewhat swampy and unhealthful, is famous for its rum distilleries; and from here the highroad leaves the somewhat unimpressive coast to ascend again through increasingly gorgeous mountains toward *Mandeville*.

As one nears that destination, native runners are sometimes to be passed, bringing up fresh fish from the sea-coast. Their nearest source of supply, a place known as **Alligator Pond**, is eighteen miles distant, but these black carriers do their marathon daily, starting at sunrise with

a thirty-pound load, and trotting uphill all the way, apparently oblivious of the tropic heat.

Mandeville, at an elevation slightly over 2,000 feet, is Jamaica's premier health resort.

Situated in a hilly district where many wealthy planters maintain large estates, it is an ideal spot for those who would remain a while. Oranges, coffee, and cacao grow luxuriantly among trees more suggestive of northern lands; the climate, in contrast to that of the coast, is such that the heat-accustomed Jamaicans often pronounce it downright frigid; several hotels and boarding houses provide accommodation, among them the *Hotel Mandeville* (\$5) and the *Hazelrigg Guest House* (\$3); the usual sports are provided; and many drives are to be enjoyed through the neighboring mountains. Of particular note in Mandeville is the *Observatory*, originally established here by Harvard University because of the unusually clear air, and now in charge of Prof. William H. Pickering.

From Mandeville it is about 60 miles to Kingston, via the *Milk River* (whose thermal baths are rated superior to those of Wiesbaden and other European resorts), *Old Harbor Bay* (where Columbus is supposed to have landed on his second voyage), and *Spanish Town* (previously described).

Dependencies of Jamaica include the Caymans, which lie well to the northwest of the "mother" island, and the Caicos and Turks Islands of the Bahamas. Only the last-named, which takes its name from a local fez-topped cactus, is of any importance, mainly for its salt industry.

HAITI

Area—10,200 square miles (not including the Dominican Republic which shares the same island).

Population—Variously estimated at anywhere from 1,500,000 to 2,300,000, practically all black and subject to increase. The foreign residents include about 500 whites, in addition to a garrison of U. S. Marines.

Capital—Port-au-Prince (125,000).

Other Cities—Cape Haitien (30,000), Aux Cayes (25,000), Jeremie (25,000), Gonaives (17,000), Jacmel (14,000), all on the seacoast.

Government—An independent republic, supervised at present by the U. S. Marine Corps.

Language—French, correctly spoken by the educated, but corrupted into a patois by the general public and shorn of moods and tenses.

Currency—The local unit, the *gourde*, until quite recently described by writers as “a worthless promise to pay,” is now guaranteed by the Banque Nationale de la Republique d’Haiti at the value of \$.20 U. S. Natives in the interior prefer this to American money, which circulates freely, however, in the ports.

Climate—Warm on the coast, the temperature ranging from about 79° to 82°; cooler in the lofty interior. Haiti usually has two short rainy seasons, around May and again in October, with possible showers at other periods; the months of December, January, February, and July are considered the driest.

Steamship Services—From New York or Venezuela by Royal Netherlands; from New York or Canal Zone by Panama R.R. steamers; from Cuba, Santo Domingo, or Porto Rico, by Compania Naviera de Cuba or other local lines. Port-au-Prince also has communication with Santo Domingo City by automobile (about \$20 per passenger, one way), and about twice weekly by the planes of the West Indian Aërial Express (\$40).

CHAPTER VIII

HAITI



Photo by Witte, P-au-P

A LAND OF DARKEYS AND DONKEYS

The Black Republic—Port-au-Prince—Cape Haitien and the Citadel—The Coastal Towns.

CHAPTER VIII

HAITI

Just east of Cuba, sharing with the Dominican Republic the second largest of the West Indian Islands, is the black Republic of Haiti.

Its name, from the Carib, means "Highland." Its rugged hills are jumbled together in a most disorderly array, dipping to an occasional fertile valley or a stretch of arid desert, only to rise beyond in a more fantastic range, towering frequently to 8,000 or even 10,000 feet, quite the highest altitude about the Caribbean. And the teeming African nation which occupies this mountainous terrain has a history as fantastic as the very terrain itself.

A land where the early slaves revolted to massacre the whites, where voodoo drums echoed through the mountains to proclaim the human sacrifice, where ebony monarchs presided over gorgeous royal courts, where negro generals fought their way to pomp and power through more than a century of bloodshed and intrigue, this Haiti stands out in retrospect—both literally and figuratively—as the most colorful spot in all the Caribbean, and even to-day, although American marines have curbed its tendency toward melodrama, it is one of the most picturesque islands on the whole West Indies cruise.

It was on the northern coast of this island, near what now is Cape Haitien, that Columbus landed during his first voyage of 1492 to repair the *Santa Maria*.

Here he left a small garrison behind him—the first settlers in the New World—but upon his return a year

later he found that his little band of roughnecks, having offended the trusting natives, had been completely annihilated—a rather appropriate first episode in the long series of massacres that were presently to drench these shores with blood.

For a time, hereafter, the scene shifts rather to the other side of the island—to the Santo Domingo of our next chapter—which became the leading city of the Spanish seas. The Dons, however, quickly exterminated the aborigines throughout their domain, and the early settlers—mostly French in the part which now is Haiti—replaced them with imported Africans, until the blacks so outnumbered their owners that white men lived in secret terror of their slaves, bullying them unmercifully to keep them in subjection.

In this period of French control, be it said, much progress was made in the development of the country—in the construction of roads and bridges and fine plantations—and the Frenchmen in general were more lenient toward the negroes than were the Dons. Many of the Europeans, in fact, used to free their mulatto sons, and occasionally to educate them. Yet this in itself proved an unexpected source of trouble, for it produced a class that could read of the French Revolution at home—and imbibe the doctrine that *all* men, regardless of birth, creed, or color, had been created equal.

The planters did their best to suppress such ideas. A young mulatto, Vincent Oge, who merely voiced his conviction that free negroes should be eligible for public office, was broken upon the wheel in Cape Haitien as an example. In 1758 an escaped slave named Mackandal, who plotted an uprising, was burned at the stake. But the storm was steadily brewing. Fugitive blacks in increasing numbers fled to the hills, where they constituted an

ever-present menace. And France herself became involved in wars with Spain and England, being obliged, when an English force invaded Haiti, to arm many of the Africans and enlist them in her service.

From this conflict rose Toussaint l'Ouverture. First a slave, later a fugitive and a soldier with the Spanish troops, and finally (having switched allegiance) a commander of blacks in the service of France, he played a leading part in expelling the Spaniards and the English, and became the Governor-General of the island. France, having heaped honors upon him, began to fear his power. And when Napoleon dispatched his brother-in-law, Leclerc, with a fleet, to depose the black leader, the threatened deluge broke.

Toussaint himself was trapped, the French seizing him by treachery when he accepted their invitation to a parley, but Dessalines, Christophe, and other leaders appeared, all of them trained in arms. The blacks rose everywhere. White planters who were able, fled the island; the less fortunate were dragged from their hiding-places and murdered; upon their erstwhile masters the ex-slaves, intoxicated with freedom, visited every imaginable torture. Leclerc's 20,000 troops, succumbing to fever, were unable to stem the rising black tide; Leclerc himself died at Cape Haitien; and in 1803 France withdrew.

The earlier chapters of the Haitian "Republic" are as black as the Republic itself.

Dessalines, falling heir to l'Ouverture's authority, proclaimed himself Emperor of the new country, and was assassinated by his own generals. Christophe, elected "President," promoted himself to "King," built himself a series of magnificent palaces and an impregnable citadel, and finally, faced with another revolution, took his own life with a silver bullet. Thereafter the story is one

of a long succession of black presidents who ruled by force; many of them were ignorant men, unable to sign their names to their tyrannical decrees; more than one of them lived in terror of the island's many voodoo priests, the sorcerers of African witchcraft; the few outstandingly intelligent and patriotic of them usually fell victims to the intrigues of their less conscientious countrymen; revolution became the country's leading industry; and as late as 1913, Stephen F. Bonsel in *The American Mediterranean* tells how a Haitian congressman, resenting foreign comment on the traditional unrest of his native land, exclaimed:

"For the last eight days not a shot has been fired in earnest!"

If you've read those older works on Haiti, however, you've a surprise in store when you land there to-day, for since 1915, conditions have somewhat changed.

In that year a Haitian president, one Guillaume Sam by name, finding himself confronted with another insurrection, very unwisely executed some 200 political prisoners reposing in his jail. Instead of quelling the revolt, it so inflamed public opinion that the population of Port-au-Prince raised a hue and cry and chased Mr. Sam through the public streets to the French Legation. When he took refuge therein, the irate mob invaded the diplomatically immune portals, dragging him out and carving him into small pieces. Incidentally, they rather wrecked the legation itself; a French warship landed its sailors to protect the property; and the U. S. A., jealous of its assumed prerogatives under the Monroe Doctrine, thereupon sent down the Marines, who have been there ever since.

Technically, of course, Haiti is still an independent republic. As a matter of fact, the real power behind the

throne is an American High Commissioner. By a treaty which expires in 1936, American representatives collect the customs and supervise the expenditures. Uncle Sam keeps his marines at several strategic points, while a police organization known as the Gendarmerie d'Haiti, consisting of natives officered largely by marine non-coms, maintains order throughout the country. All of which, naturally, is resented by the educated Haitians, of whom there are many among the nation's colored classes, and provides material for editorials in the radical press throughout the world.

American doctors and engineers, however, have done much to make Haiti livable. Many regions, to be sure, are still undeveloped, as might be expected in such a rugged land; health conditions in the interior still leave much to be desired; and the traveler who would penetrate the mountain fastnesses must be prepared to "rough it." Yet the description of travel in Haiti, called "unsafe" even in very recent publications, is quite misleading. Violence, to-day, is practically unknown. Comparatively good motor-roads now connect the principal cities, and the cities themselves are all quite habitable—especially Port-au-Prince.

The approach is particularly striking. Port-au-Prince lies at the eastern end of the Gulf of Gonave, well likened in shape to an inverted "E" and the course lies for several hours along the rugged coast, mysteriously dark at night, with many fires glowing from the black hills. "Voodoo fires," some romanticist may tell you, but in reality the natives are merely using an expeditious method of clearing the forests for cultivation, and dawn reveals an extremely pretty town, fringed on either side with white-stemmed coco-palms, and backed by an amphitheater of giant hills, misty and steaming under the first warm rays of the tropic sun. Little fishing boats pass us, putting

out to sea, each manned by three or four natives of ebony hue; monkey-like little boys in tiny row-boats plead for us to toss them coins; and on the wharf a swarm of porters in red caps which might well have crowned the generals of some past revolution wait to pounce upon our baggage.

Landing is often by small boat in the case of big cruise-ships, but the steamers in regular operation come alongside the pier, which extends out from the Custom House and the Rue du Quai.

PORT-AU-PRINCE

Population—125,000.

Conveyances—Horse-drawn hacks, 10 cents (U. S.) to any point within the city; autos by agreement.

Hotels—Mountain House, Morin's, American (about \$3 to \$5 a day, including board); also several smaller places and some fairly good pensions at \$2 or \$2.50 a day.

Post Office—on Rue Republicaine (see map). There's also a Marine Corps post office on the east side of the Champ de Mars, with domestic letter rates to the U. S.

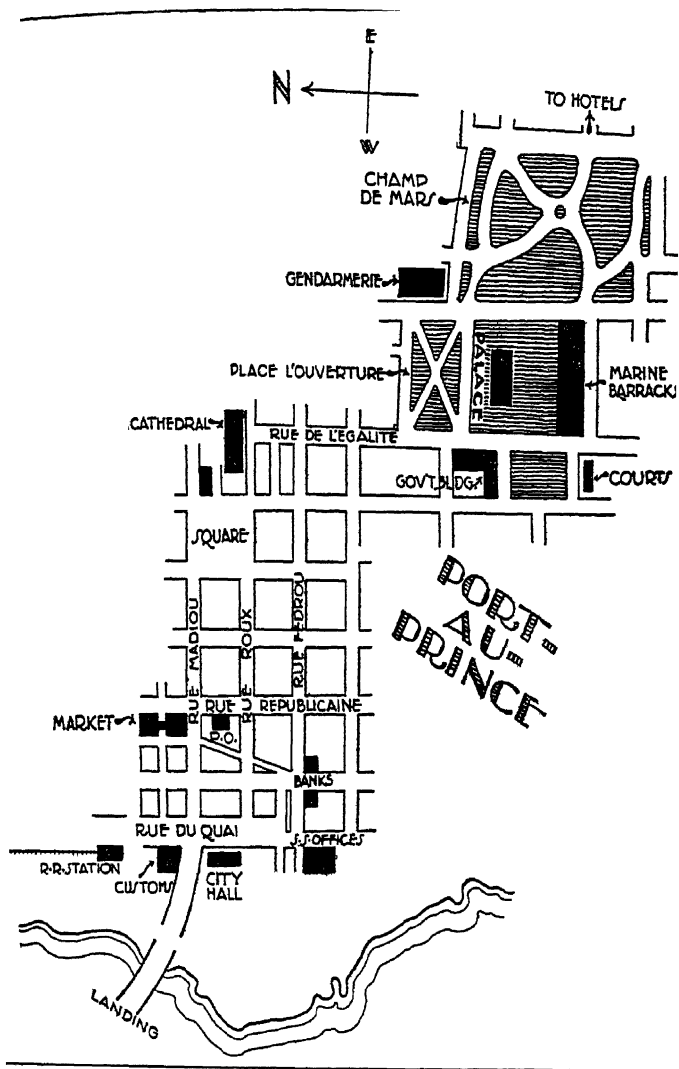
Banks—Royal Bank of Canada, and Banque Nationale de la Republique d'Haiti (affiliated with the National City Bank of New York), both on the Rue du Magasin de l'État.

Consulates—U. S. Consulate on Rue du Quai, opposite railway station; Legation on Rue Roux; British Consulate on Rue du Magasin de l'État, opposite banks.

IN THE HAITIAN CAPITAL

Despite the occasional visits of cruise-ships, Port-au-Prince is not a town that caters to the tourist.

At the wharf you may find waiting a few English-speaking negroes—immigrants perhaps from Jamaica, or rovers of the sea—who'll gladly serve as guides. The *chauffeurs* whose cars are drawn up opposite the custom



house, however, are mostly Spanish-speaking mulattos from Santo Domingo, while the hacks are driven by Haitian darkies who butcher the French language more horribly than their great grandfathers butchered the Frenchmen.

The Rue du Quai, a surprisingly wide avenue which parallels the waterfront, is a natural starting-point for a tour.

To the left as you fight your way from the wharves through a swarm of would-be courriers is the *Duane*, or Custom House, and beyond it (to the north) the station of the *National Railway*, a low red structure vastly more impressive than the railway itself. To the right (or south) is the *Hotel de Ville*, or City Hall, a vivid white building quite typical of the newer Port-au-Prince. Farther south may be found the majority of the steamship offices and the agency of the Aërial Express for Santo Domingo or Porto Rico, and a block inland from these are the two banks, both handsomely housed, the Royal Bank of Canada here proclaiming itself "La Banque Royale du Canada," while the National City of New York assumes the guise of the "Banque Nationale."

The Rue Republicaine, considered *the* principal commercial center, is another block inland. The local trolley traverses its broad center, with much puffing of a transplanted automobile motor and much rattling of chains as the motorman shifts gear. In this street, too, one finds the Haitian post office, and the office of the All-America cables, as well as the city's leading shops, but the latter may scarcely be ranked among Haiti's stellar attractions. The tourist trade has not yet stimulated the curio-business; foreign residents, who seem to be the only people here with any money to spend, buy most of their luxuries direct from home; and the natives do their petty trading

at the public markets, a few squares to the north, which really *are* of interest.

The Markets, housed in two huge iron-roofed sheds and connected by a lurid red-and-green arch whose four barbaric towers are optimistically dedicated to "Union," "Progress," "Paix," and "Travail," are not imposing in architecture, but the multitude of marketers affords one of the town's most fascinating sights.

The entrance steps have been worn away by countless black feet until they present but a single steeply-sloping surface. Within, the huge baskets of produce are piled so thickly upon the stone pavement that there's scarcely room to pass,—baskets of corn, beans, peanuts, cereals, onions, potatoes, yams, fish, breadfruit, cocoanuts, dry goods, mats, coffee, sugar-cane, live chickens, goats, pigs—everything imaginable, with occasional queer sweets or fruits that defy imagination. Yet the fascination of it lies mainly in the excitement of the marketers themselves, as they haggle and bargain and gesticulate, with a babble of voices quite meriting the description of "deafening."

In every Haitian village, small or large, the bartering-place is the center of community life. Here the women-folk—always the merchants or buyers in Haiti—gather both to buy and sell and to exchange gossip. They so love the noise and confusion that they often refuse to part with their wares on the way to town, and many of them, having disposed of their goods after due process of haggling, are reputed to buy the same stuff back at the same price just for the fun of doing it all over again.

The Rue Thomas Madiou, which leads from the Markets toward the Cathedral (see map), is another picturesque spot. The Rue Roux, which may also be followed, is somewhat more important as regards the offices thereon, but Madiou is more typical of the older Haiti, its side-

walks full of queer breaks and changes in elevation, and lined with native shops.

On a Saturday in particular—the big market-day throughout Haiti—it becomes a sort of overflow-mart, filled with a procession of heavily laden donkeys from the rural districts; turbaned negresses thread their way through the crowd with huge bales of cotton or produce balanced atop their heads; and the hubbub again is indescribable.

The Cathedral Square to which the thoroughfare leads was formerly open to these out-of-town traders, but they were banished a few years ago upon the complaint of the priests that they could not hear their own mass. Now bare and pebbly, and surrounded by ramshackle hovels, the square is rather an eye-sore, but the new Cathedral stands out the more impressively in contrast.

The New Cathedral is Haiti's chief pride. Set upon a lofty terrace, from whose steps one may look over the surrounding roofs to the harbor far below, it is truly a majestic structure. The exterior is of glaring white, like that of practically all the newer Haitian buildings, but assumes a shade of coral in the early morning sun, and the interior, with many tall white columns standing out against a pale lemon background, is in particularly good taste and quite lacking in the lurid gaudiness peculiar to the churches of most tropical countries.

The Old Cathedral, still standing beside the new, is no longer used and is rapidly falling to pieces. It still has its place in the heart of the country people, however, who worshiped here in years past, and on Saturday morning its doors are usually opened for the benefit of the out-of-town marketers.

From the Square, if one turns southward, a brief walk leads to a very different section.

The Place l'Ouverture has been modernized to the extent of having one of its driveways christened the "Avenue Lindbergh." On its eastern side is the headquarters of the *Gendarmerie d'Haiti*, and to its southwest the *Government Building* which houses other departments, both rather striking with their white walls and vivid green roofs. South of the latter, beyond a small park containing the tomb of General Dessalines and President Petion, is the impressive new *Palais du Justice*, and directly facing the Place l'Ouverture, is the executive mansion.

The President's Palace is another outstanding edifice. Of the prevailing tint, so that it might well be called Haiti's "White House," it quite surpasses the Washington mansion in size and showiness. Its gardens are still too new for beauty, and the surrounding palms, still in their infancy, help to accentuate its magnitude, perhaps, but it can easily be rated the finest government structure in the West Indies, with the possible exception of the presidential quarters in Havana.

The Champ de Mars, just east of the Palace, has an equally new appearance. The acres of grassy lawn between its curving driveways have a thirsty, sun-scorched appearance, except immediately after the rainy season, and the young trees afford little shade. It occupies a promising site, however, upon a sloping plain from which one may glimpse the harbor, and is particularly pleasant toward evening, when band concerts are occasionally rendered in its little kiosk, or the Marine Garrison quartered behind the president's house turns out for its parade.

Of particular interest here is the statue of Dessalines, long a famous Haitian landmark. Gossip has it that the Republic got it at a bargain after its rejection by the South American country for which it was designed, and certainly

it bears no resemblance to the negro general who played a leading part in the slaughter of the whites. It is duly inscribed "Illustre Jean-Jacques Dessalines," however, and he makes a fine, heroic figure in his Spanish Admiral's cocked hat, waving his sword defiantly in the general direction of the Marine Barracks.

From the *Champ de Mars*, the *Rue Magny* continues eastward to the residential section, on higher ground, where most of the American officials and wealthier Haitians dwell, and where are situated the better hostelryes. This is a district of old French *châteaux*—or rather, of Haitian *châteaux* in the French style—many of which suggest fallen grandeur. The palms and gardens, however, quite make up for an occasional unpainted balcony, and one road, passing the *High Commissioner's House*, swings around the hills to the *Brigade Hospital*, from which the best views of the bay are to be obtained.

Amusements, if you stop over in Port-au-Prince, are comparatively limited, unless one has the *entrée* into official circles.

Cock-fights are the standard entertainment of the Haitian peasantry, being held on Saturday afternoon or Sunday, and constitute the chief local "sport." They are scarcely elevating, but of interest for the excitement which prevails, and there's usually far more arguing among the spectators than fighting among the cocks.

Native dances, locally known as "bombash," will also appeal to the seeker after primitive sights. These are held usually on Saturday nights, at a number of places on the outskirts of town, and are located usually by the noise. The music consists solely of drums, made of goat-skin stretched over hollow cylinders of wood which vary in size and give off a vast variety of tones. Several of

them usually constitute an orchestra, and the musicians are artists in the creation of barbaric rhythm. The dances themselves, survivals of crude African performances, are mostly sensual, and frequently border upon the lewd, but are none the less interesting for that.

Voodoo Ceremonies, about which every visitor seems curious, are *not* to be observed, and many Haitians may inform you that they no longer exist.

That they did in past years is not disputed, nor that these weird rites of Congo witchcraft were sometimes marked by human sacrifice. Although the occasional writer who professed to have witnessed the orgies is to be doubted, there were recorded many undeniable cases of kidnaping by the priests, either of infants or of adults; the *papaloi* and *mamaloï* (male and female sorcerers) were adept in the use of strange drugs and poisons; the influence of the cult was strong throughout Haiti; and several of the early presidents are supposed to have lived in terror of it. The sacrifice of the "goat without horns," or human being, however, was probably the exception rather than the rule. The blood of a chicken or a real goat, poured with fantastic ceremony over the heads of the worshipers, was usually sufficient to appease the gods, and the rest was mostly hokus-pokus.

In several months of recent rambling through the interior of Haiti we've been unable personally to obtain exact information on the subject. Goats decked with colored robes have been seen within the present year, led by mysterious processions toward isolated cemeteries among the more remote hills, but the ceremonies always stop upon the advent of a white man. The ownership of the gigantic drum which in past years was reserved for the announcing of a voodoo ritual is now a criminal offense, and if any exist in the hills, they remain silent. It's our

own belief that the present-day ceremonies are completely harmless, but we doubt that any white man—past or present—knows very much about them.

CAPE HAITIEN AND THE CITADEL

If you stop in Haiti, there's a remarkable trip to be taken, to the historic city of Cape Haitien, and thence to Christophe's famous citadel.

From Port-au-Prince, one road leads more or less northward along the coast, and the railway *may* be utilized as far as St. Marc, although it's scarcely worth while. Automobiles, a necessity beyond St. Marc, are preferable throughout the journey, and by leaving the capital in early morning one can easily reach Cape Haitien by mid-afternoon of the same day.

The scenery needs little description. For natural beauty, Haiti scarcely compares with Jamaica or Porto Rico, being largely arid, save in its higher mountains, but there are some charming sea-scapes during the earlier part of the jaunt, and many quaint thatched villages. Beyond *St. Marc*, a picturesque town of glaring white streets beside the bluest of bays, the course turns inland along the *Artibonite River*, and for some miles through an Arizona-like desert, which an American concern is planning presently to irrigate. The town of *Gonaives*, much like St. Marc in general appearance, is passed; then *Ennery*; and a gradual ascent begins toward a barrier-ridge, with many retrospects of the curving white trail below.

At the top of the ridge, here some 4,000 feet high, the scene changes completely. The northern side is as luxuriant as the central plains are barren. One looks out for miles across the *Plaisance Valley*, one of the island's chief beauty spots, and the descent offers glimpses of the

sea; the trail curls among hills tangled with the wild coffee trees that once graced the plantations of early colonial days; from time to time the highway is bordered by the ruins of ancient gateways that in their time opened upon luxurious French estates; and the car roars finally through a venerable city arch and into Cape Haitien.

The trip from Port-au-Prince may also be made by the cargo-and-passenger steamers of the Royal Netherlands Line, and for many of those who come direct from New York on these vessels, this will be a first port of call.

Cape Haitien, more familiarly known to Americans in Haiti as "The Cape," is the Republic's most historic city.

From the wharves (where those who come by steamer land in small boats) a street somewhat unromantically known as "18th" leads inland to the *plaza*, the old *Place d'Armes* where the burnings and torturings of colonial days took place, but to-day a neat and pleasant square bright with vari-colored croton. On one side of it stands the *Cosmopolitan Hotel* (\$4 a day, with board); on another, the *Bishop's Palace*, looking more like a hotel than the hotel itself; and on another, the big *Cathedral*. On a fourth side are the ruins of an old French structure, notable for a perfect arch; behind the Cathedral are the remains of the older church of pre-Republican days; many other old walls are to be found throughout the city, shaken down by a long series of earthquakes and gutted by an equally long series of fires; while even the comparatively newer buildings, constructed of stucco, in contrast to the wooden shanties of other native towns, and tinted in many bright colors, are mostly picturesque.

On the outskirts a force of Marines is quartered; the spot where Columbus planted his first fort in the New

World is situated about two miles from town, near the little fishing village of Petit Anse; a crumbling house on Cape Haitien's waterfront is pointed out as the former dwelling-place of Pauline, wife of the French commander, Leclerc, and sister of Napoleon; and from several points not far from the city one may see on a distant mountain top the famous citadel, called by one writer "the greatest monument to negro genius in the Western Hemisphere."

The Citadel Trip, requiring another day, can best be made by taking automobile from Cape Haitien to the village of Milot, a drive of about an hour and a half, where arrangements can be made (usually through the sergeant of the Gendarmerie post) for horses. The charge is about \$1.50, which seems ridiculously cheap until you see the horses, and boys may be hired for about 40 cents to carry lunch and drinking water (an important necessity) and to care for your beasts at the citadel.

The Palace of Sans Souci, finest of Christophe's several mansions, overlooks Milot from a dominant height at the beginning of the trail, and justifies a pause.

Here it was that the negro "king," of 1811, having changed his name to Jacques I, established a colorful court, creating from among his African followers a nobility of three princes, eight dukes, twenty counts, forty barons, and a host of other titled celebrities, and maintaining a regal etiquette which for its pomp and ceremony is probably without a parallel in history. The stucco which once covered the old palace has cracked away, to reveal rough brick and stone, and the roof has long since fallen, but the walls are still majestic. One enters through a huge gateway, guarded by empty sentry-boxes; within is a wide courtyard from which a double staircase circles upward to a terrace backed by Roman-looking columns; and from here a succession of arched doorways lead to

the various halls of state and the quarters of the "royal" family, now weed-grown, but of a size that attests the scale on which old Christophe built.

The Citadel, reached in another hour and a half on one of Haiti's woebegone horses—or an hour, if you'd risk a steep, hot climb on foot—is the greatest sight in Haiti, and we'd personally rate it the greatest on the Caribbean.

That it is omitted from cruise-schedules is due entirely to its isolation—an utter isolation in the heart of the hills which makes it the more astounding to those who *do* attempt the pilgrimage. One comes upon it rather suddenly from the jungle, to see it looming upon the skyline ahead, hundreds of feet above the trail, crowning the highest of the mountains, its great walls rising from the cliffs themselves with cannon peering from embrasures that look out upon almost a hundred square miles of forested wilderness.

How the Haitians ever brought their huge stones and their massive cannon up the rugged trail will always remain a mystery. Many a toiler must have given his life in the course of construction, and Christophe himself is reputed to have shot down upon the trail any man who pronounced his burdens too heavy.

Its walls, their height doubled and sometimes tripled by the natural precipice from which they rise, are 150 feet in height, and mostly well preserved. The lower corridors are wet and musty, and mostly dark, with deep cells below, where prisoners were obliged by their narrow confines to stand upright for days at a time. Secret passageways, too, abound in the lower depths. But the corridors above are better lighted, with long rows of old naval guns lying erratic and askew upon their rotted carriages, and great piles of rusted cannon-balls. Here, in

the central court, is the tomb of Christophe, overgrown with weeds, while the surrounding ramparts are covered with lianas, and giant trees sprout from every niche. About the court are bake-shops, kitchens, and store-rooms; cisterns on the wall-tops provide for the thirsty in case of siege; to the rear is a large chapel-like vault supposed to have been intended as a hospital; nothing, in fact, has been overlooked; and although the citadel has never undergone a battle, one doubts that all the combined armies of Europe could have taken it in the days for which it was built.

From the top of the ramparts—where Christophe incidentally used to push off such gentlemen as displeased him—one has an unparalleled view of all northern Haiti and a goodly portion of the Atlantic Ocean. It is such a memorable panorama, in fact, that many parties bring up camp equipment and spend the night, to enjoy the effects of moonlight and sunrise.

From **Cape Haitien**, it might here be noted, an auto-road now runs through the Dominican Republic to Santo Domingo City, about an eight-hour ride.

THE COASTAL TOWNS

Despite the development of highways through the interior of the republic, every city of consequence in Haiti is situated upon the coast, and can be reached by steamer.

The Dutch boats—practically the only ones that make the run of little ports—are primarily interested in cargo, but they can usually accommodate a few passengers and they touch at several quaint old towns which still are difficult to reach by motor.

Port-de-Paix, a few hours' run from Cape Haitien,

lies on the north coast in the shelter of the *Ile de la Tortue*, or Island of Tortuga, famed as the greatest of all the early Caribbean strongholds of the buccaneers.

In 1630, or thereabouts, a large party of these gentlemen, drawn together from many nations by a common interest in raiding Spanish treasure ships, seized and fortified this territory, and for nearly thirty years resisted all efforts to dislodge them. It was here that the term of "buccaneer" is supposed to have originated, from their custom of provisioning their fleets with meat cured by a smoking process best described by the French verb *boucanier*. When eventually dispersed, many of them—predominately French at the time—crossed to the mainland, forming the nucleus of Haiti's ill-fated white colony. The coffee which they planted, now growing wild and receiving little attention from the Haitians except in the picking-season, is the chief export of the country and the cargo for which the steamers call.

Mole St. Nicholas, at the northwest tip of Haiti, will probably be passed without a stop, but its splendid bay may be of interest.

Despite its unimportance commercially, this is a remarkable harbor, commanding the Windward Passage between Haiti and Cuba, and large enough to provide refuge for the world's combined battle fleets. Before acquiring the naval station at Guantanamo, on the opposite side of the Passage, the United States made several efforts to secure various rights to this harbor, but all proposals were summarily rejected by the Haitian government. Previous to the intervention of the marines in 1915, more than one European nation was keenly aware of its possibilities, and rumor has it that Germany had designs upon it until the War put her out of the running.

Gonaives, at the southern base of the peninsula and situated upon the Gulf of the same name, is one of Haiti's "most typically Haitien towns."

It was here that l'Ouverture, coming down from the hills for a conference with Leclerc, was treacherously seized, to be shipped away to a French prison, and here also that Dessalines, his successor, proclaimed the independence of Haiti on January 1, 1804. In general, the town shows less European influence than most of Haiti's port cities, but is a regular port of call for the cargo-steamers, which stop for coffee, sugar, and dyewoods.

St. Marc, also on the Gulf of Gonaives, is the shipping center for the vast Artibonite Valley behind it, an immense plain between Haiti's two main ridges of mountain. The territory, since the mountains draw most of the moisture from the clouds, is at present arid, but potentially fertile, and now that foreigners may acquire land (which they were forbidden to do previous to 1918), extensive irrigation projects are contemplated by an American company. St. Marc, as previously mentioned, has rail and motor-road connection with Port-au-Prince, the next stop of the steamers.

From **Port-au-Prince**, the local steamers turn westward again to circle the southern peninsula, stopping usually at *Petit Goave*, *Miragoane*, and other ports.

Jeremie, westernmost city of the republic, is one of the more isolated communities, but one of the most interesting. A quaint old town of many vivid hues, it contains many reminders of the French period. The negroes here, it seems, were less hostile to their masters than elsewhere; in many cases, when the slaughter transpired in other parts of Haiti, the slaves of Jeremie permitted the whites to escape; and to-day the prevailing complexion of the local citizenry is a shade lighter than in other cities. The ruins of many

fine old châteaux are to be seen in a drive through the beautiful environs, and one of them is pointed out as the residence of the Marquis Dumas, grandfather of Alexander Dumas.

Aux Cayes, reached after circling the peninsula, is the third city of Haiti and the leading port on the south coast.

It is also more directly reached from Port-au-Prince by motor car, in a five-hour journey through some very charming country; two pretty fair hotels accommodate visitors; and next to Cape Haitien, this is probably the best objective for an overland trip. The city itself is picturesque, with a new cathedral in construction, and with the inevitably busy open-air market that constitutes Haiti's outstanding attraction, and many rides may be taken to smaller places in the vicinity. The roads hereabout are especially notable for quaint native cemeteries and wayside shrines, the latter frequently of interest for the fact that Christ is portrayed as a black man; *Aquin*, about 50 kilometers distant, possesses one of the most fascinating of all the Haitian markets, situated upon the banks of a tropical river; *Source Maturin*, reached by horseback excursion from Cayes, is a particularly beautiful waterfall; another possible trip is to the *l'Acul River*, which gushes full-grown from a mountain cave; and the *Citadel Platon*, reached in about three hours by auto and horse, is rated next to Christophe's Citadel among the old fortifications of Haiti.

Jacmel, also with an auto-road from Port-au-Prince, is the final port for the Dutch boats—a town much like the others, with a considerable coffee trade—and from here one may return overland to the capital by motor car or passenger-camion.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Area—19,325 square miles.

Population—About 900,000.

Capital—Santo Domingo (45,000), the oldest and most historic city in the Americas.

Government—An independent republic, under U. S. financial guidance.

Language—Spanish.

Currency—The Dominican gold dollar is equivalent to the U. S. dollar. There's also a local peso, worth just one-fifth as much. American money circulates freely, and is used more frequently than Dominican.

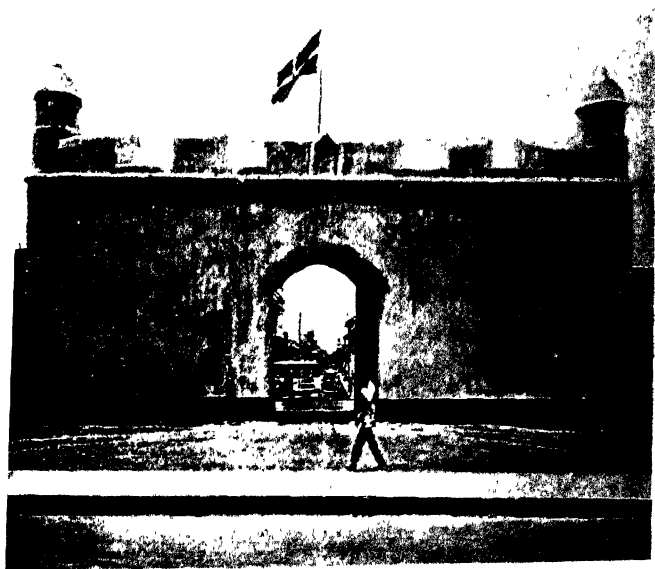
Formalities—Passports, according to present advices, are not required for the Dominican Republic, but passengers must fill out a blank supplied by the steamer company, giving certain required data about themselves.

Climate—Tropical on the coast; cooler in the interior, where some of the mountains reach a height of 10,000 feet. The average annual temperature of the coast towns, where most travelers will stop, is about 79°; trade winds help to moderate the days, while the nights are usually pleasant. The rainy season on the northern shore is reported to be almost continuous; on the southern coast, about Santo Domingo City, the dry months are from September to March. July to October is considered a bad time, since *paludismo* (malaria) is supposed then to be somewhat prevalent.

Steamship Services—From New York by Porto Rico Line, or Santo Domingo Line; from San Juan (Porto Rico) by Porto Rico Line; from Santiago de Cuba or Kingston (Jamaica) by the local steamer of the Cuban Empresa Navi-
era, via Haitian ports. There is also airplane service two or three times a week from San Juan, and Port-au-Prince, and communication by automobile from Port-au-Prince or Cape Haitien.

CHAPTER IX

SANTO DOMINGO



THE BASTION DE FEBRERO

The Historic Capital—The Tourist's Santo Domingo—Beyond
the Capital

CHAPTER IX

SANTO DOMINGO

To the early *conquistadores* it was Hispaniola, or "Little Spain"; to present-day diplomats it is officially "The Dominican Republic"; but to the average traveler, the country which shares with Haiti this second largest of the Greater Antilles is generally known by the name of its capital, once the capital of all Spain's oversea possessions, and the greatest stronghold on the Caribbean.

It was only a few years after Christopher Columbus had touched at Cape Haitien—as recounted in the preceding chapter—that his brother Bartholomew established a settlement here.

A few villages had already sprung up on the northern coast, and one tale has it that a Spanish refugee, fleeing across the island, mated with an Indian girl who sought to please him by revealing a gold mine, wherewith he returned to buy his pardon. At any rate, the *conquistadores*, who had known the precious metal to exist but had hitherto been unable to locate its source, moved across the island to these southern shores, and virtually enslaving the natives, forced them under pain of death to bring them further tribute. Santo Domingo thus became the first colony in America to send back treasure to Spain; it attracted the first hordes of avaricious adventurers; and within a few years it became a thriving city and a stronghold of Spanish influence.

From this capital Velasquez set out for Cuba; Cortez for Cuba and Mexico; Balboa for Panama and the Pa-

cific; Pizarro for the conquest of Peru. For a time, in fact, all history seemed to have its center here. Columbus ruled as governor, and after him his brother, but they had their jealous enemies. Christopher, victim of intrigue, was for a time imprisoned in Santo Domingo, and later shipped home in chains, and even though he won back royal favor and was restored to the command of another fleet, the Dominican capital refused him entrée when he sought its shelter from a storm.

Under Ovando, who had followed him as governor, the colony enjoyed its most flourishing period. Ovando was a conscienceless scoundrel; in contrast to Columbus, who had treated the aborigines with kindness, this new ruler devoted himself blithely to their extermination; but he constructed most of the fortresses and castles whose ruins are to be seen to-day, and his viceregal court became noted for its splendor.

Santo Domingo's glory, however, was destined to prove brief. The island failed to produce in abundance the gold which Spain had hoped. With the growth of colonies elsewhere, and the discovery of vastly greater riches in Mexico, Panama, and Peru, it lost its preëminence. Dutch, French, or English raiders found the island's many harbors an ideal rendezvous. In 1586 Sir Francis Drake captured the capital itself, driving out its entire Spanish garrison, and destroying a few of the buildings each day until the citizens paid a ransom of 25,000 ducats. Added to this, there was constant strife between the Spaniards and the French colonists who had settled in what now is Haiti. And at length the mother country, deciding in 1795 that its once-proud Hispaniola had become a burden, ceded the whole island to France.

When the blacks of Haiti rose in revolt to banish their European masters, the status of the Dominican portion of

the island became a matter of dispute. For a time it was independent; from 1822 until 1843 it fell under the rule of Haiti; in 1861 it voluntarily sought the authority of Spain; but in 1865 it finally and definitely declared its freedom and autonomy as the "Dominican Republic."

Hereafter its history, like Haiti's, is concerned mostly with revolution. Not infrequently the fighting was of the comic opera variety, wherein both parties battled furiously until the ammunition gave out and then adjourned more or less amicably to the nearest grog-shop. But many of the frays were bloody, and with natural resources idle and treasury too often looted, Santo Domingo fell heavily into debt. In 1904 it obtained a loan based upon the condition that the United States should take over the collection of the customs in the city of Puerto Plata as security, an arrangement which presently was extended to cover other parts. The revolutions continued, however; creditors grew uneasy; and in 1916 American marines landed (much as they had landed in Haiti) to "help establish stable government in order that treaty obligations may be fulfilled."

The occupation of Santo Domingo, to be sure, has differed from that of Haiti. Uncle Sam stayed long enough here to install a program of sanitation, road-building, and the establishment of schools, and to organize a force known as the *Guardia* or *Policía Nacional Dominicana*, whereafter, on July 12th, 1924, the marines withdrew. The collection of the customs, however, is still in American hands (under a treaty recently extended to 1945); in case of insurrection the new roads would enable the marines stationed in Haiti to reach Santo Domingo within a single day; and the Dominican Republic seems now completely stable, peaceful, and moderately prosperous.

In many respects Santo Domingo is distinctly different from the country which it borders.

Some authorities maintain that no family is without its dash of African blood—and as in Cuba, one hears the phrase, “He *passes* for white,” more often than “He *is* white”—yet complexions are notably lighter here than in Haiti, and the people pride themselves upon their Spanish lineage. Spanish blood, in fact, predominates; Spanish is the national language; the people are Spanish in thought and custom, and quick to resent it if you class them with their African neighbors.

What Americans are doing for Haiti, the Dominicans are doing for themselves, and with larger funds at their disposal, they are doing it better. An improvement in the roads is noticeable at the frontier, and an increased prosperity is evident in the towns along the way. Haitians, in large numbers, cross the border regularly to work on the Dominican sugar plantations, where those who earn but 20 cents a day at home are always able to obtain a dollar or a dollar and a half. Exceedingly high duties on imported goods raise the cost of living considerably, but the shops of Santo Domingo are well stocked with victrolas and motor cars and similar luxuries seldom displayed in Port-au-Prince.

The Dominicans of to-day, in short, are going in strongly for modernity, and have been somewhat neglectful of the old landmarks which to the tourist have given the capital its chiefest charm. Ancient colonial mansions which elsewhere might have been converted into museums have been allowed to rot and crumble; historic churches have been carried away brick by brick to be used in the construction of newer dwellings; a beer joint has made its appearance in the ramparts of the city wall; and Hollywood’s motion picture queens, on lurid posters, grin

across a traffic-swarming street at the venerable Columbus cathedral.

Yet the government is finally recognizing the claims which Santo Domingo should have upon the attention of the traveling public. The Department of Public Works is now preserving many of the ruins, and even labeling them. And no city has more such to preserve. As one sails up the Ozama River, the ancient *Rosario Church* appears upon the right (where the city originally stood), famous as the place where Columbus worshiped. Upon the left, where the city later grew up, is the weatherbeaten *Homaje Tower*, wherein he is supposed to have been confined. Disintegrating Spanish fortifications line the entire river-bank, and although one steps ashore at a modern dock, it lies in the shade of the old *Columbus Mansion*, and a picturesque old gateway gives access to streets that lead, no matter what direction be followed, to other mementos of conquistadorial days.

Landing, from ships drawing over 18 feet of water, is by small boat; otherwise alongside the pier.

SANTO DOMINGO CITY

Population—45,000.

Conveyances—Automobiles, which may be hired by the hour at from \$1.50 up, mostly up.

Hotels—Colón, Fausto, Francia, Palace, \$3 to \$5 a day, including meals.

Post Office—On Calle Colón (see map), between Government Building and Treasury. Letter postage to and from U. S. two cents per ounce.

Banks—National City Bank of New York, Bank of Nova Scotia, and Royal Bank of Canada, all at corner of Calle Mercedes and Isabel la Católica, two blocks north of Columbus plaza.

U. S. Consulate—on Calle Separación, just east of plaza.

Cable Offices.—All-America Cables, on Arzobispo Meriño; French Cable (Cable Francais), on Isabel la Católica.

THE TOURIST'S SANTO DOMINGO

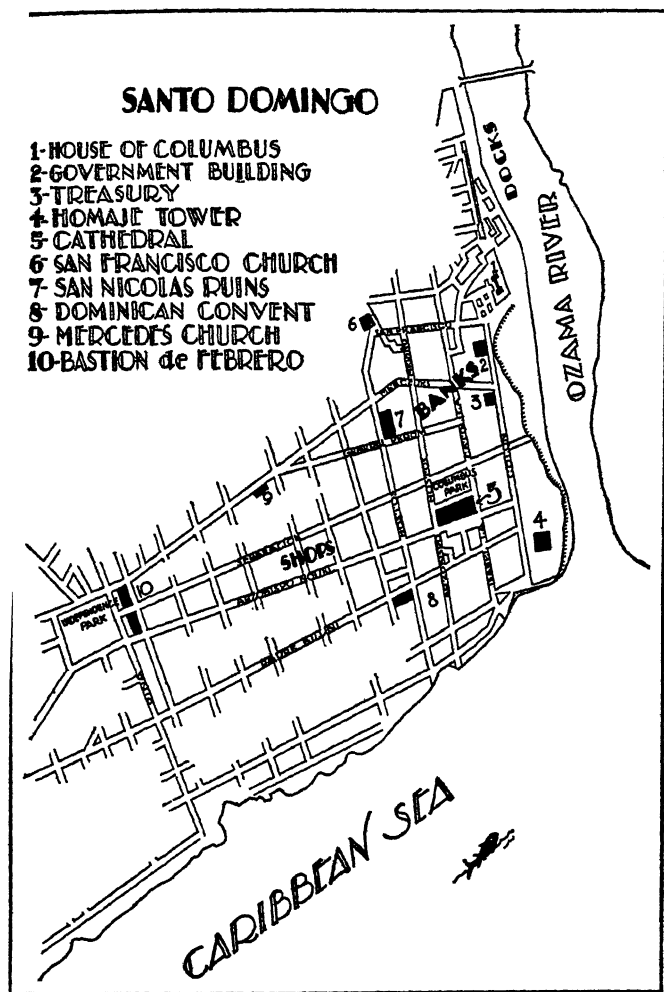
With a day in port—about all that the average steamer allows—the visitor does best to hire an auto, for the old Dominican capital was never designed for pedestrians.

Its streets are somewhat wider than those of Havana, but sidewalks are generally scant; the wild rush of vehicles at every crossing is a distraction, if not a menace; the sun is tropical and hot; and the sights are mostly scattered about, to be found only by constant reference to a map.

The House of Columbus, first ruin to greet you as you step ashore, dates back to 1510.

Although some writers have described it as the abode of Christopher himself, it seems in reality to have been built by his son, Diego Columbus, who, having married a fascinating Maria de Toledo of high social rank, re-established at court the family prestige and came out to his father's old stamping ground as Viceroy. Under its roof several other little Columbuses or Columbi were born, but here they also died; the family became extinct; the roof itself fell; and to-day it stands windowless and empty, with shabby squatters' shacks clustering about its walls.

A short distance to the north is the *Columbus Tree*, once a lordly ceiba to which Christopher is supposed to have tied fast his caravels, but now a mere gnarled trunk, ~~shorn~~ by age of its branches. To the south, opening ~~through~~ the ramparts on which the Columbus House ~~stands~~, is the old *Gate of San Diego*, leading to the city.



The Business Section occupies generally the three or four streets parallel to the river-bank and their intersecting thoroughfares. On the Calle Colón (meaning "Columbus street") will be found the steamship agencies and the Post Office, the latter bordered by the comparatively new *Government Building* and the picturesque *Ministerio de Hacienda*, or Treasury, quaintly housed in what used to be the *Convent of the Jesuit Friars*. A block inland from this group of buildings one finds the banks. The shops are scattered through all the adjoining streets, owned by much-despised but exceedingly shrewd Syrians. Or, continuing on along the Calle Colón, you'll reach the famous Homaje Tower.

The Homaje Tower, at the southeast corner of town and overlooking the river, is inclosed now within the Military Precinct, and may be visited only under special permit from the military commander, but a glimpse may be obtained through the sentry-guarded gate.

A handsome though somewhat squatty tower, it was built by Governor Ovando in 1503. Tradition has it that Columbus was confined in a room whose window is pointed out near the top, but most historians question the story, maintaining that his prison stood on the opposite side of the river. Diego Columbus, however, lived here (without compulsion) pending the completion of his own house; the historian Oviedo died in it while serving as its warden; and although the aged structure is now part of the city jail, it is greatly venerated.

The Columbus Plaza, not far from the Homaje Tower (see map) is another historic spot and the center of modern Santo Domingo.

A typically Spanish park, with walks and gardens about its central statue of "Cristobal Colón," it is a favored

resort of the leisured classes, which include both rich and poor. On its west side is the *City Hall*, a comparatively recent addition, with an efficiency-suggesting clock-tower. On the east stands the *Senate House*, reputed to have been built of brick ruthlessly taken from the old churches of Santa Clara and San Francisco and therefore long regarded by the faithful as under the ban of Heaven, but now a popular gathering-place on Sunday mornings, when the drawing of the National Lottery takes place upon its steps. Elsewhere around the plaza may be found the city's two leading hotels. And on the south side is the city's principal sight, the *Cathedral* which contains the bones of Christopher himself.

The Columbus Cathedral, in the justly superlative phraseology of a booklet issued by the local Department of Public Works, is the most remarkable of all the historical buildings in Santo Domingo—the oldest, most sumptuous, most important and of greatest historic significance.

It was authorized by Pope Julius II in 1511, and its construction, begun in 1514, was completed in 1540 under the supervision of the Spanish Architect, Alonso Rodriguez. At first glimpse it's rather a queer-looking thing, and one scarcely blames Sir Francis Drake for bombarding it with the cannon-ball which is still embedded in its roof. Yet it's undeniably picturesque, and the interior well repays a visit.

The Cathedral has three vast naves and fifteen chapels. The central nave, of grand proportions and flanked by lofty columns, leads to the High Altar, notable for its carving and faced with plates of silver from the Dominican mines. In the first chapel on the left is a famous painting, a gift from King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella to

Christopher Columbus; in the second, the fathers of the Dominican Republic are buried; the others all contain their art treasures or historical relics; under their sacred arches rest practically all of the nation's eminent men, including the chronicler Oviedo; and in the main chapel, which was donated by the King to the Columbus family for the burial of their dead, the "genuine" remains of Christopher were found in 1877.

This discovery, a sensation at the time, will bear retelling. The great Admiral had died at Valladolid, in Spain, but in response to one of his last requests, his body (along with that of his son, Diego) was brought overseas to be interred in this cathedral. Some 200 years afterwards, when Spain ceded the island to France, the Spaniards dug up what they believed to be Christopher's coffin and removed it to the cathedral in Havana, from which, after the war of 1898, they carried it to Spain.

In 1877, however, another vault was found in the Dominican Cathedral, containing a leaden casket inscribed with the words: "Ill'tre y E'do Varon, D'n Cristoval Colón," or "Illustrious and Noble Gentleman, Don Christopher Columbus," and the logical assumption is that the Spaniards must, by mistake, have removed not the body of the Admiral, but that of his son, Diego. Both Havana and Spain, of course, refused to accept the evidence, proclaiming the whole discovery a hoax on the part of the Dominican priests. But Santo Domingo rejoiced greatly over it; funds were raised for the erection of a \$40,000 mausoleum; and Christopher Columbus (himself) now lies in state beneath a magnificent marble monument in the central nave, near the main door. The visitor may also see the empty niches where the caskets were discovered, in the presbytery to the left of the high Altar.

The Cathedral's gates are locked, as a rule, except during service, but entrée can be obtained upon application to the Sexton, in the Bishop's Office, at the southeast corner of the main building.

Other Old Churches, some in ruins, some restored and still in active service, are scattered throughout the city.

The Convent of San Francisco, probably the most valued of these relics, is situated upon a slight knoll toward the northern end of town. Begun in 1503 by the friars who came with Ovando, it was the first temple empowered to grant communion in the New World. Now roofless and weed-grown, it is probably Santo Domingo's most majestic wreck, and is supposed to contain somewhere beneath its débris the tomb of Don Bartólome Colón, brother of Christopher and founder of the original Santo Domingo, but his remains have never been found.

San Nicolas Church, south of San Francisco on the Calle Hostos (see map), is another of the old-timers now suffering from fallen arches. This was the first stone temple in the New World, antedating the Franciscan, and it was the only church in these early days which enjoyed the "right of asylum," all refugees being safe from apprehension if they succeeded in reaching its holy portals.

The Dominican Convent, at the corner of Hostos and Padre Billini (the latter street named after the good priest who discovered Columbus' tomb), is still in active service, and is considered one of the city's archeological treasures. It was begun in 1520, with funds raised by Pedro de Oviedo; it was for a time the seat of the University of Santo Thomas de Aquino, the first such institution in America; and contains to-day many valuable relics. Its discolored old façade and queer towers are among the most picturesque in town; across the street from it is

another old structure, now the *Biblioteca Municipal*, or Municipal Library, equally quaint and fantastic; and on the same thoroughfare (Padre Billini) will be found the *Santa Clara* and the *Regina Angelorum*, both famous convents and kept in good repair.

Las Mercedes Church, on Calle Mercedes, is another handsome and massive temple, dating from 1528 and still going strong. Its square solid tower is nearly 80 feet in height, and the main altar is notable for its inlaid silver. The Convent of the Mercedary Friars was also located here for many years, but little remains of it except the entrance gate and a few portions of the cloisters.

The Bastion "27 de Febrero," toward the west of the city, was originally one of Santo Domingo's landward defenses and a part of the city wall. It was converted in 1655 into the main gateway by Don Bernardino de Meneses Bracamonte y Zapata, otherwise Count de Penalva, to commemorate his victory over an invading English force under Admiral Penn and General Venables, and was known as "the gate of the Count," until the Dominican Republic, having declared its independence on February 27th, 1844, changed the name to commemorate the more recent event.

The Parque Independencia, or Independence Park, upon which the gate now opens, is a roomy square rivaling the Columbus Plaza as a popular idling ground. Band concerts are given from time to time in the little kiosk in its center, and on its western side is the airy *Teatro Independencia*, where occasional performances by local talent supplement the usual run of "Blind Virgins," "All for Love," "The Woman Pays," and such other cinematographic features as find their way to the Dominican capital.

The President's Residence, reached from the Inde-

pendence Park by following the *Avenue 27 de Febrero* northwestward a short distance, is not spectacular, but pleasingly embowed in a commodious garden of tropic shrubbery.

The Suburbs, which lie to the west of the *Parque*, are also worthy of a drive, and the two broad avenues known respectively as *Bolívar* and *Independência* are lined with new homes, most of them rather over-done by architects with a fondness for bric-a-brac effect, but some of them very handsome.

Fort San Jerónimo, to which the last-named avenue leads, about three miles out on the ocean shore, may also repay a visit. Built in the early days as a defense against invaders who might land at this point to besiege the city, it served also as a strategic stronghold in many a later revolution, and is considered quite historic.

Excursions may be made by auto to *Los Tres Ojos de Agua*, 8 kilometers distant, where three subterranean lakes are to be seen; to *La Toma Fall*, about 33 kilometers, where bathing may be enjoyed; or to the *Boca Chica Bathing Beach*, 45 kilometers, noted for its extremely white sands.

BEYOND THE CAPITAL

As in the case of Haiti, practically everything written of travel in the Dominican Republic—unless it has appeared within the last few years—is hopelessly misleading.

In place of the trails which once were “muck-holes, wherein both men and beasts sank to their shoulders and were sometimes unable to extricate themselves,” excellent roads run from the capital in three directions—to west, east, and north. Beyond these beaten tracks, of course, one still may have to wallow, and to put up at primitive

inns, but the three main highways afford a route for automobiles even in the wet season, and most of the important cities of the republic are now to be reached from the capital within a single day.

The West Road, or Sanchez Highway, leads to the Haitian border. From the capital the earlier portions of the journey are somewhat monotonous, for the land is mostly arid, and in places the course lies for three or four miles over flat country without a single curve. *Azua*, 130 kilometers, is the center of a rich district where sugar is raised by irrigation, however, and beyond this port the road ascends inland with several fine retrospects of the sea. Thereafter, beyond another desert, the town of *San Juan* (214 kilometers) is reached, of interest for a field known as "The Indians' Playground," a rallying place for the aborigines of pre-Spanish days. From here the road turns west again, leading through a wild and rugged country to *Comendador* (260 kilometers), a customs station on the Haitian border, from which a Haitian road continues via Mirabelais to Port-au-Prince. The trip from Santo Domingo to the Haitian capital requires about 10 hours and the customary charge is \$20 per passenger.

The East Road, or Mella Highway, connects the capital with a fairly important sugar district on the southeast coast. The main town on this route, *San Pedro de Macoris* (72 kilometers), is described as "a beautiful modern maritime city," of some 15,000 inhabitants, with good streets, a handsome Catholic Church, and "splendid hotels." Beyond it, the road swings inland to *El Seybo* (120 kilometers), one of the oldest cities in the republic and the scene of many battles between the early Indians and Ponce de Leon, destined to achieve later fame in

Porto Rico and Florida. From this town one branch turns southward again to the port of *La Romana*, while another continues to *Higüey* (156 kilometers), noted for its "Virgin of Altagracia," to which many thousands of Dominicans are said to make annual pilgrimage.

The North Road, or Duarte Highway, is by far the most important, crossing the most beautiful and picturesque regions of the country, and leading to the fertile valleys of the North Coast, wherein are situated most of the republic's principal towns.

La Vega (about 140 miles) is the first of the important centers, and of interest to the traveler for the *Santo Cerro*, or "Sacred Hill" nearby. Here, according to the legend, the Spaniards had erected a cross, which a band of Indians were about to hack down when suddenly the Virgin descended upon it, and the startled natives prostrated themselves in awe. A shrine now crowns the spot, and pilgrims ascend to it by climbing the 600-foot eminence upon their knees. The ruins of the original city of La Vega, founded by Christopher Columbus in 1494 but destroyed by an earthquake some 70 years later, are also considered a sight, and from the present city a railway (62 miles in about 6 hours) runs to Sanchez, on Samaná Bay, while the motor road continues north.

Samaná Bay, although seldom on the tourist route, deserves mention as one of the largest and finest harbors in the world. Situated on the northeast coast of the island and commanding the Mona passage between Santo Domingo and Porto Rico, it possesses every qualification for a great coaling and naval station, with plenty of deep water, and a background of lofty hills that might lend themselves ideally to purposes of fortification. Its strategic advantage, in fact, as in the case of the Gulf of St. Nicolas

on the opposite side of Haiti, is supposed to have influenced Uncle Sam's promptness to intervene in this island before European nations did.

Moca, if you continue from La Vega by the Duarte Highway, is another inland town, small but thrifty, and picturesquely situated at the foot of the Macoris hills.

Santiago, a short ride beyond and reached from Santo Domingo City in about four hours (usual fare \$5 per passenger), is the second city of the republic, with a population numbering approximately 40,000.

The original city was founded in 1500, but an earthquake destroyed it in 1564; the present town is completely modern, with good electric lights and water supply, and a fair hotel, the Sevilla. The full name of the place is *Santiago de los Caballeros* (Gentlemen), and comes from the thirty gentlemen of noble rank who first founded it. To-day many of the families pride themselves upon their ancestry, and although the population is generally rather mixed, many darkies having come over from Haiti to work on the plantations, the Santiaguensians are considered of superior stock and noted for their comparative enterprise.

The city is situated upon a high bluff overlooking the Yaqui River. It has three churches, an institute, a governor's palace and a municipal palace, a cathedral, several clubs, many substantial houses of heavy Moorish architecture, and an attractive plaza. It is the *entrepôt* for a rich tobacco district, and has connection by motor-road with *Puerto Plata* (on the north coast), Monte Cristi (another port to the northwest), and Cape Haitien (covered in the previous chapter).

Puerto Plata, chief shipping port for the *Cibao* (or north-central region), is rated one of "the brightest, prettiest, and most progressive of Dominican cities." It

was first founded by Christopher Columbus some years before the capital; in 1605 the Spanish king ordered its destruction because of its contraband trade with the Dutch; but it grew up again in 1750. The site is particularly attractive, for it occupies the neck of a peninsula between the ocean and a bay, with a forested mountain, Isabel de Torres, rising behind it to a height of 2,000 feet. It is also the terminus of the republic's other railway, which connects via Santiago and Moca with the La Vega-Sanchez road.

Monte Cristi, about 292 kilometers from Santo Domingo City is the end of the Duarte Highway. Owing to its isolation before the improvement of the road, it gained an evil reputation as the favored starting-place for revolutions and even to-day it is handicapped in its development by a freakish climate which leaves this territory in almost perpetual drouth. The town is about a mile from the harbor, wherewith it is connected by tramway, and has a population of about 3,000.

From **Monte Cristi** or **Puerto Plata** return can be made to Santo Domingo by sea on one of the Santo Domingo Line boats from New York, which usually touch at the principal ports around the coast.

To **San Juan** (Porto Rico), Santo Domingo now has airplane service, planes making the flight two or three times weekly, fare \$55 per passenger. To Port-au-Prince, Haiti, as previously noted, the service is once or twice a week, fare \$40.

PORTO RICO

Area—About 3,350 square miles.

Population—1,300,000, mostly of Spanish descent, but with a large colony of Anglo-Saxon Americans.

Capital—San Juan, on the north coast.

Other Cities—Ponce, on the south coast, 80 miles from San Juan (pop. 50,000); Mayaguez, on the west coast (40,000).

Government—A United States' Territory.

Formalities—Same as in the U. S. A. American citizens require no passports.

Language—Spanish and English.

Currency—American money used exclusively; anything else must be cashed at a discount.

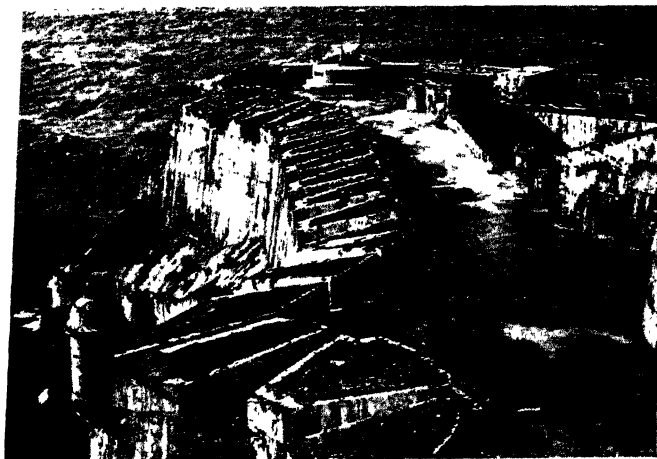
Climate—Porto Rico, although the smallest of the Greater Antilles, is highly mountainous, providing a variety of climate. The summer mean average thermometer reading is 79° F., and the winter 73°. There are no such definite wet and dry seasons as in most West Indian islands, but February and March are considered the best time for a visit.

Steamship Connections—From *New York* by the Red "D" Line en route to Curacao and Venezuela; and by the New York and Porto Rico Line en route to Santo Domingo; from *Cuba*, *Haiti*, and *Santo Domingo* by local steamers of Cuban registry. There is also a new service by the planes of the West Indian Aërial Express two or three times weekly from Santo Domingo City.

Health conditions—Particularly good. Porto Rico is rated, next possibly to Cuba, the most healthful island in the West Indies.

CHAPTER X

PORTO RICO



ATOP THE MORRO, SAN JUAN

The Past and the Present—The Sights of San Juan—Amusements—The “Loop” Trip—Coamo Springs and Ponce—By Rail to Ponce.

CHAPTER X

PORTO RICO

An over-night run from Santo Domingo—or a four-day voyage, if you come direct from New York—and the purple hills of another “Isle of Enchantment” rise above their palm-fringed shore.

To-day this land is thickly cultivated, with fields of sugar or tobacco climbing its steepest mountain slopes, but back in 1493, when Columbus first saw it towering beyond its foaming coral reefs, the most riotous of tropic jungles enveloped it from sea to peak.

It was well—according to a writer in a Porto Rico Line bulletin—that the island was found when it was, for the water aboard the tiny ships was becoming foul. Columbus, conferring upon the smiling shores the name of “San Juan de Bautista,” or “Saint John the Baptist,” hastened ashore with his casks. Gold, however, was found in the alluvial streams, and the title of “Puerto Rico,” or “Rich Port,” originally conferred upon an early settlement near the present town of Aguadilla, became somehow transposed with that of the island, the “San Juan” surviving only in the nomenclature of the capital.

Among the youths of Columbus’ crew—adventurous youths inflamed by the tales of the first voyage, and eager to make their own fortunes in the fabulous new world—was Juan Ponce de Leon, who returned in 1509 as Governor of the Island, to devote himself assiduously to the subjugation of the Caribs. It was a fierce and bloody warfare, of halberd and matchlock against poisoned arrow;

no quarter was asked or given; and it ended as elsewhere not in subjugation but extermination.

Porto Rico, however, was truly a rich country and a fertile one, and destined for what in the Caribbean was a history of comparative peace. With the labor of imported negro slaves plantations grew and flourished. By 1780, when the American Colonies were still in their epochal struggle for freedom, the population of Porto Rico had swelled to 80,000, one of the largest in the Indies. And to quote further from the writer previously mentioned:

For two long centuries the history of Porto Rico was a fair page, marred only by forays of pirates who swarmed the West Indian waters, and by the occasional ineffectual bombardment of the strong fortifications of San Juan by the Dutch and the English. To-day the visitor may see in the walls of the old fortress at San Juan the pit-marks of the solid shot hurled futilely against the defenses by the marauding sea-rovers, but although Admiral Sampson also bombarded it in the Spanish-American war, it holds the record of never having hauled down its flag in surrender until by the Treaty of Paris the island became American territory.

No better evidence of the peaceful disposition of the Porto Rican may be cited than the experience of the American invading force in 1898. General Nelson A. Miles, with 3,400 men, landed on the south shore of Porto Rico in July, 1898, shortly after the out-break of the Spanish-American War. Though the island had been heavily garrisoned by Spain, General Miles and his force, which was ultimately brought up to a total of 10,000, marched across the island in four columns. The people accorded a welcome to the troops, and little resistance was offered by the Spanish soldiery. The Spanish forces evacuated the island a little later, and on October 18, 1898, the territory was formally turned over to the United States.

The Porto Ricans of to-day are still essentially a Spanish people.

Despite the early importation of African slaves, the full-blooded negro is comparatively scarce; even the mulatto is more rarely seen than in most West Indian islands; and many families have kept their Castilian blood intact.

To add that they are polite, pleasure-loving, and hospitable, is probably superfluous, for the average visitor will soon recognize these qualities, and—with proper entrée—the American from the north will receive a hearty welcome. Yet the Porto Rican of the class that takes an interest in politics is not without his grievances toward the U. S. A., in joining which he has had no voice of his own. His status is still somewhat indefinite, for he enjoys a sort of citizenship without statehood, and can express himself only through a legislature whose acts may be summarily vetoed by a Governor appointed in Washington. And although he usually behaves very decently about it, and doffs his hat when a Spanish plaza concert concludes with "The Star-Spangled Banner," he's nevertheless somewhat restive, clamoring in most cases for definite statehood, and in some for independence.

To a large extent—and it's not unnatural—he has also stuck to his Castilian ways. Although English is taught in the schools and is steadily becoming more widely understood, he prefers his Spanish. Yet, whatever his complaints about his political status, he never suggests—or even remotely contemplates—a return to the rule of Spain. He has taken a fancy to baseball and ice cream soda; he has himself, without compulsion, voted his island "dry," and in real American fashion has proceeded immediately to seek a reliable bootlegger; and in many other ways, particularly in his progressive capital, he reflects the American influence.

As a consequence San Juan—much after the manner of Havana—combines the charm of old Spain with the modernity of a Yankee metropolis. On your left as the steamer negotiates the narrow entrance the cannons of old *Morro* glower out to sea, and beyond it, lining the harbor, the walls of Ponce's day, with the *Casa Blanca*, de Leon's "white house," towering above; the ancient *Water Gate* slips past; beyond another bastion stands the *Governor's Palace* of the present; and your vessel, rounding another point to a still more land-locked bay, maneuvers toward a city where occasional "sky-scrapers" rise from a Spanish vista of balconied colonial mansions of pastel shade, a queer but fascinating blend of old and new.

Landing is at the wharf, usually near the impressive new Federal Building, in the very heart of the city, where porters and motor cars await.

SAN JUAN

Population—About 80,000.

Conveyances—Taxis are procurable, running on meter at about 30 cents per mile; touring cars without meter at about \$4 an hour. Trolleys operate from the town to the suburbs, and the large busses (or "rubberneck-wagons") of several lines operate both to the suburbs and points beyond.

Hotels—*Condado-Vanderbilt*, outstandingly modern and situated on the seashore three miles from the center of town (\$8 a day up, including meals); *Palace*, more centrally located (rooms \$2.50 up, with meals \$3 extra); *Central*, *Caribe*, and many others, at lower rates.

Post Office.—In Federal Building, opposite the usual landing-place. Postage same as in U. S. A.

Cable Offices—All-America Cables, West Indies and Panama, French Cable (Cable Francais), all opposite the Federal Building.

Newspapers—The San Juan Times (a section of "El Tiempo"), daily; the Porto Rico Progress, weekly; both in English.

Banks—American Colonial, National City Bank of New York, and Banco Territorial y Agrícola, all opposite Federal Building. Bank of Nova Scotia, Banco Masonico, Banco Popular, Banco Comercial de Puerto Rico, Federal Land Bank, and Royal Bank of Canada, all on Calle Tetuan, one block inland behind the Federal Building.

THE SIGHTS OF SAN JUAN

Few cities on the Caribbean are more compact than the Porto Rican capital.

Situated upon what really is an island of its own (though only a narrow channel intervenes), San Juan huddles upon a hilly eminence between the ocean and the bay. Its streets, although generally regular in lay-out, have a bewildering way of ascending or descending here or there and occasionally they do take unexpected turns, confusing even to one who's following a map. Yet the independent traveler can usually tour this town on foot, if a fair sort of pedestrian, and with a bit of ingenuity can find its sights himself.

At the Landing, if you debark at the usual Customs Wharf, the substantial-looking *Federal Building* is observed, dominating the waterfront, and containing in addition to the *Post Office*, the quarters of nearly every one from the Steamboat Inspector down to the Director of Prohibition. To its west is a tiny square and a stand for motor cars. And from here it is but a short walk—straight inland by *San Justo Street* and to the left at *San Francisco*—to the *Plaza Principal*, a natural first objective.

The Business Section occupies generally the intervening streets. Many of the banks and all the cable offices are to be found about the *Federal Building* itself. On the *Calle Tetuan*, paralleling the waterfront one block inland, are the rest of the banking and commercial houses, as well as the *Palace Hotel* and the strikingly bizarre new quarters of *El Mundo*, the leading Spanish daily. On *Allen Street*, another block inland, are many of the shops. And on the corner of the *Plaza Principal* rises the seven-story department store of the Gonzales Padin Company, of interest as the largest in the West Indies.

The Plaza Principal, or Plaza Baldoriety de Castro, is "the hub of San Juan."

A paved open court lined with shade-trees, it is at once a terminal for the street-car lines, a starting-point for the big passenger busses that operate to the suburbs and beyond, and a mecca for the unemployed. On its northern side is the old yellow *Alcaldia*, or City Hall, dating back to 1799. On its west is the bluish-gray *Intendencia*, housing several government departments. On other sides are several of the shops which cater with post-cards or curios to the tourist, hidden mostly behind rows of Spanish arches somewhat over-shadowed by the "sky-scraper" on the south. And from here it is but another step—through narrow Spanish streets infested with American automobiles—to other points of interest.

The Cathedral, whose squatty towers loom above the moorish roofs to the northwest of the plaza, contains the bones of Ponce de Leon. Slain by Indians in Florida when he was seeking a mythical Fountain of Youth, the one-time governor of Porto Rico was brought home to the scene of his greatest glory, and interred here. Save for his tomb, however, the San Juan cathedral deserves little

publicity, for its *façade*, which looks westward toward the fortifications and the outer harbor, is the ugliest thing in the Indies, if not in the entire Hemisphere.

The **San Juan Gate**, reached by a steeply-sloping road from the front of the Cathedral, was once the official entrance to the city, and here one may still view some of the most massive of the encircling ramparts. From the outside—and one must step out to the water's edge to appreciate them—the walls rise a good fifty or sixty feet above the beach. Now moss covered, with weed or vine sprouting where a sentry-box has fallen, they still bespeak the majesty that once was Spain, with the *Governor's Palace* rising above their southern bastion, and the *Casa Blanca* to the north.

The **Governor's Palace**, which also may be approached from the center of town by Allen Street, was begun in 1529 as a part of the city's defenses, and is still known to many local residents as "La Fortaleza" or "El Palacio de Santa Catalina." For many years it was the Spanish military headquarters, but the original structure being destroyed by the fire of Dutch invaders in 1625, the present building was erected as a residence for the Viceroy. Since 1898 (with occasional remodeling) it has served as the home of the American governors, and has numbered among its guests such celebrities as President Roosevelt, several Secretaries of War, and (more recently) Colonel Lindbergh. Tradition has it that the Palace is honeycombed with subterranean passages, leading to the *Casa Blanca* and the *Morro*.

The **Casa Blanca**, or "white house," dominating another bastion to the north, is so called because of its color, for it antedates the White House at Washington by about three hundred years.

Some authorities question that it was ever occupied by

Ponce de Leon, maintaining that it was first built for his son, but it is generally considered the oldest of San Juan's important buildings, and one of the most pleasing, with many palms peeping above the heavy walls of its gardens.

This structure is now occupied by the American military commander. To its northeast are the *Infantry Barracks*, also a relic of Spanish days and capable of housing 2,000 men. And to the northwest lies the *Parade Ground*, a wide expanse of rolling lawn crossed by the rather hot and sunny road that runs to Morro Castle.

The Morro, begun in 1539, when pirates were menacing the city, was not completed until 1584, but once finished, maintained a record of repulsing all assailants.

Sir Francis Drake, who paid his respects in 1595 with "six of the Queene's shippes" and some twenty-one other vessels, was obliged to withdraw without the "thirty-five tunnes of silver" which the stronghold was reported to guard. Among the others who repeated the attempt were Sir Ralph Abercromby and Admiral Harvey. When Sampson's fleet, searching for Cervera (who was eventually located at Santiago), called in 1898, he found that the Spaniards had sunk a ship in the harbor and mined the channel entrance, and the few thousand shells he hurled at the fortress were quite without effect.

In general shape, the Morro might be described as triangular, with three tiers of batteries facing the sea, and in its time (according to Ober) it was "a small military town in itself, with chapel, bakehouse, water-tanks, warehouses, officers' quarters, barracks, bombproofs, and dungeons under the sea." To-day, although some portions of it may be barred to visitors, many of the old ramparts are of interest, especially one crumbling sentry-box on the lower sea bastion, from which (according to legend) the sentries frequently disappeared, an odor of brimstone

invariably lingering behind them to prove that the devil himself had taken them away.

The Church of San José, on a tiny court of the same name to the east of the Casa Blanca, is said to have suffered more from Sampson's bombardment than the Morro itself, and the padres are usually very courteous about pointing out where the shell hit it. Aside from that, it's one of San Juan's most picturesque old buildings, with a *Statue of Ponce de Leon* in front of it, and the *Archbishop's Palace* close by, and a brief detour northward (by a narrow alley just west of the church) leads to the *Pantheon*, an old Spanish Cemetery outside the city walls, where the poor were interred in a curious tenement-like system of vaults.

The City Walls extend irregularly along the entire northern coast of San Juan, but are less impressive here than those already seen along the harbor, and one can best return to the center of town, to start another tour.

East of the Plaza Principal, the *Calle Francisco* (one of the important shopping streets) will bring you to a small *Plaza San Francisco* and a venerable *Church* of the same name, and thereafter to the *Plaza Colon* and another group of "sights."

The Plaza Colon is itself a rather shabby square of bare stone, bordered on two sides by a hodge-podge of rickety shops and unsightly American billboards. It is notable, however for its *Statue of Columbus*, who stands atop a tall, slim pedestal, holding the banner of Castile. To the northeast looms the bulk of *Fort Cristobal*, rivaling the Morro in its dour majesty. On the east is the *Casino*, Porto Rico's most fashionable club, housed in one of the handsomest of the city's new buildings. To the

south is the *Municipal Theatre*; to the southeast, the *Acosta School*, with the *Railway Station* just beyond.

The *Acosta School*, one of the earliest of San Juan's educational institutions and long pointed out as "San Juan School No. 1," has recently been surpassed by many newer and finer buildings which deserve a word in passing. When the island came into the possession of the United States, only one structure was devoted purely to educational purposes, and less than 30,000 of Porto Rico's 953,000 inhabitants had attended a school of any kind. To-day, it is said, about 230,000 pupils are enrolled, and the island boasts of nearly 2,500 finely built and completely equipped public schools. There has been some criticism, in fact, to the effect that Porto Rico spends far too much on the buildings and far too little on the teaching, but from the tourist's point of view the buildings are one of the island's distinctive features, and throughout the capital in particular you'll stumble on many which would be the pride of any American city.

Fort San Cristobal, forming a gloomy but impressive background for the Plaza Colon, ranked with the Morro in its time as a mighty and impregnable fortress.

Designed to command both the ocean and the landward approaches, it sprawls queerly over the hills, in a series of moats and walls that ramble irregularly in their efforts to adapt themselves to the peculiarities of the terrain. Squatters have settled in some of its subterranean chambers; on the west a seven-story apartment house of recent construction quite dwarfs the stocky bastions; on the east a former parade-ground has been converted into an airplane landing field; but otherwise the old fortress is unaltered and withstands the daily bombardment of many tourists' cameras.

Beyond Fort San Cristobal, which once marked the boundary of San Juan, the city has overgrown its gates, and a broad macadam boulevard leads eastward toward the suburbs, passing en route the *Y. M. C. A.*, the *Ateneo Portorriqueño* (or Athenæum), the *Public Library*, the *Instituto Tropical*, and the *San Juan Stadium*, all new structures, and (most magnificent of all) the new *Capitol*.

The *Capitol*, still in course of construction at present writing, promises to be Porto Rico's proudest architectural masterpiece. It stands on a commanding eminence to the north of the main highway, above a wide flight of steps, and is built of Georgia marble.

Beyond the *Capitol*, the highway passes a succession of other buildings, old and new, among them one or two of the fine school-houses, and the *Church of Notre Dame*, at whose convent one may buy some of the best of Porto Rican needlework, made by the nuns and their pupils, and sold at about the most reasonable prices in town.

The *Suburbs* to which the highway leads are about three miles from the center of San Juan, and may be reached by bus, trolley, or motor car.

The busses, bearing the names of their several destinations, may be boarded back at the Plaza Principal or intercepted anywhere along the way. The trolleys, whose tracks roughly parallel the motor-road, operate mostly on belt-lines, going by one route and returning by another, and those marked either "Parque" or "Lazo via Condado" offer pleasant forty-minute loop-trips for a five-cent fare.

But whatever route one follows, the course leads by bridge or causeway across the channel which separates the capital from the main island, and thereafter through a succession of suburban resorts—*Miramar*, *Santurce*, etc.

—where are situated many attractive residences and several amusement parks.

At Santurce, most favored of the resorts, are to be found the homes of San Juan's wealthier residents, the *Union Club*, the *San Juan Country Club*, and also the *Condado-Vanderbilt Hotel*, attractively situated at the edge of the sea, its grounds embellished with gardens and palm groves and its verandas looking out upon a wide expanse of reef and ocean, and here—for most tourist parties—will end the San Juan tour.

IF YOU LINGER

While Porto Rico seems to receive fewer permanent or semi-permanent guests than some of the West Indies islands—a fact which the local “wets” attribute to an unfounded fear that its prohibition may prohibit—those who do choose to stop will discover many attractions.

Social Life, according to a local booklet, is enhanced by the hospitality of a people who “reflect in a thousand ways the loveliness of the clime.”

In the smaller cities the hour between sunset and dusk is given over to the band concert in the plaza, and to the promenade. Then—as per old Spanish custom—the beauties of the town stroll discreetly in one direction while their admirers stroll in the opposite, the frequent passing and repassing thus affording opportunity for much flashing of dark eyes.

In a more cosmopolitan center such as San Juan, of course, the old Castilian function is less apt to be seen, but there's a round of more sophisticated gayeties. Here may be found the *Casino de Porto Rico*, the *Spanish Club*, the *Officers' Club*, and other social organizations. The *Union Club* is patronized mostly by American visitors. The *San Juan Yacht Club* has a home in the city itself, and the *San Juan Country Club* at Santurce, maintains

golf links and bathing beach. The *Rotarians*, *Elks*, and *Masons* are also represented.

Holidays are as popular in Porto Rico as in most Latin countries. In addition to all those celebrated in the United States, they include Muñoz Rivera Day (July 17th), Landing Day (July 25th), Good Friday, Corpus Christi Day, and (unofficially) many of the Saints' Days, often with ceremonies of interest even to non-Catholics.

Sports, although less a ritual than in the British islands, are abundant enough for the average visitor. Golf, tennis, or bathing may be enjoyed at Santurce or other suburbs; baseball is increasingly popular; and boxing matches are held at the *San Juan Stadium*, opposite the new Capitol. Hunting, as elsewhere in the West Indies, offers little attraction, but the fisherman will find the neighboring waters well stocked with red snapper, bonita, tarpon, and other game fish.

Shopping affords particularly good opportunities in Porto Rico, and the stores contain many desirable articles of native manufacture. Fans daintily woven from strips of palm-leaf as thin as packing thread, with elaborate designs woven into the body; carved shell-work, beaded work, palm-leaf hats, and numerous other souvenirs are to be picked up, sometimes at a bargain. Of particular interest to the womenfolk will be the Porto Rican lace and needle-work, the making of which constitutes the principal household industry of the island, and which may be rated among the best purchases to be made on the Caribbean cruise.

Excursions, however, are usually the chief attraction of the Porto Rican visit.

The island's 3,350 square miles of fascinating mountain scenery suffer from no lack of roads, some 1,400 miles of good thoroughfares being open to motor traffic, not

to mention the many side trails which invite the horseback rider or the pedestrian, and there's scarcely a point in Porto Rico which can't be reached between sunset and sunrise.

A railway encircles about two thirds of the coast. The busses of the Royal Blue Line and others run across the island to Ponce, or to various towns in the interior. And an abundance of good motor cars—which may be hired either directly or through the management of the Condado-Vanderbilt hotel—are always at one's disposal. Or, if you'd risk it, there's the guagua—pronounced “wah-wah” and so christened from the name of its gruff horn—the rickety old-fashioned motor-bus, now being gradually displaced by the large coaches, but still famous for its wild habit of racing like the mischief over hill and dale and occasionally over a cliff.

THE “LOOP” TRIP

A motor journey on the program of many cruise-parties, and requiring only six or seven hours, is that known as “Around the Loop,” an eighty-mile ride through some of Porto Rico's loveliest scenery.

From San Juan, the route lies over San Antonio bridge and through the suburbs, and thence usually over the Military Road, which dates from Spanish days.

In most parts of America the Dons failed to distinguish themselves as road-builders, yet this—which they called the *Camino Real*, or “Royal Road”—is a magnificent piece of engineering, crossing the mountainous island from shore to shore. Along the way one meets a steady stream of traffic—planters on their diminutive ponies, barefoot peasants, strings of tiny donkeys almost hidden beneath their loads of sugar-cane—for Porto Rico is one of the

more thickly populated of the West Indies. Plantations line the course on every side, scaling what would seem to be untillable slopes, with thatched cottages dotting the highest hills. To those who prefer the untamed, this island—after Haiti and Santo Domingo—may seem too completely civilized and domesticated, yet it is none the less beautiful, with its stately palms standing out against the light green of cane-fields, and now or then a vivid flamboyant tree adding its dash of scarlet to the verdant panorama.

Rio Piedras, seven miles from San Juan, is a pleasant little town—reached also by trolley or bus—and much more Spanish than the capital. Here, among several other institutions, is situated the *University of Porto Rico*. Of interest also is the *Jardin de la Convalescencia*, a garden whose trees are said to be “the admiration and despair of artists.”

Beyond Rio Piedras, one reaches the tobacco-growing district, particularly striking in appearance during the months of Spring and Autumn, when the young plants are protected by acres of cheesecloth, which, as seen from the heights above, suggest vast fields of snow. Coffee groves, interspersed with banana orchards, add variety, and the road ascends by a series of serpentine curves, beneath great arches of feathery bamboo, to a final crest from which one gazes upon the red-tiled roofs of Caguas and its surrounding valley.

Caguas, twenty-five miles from San Juan, is a thriving tobacco center, with a population of about 40,000, and the terminus of an electric railway from the capital. In appearance it is old and quaint, with Moorish one-story buildings and iron-grilled windows, but tobacco has brought considerable wealth; three or more cigar factories are



to be found here; and the thatched drying sheds dot the surrounding tobacco fields.

Continuing from Caguas, the "Camino Real" crosses the valley, to climb again by a series of snake-like curves, scaling another ridge and dropping down to Cayey.

Cayey, about 36 miles from San Juan, is another thriving birthplace of the cigar, and its tobacco is considered the finest on the island. It is also one of Porto Rico's healthiest spots, with an average temperature of 75°, and one of its sights—which happen to be few—is the old barracks built by the Spanish Government for newly-arrived troops, who were quartered here until acclimated to the tropics.

Beyond Cayey, a still loftier mountain ridge looms ahead, and the road winds more precariously than ever above steep declivities, with magnificent retrospects of the snowy-looking valley below.

Aibonito, at a 2,200-foot elevation takes its name from the Spanish exclamation, "Ay, que bonito!" or "Oh, how beautiful!" and the first glimpse of its valley justifies it. A sort of half-way station on the road, it was here that General Miles was stopped during his march upon San Juan, by the declaration of peace.

From **Aibonito**, one may continue to *Coamo Springs* and *Ponce* (covered presently), and many parties do continue to the Coamo Springs Hotel for lunch, but the "loop road" turns westward a few miles below Aibonito to follow the mountain crest toward *Barranquitas*, the "City of Flowers," and thence swings northward again to return via *Comerio* and *Bayamon* to the capital.

COAMO SPRINGS AND PONCE

Another favored excursion is that to Ponce, on the south coast of the island.

For this, two days are usually allotted, but with a high-powered car it can be done in a single day, perhaps in eleven hours, at about \$50 for the average car.

From San Juan, the route as far as *Aibonito* is that already described, by the *Camino Real* through checkerboards of cultivated valleys and over forested hills. Beyond Aibonito, however, the course is mostly descending, with a succession of sweeping curves, and now or then a glimpse ahead of the Caribbean Sea.

Coamo, for many a luncheon-stop, dates back to 1646 and has a pretty Spanish plaza. Close by are the *Springs*, gushing from the southern side of the mountain ridge in a most attractive setting, where is situated the *Coamo Springs Hotel*, under the same management as the Condado-Vanderbilt. Thereafter the road passes the village of *Juana Diaz*, dropping down to the comparatively level plains of the South Coast, and continuing on to *Ponce*, the second city of the island.

Ponce, eighty-four miles from the capital, is described as "Spanish in architecture but American in spirit."

Founded in 1600, it lies upon a very smooth terrain, without the steep or twisting streets which characterize the capital, but its buildings are uniformly low and massive, seldom over two stories in height, with arched gateways leading to palm-grown patios within. The *Plaza de Bombas*, in its center, with its fancy kiosk for band-concerts, is typically Spanish, with a large *Cathedral* on one side, and in this square the evening promenade still thrives at its best. The American influence is to be found, however, in a baseball field and several motion-picture houses, not to mention a very fine theater known as *La Perla*. Ponce is the shipping center for the coffee and sugar of the south coast. The *Playa*, or port—about two miles from the

city proper, by trolley or motor-road—is a regular stop for many steamers.

Hotels in Ponce—Francés, Melia, and others.

BY RAIL TO PONCE

For a glimpse of the Porto Rican coast—and the railway follows it by necessity, to avoid the rugged hills—the independent traveler might vary his tour by traveling one way by train.

The distance between San Juan and Ponce, by this round-about route, is 172 miles; the time required, according to present schedules, about ten hours; and the fare somewhere in the neighborhood of \$8.30.

From San Juan, the course is through Santurce and Bayamon, and thence westward through a series of small towns.

Arecibo, 50 miles, is one of the oldest settlements in Porto Rico, having been founded in 1537, and is described by some authorities as "the most typically Spanish-American city on the island," with a charming plaza on the waterfront and many ancient buildings.

Aguadilla, 88 miles, is famous as the first landing place of Columbus. The town of Aguada, a few miles farther on, claims the same honor, but Aguadilla has a gushing spring from which the thirsty discoverer is supposed to have filled his casks, and has embellished it with a memorial fountain, surmounted by a cross of native marble. The fountain, by the way, is both ornamental and useful, for it now supplies the present-day population, some 25,000 people, with water.

Anasco, 111 miles, is a small place, but of interest as the scene of an early Indian experiment. The Caribs, hav-

ing been told by the Spanish invaders that the sons of Castile were immortal and immune to death, decided to verify the statement. At Anasco here, they happened to capture one unfortunate conquistador, and held him under water for an hour or two—a test which, as Verrill has dryly remarked, proved “highly satisfactory to the savages.”

Mayaguez, 117 miles, is the third city of Porto Rico in size and commercial importance, and rated by some the first in attractiveness.

Although founded in 1763, it seems to have little history and few old ruins, but it is most attractively situated upon a plain overlooking a spacious harbor, and is one of the most progressive of Porto Rican cities, with many charming boulevards and plazas. Of the latter, one boasts an unusually fine statue of Columbus; another is famous for its floral display; and the several others have their own individual distinction. The streets are *unusually* wide; the homes *unusually* pretty; the market-place *unusually* large (covering 1,500 square yards and costing \$70,000); and the suburbs *unusually* inviting, with the hermitage of Montserrate, about seven miles from the port, offering *unusual* views from its *unusually* high hill-top. Aside from all that, such native products as embroidery, lace, or woven hats are said to be purchasable to good advantage here, and are of *unusual* quality.

Hotels—Palmer, Paris, and others.

From Mayaguez, the railway cuts inland, slighting the southwest corner of the island, through *San German* (a town founded by Diego Columbus, the son of Chris, in 1512), and several other stations, to Ponce, previously covered.

From Ponce, although most travelers will prefer to stop here, the line continues eastward for another 37 miles

PORTO RICO

through a rich sugar district to *Guayama*, a thriving town of about 20,000, and with guagua connection back to San Juan.

Other Excursions will appeal mostly to those with unlimited time.

The numerous other roads throughout the island offer almost unlimited possibilities. Particularly worth mention is the drive eastward along the north coast to Luquillo, where one may ascend Mount Yunque, the island's highest peak, or whence one may continue on around the east coast to Guayama and Ponce. Sailing vessels occasionally offer trips to *Vieques* or *Culebra*, just east of Porto Rico, of little importance now that a former U. S. Naval Station has been removed, but said to be an excellent fishing ground.

THE U. S. VIRGINS

General—A group of small islands, situated about 40 miles east of Porto Rico.

Area—132 square miles.

Population—About 30,000, mostly black.

Chief City—St. Thomas (formerly known as Charlotte Amalia) on the island of St. Thomas.

Other Towns—Frederiksted and Christiansted, on the island of St. Croix; scattered hamlets on St. John. The islands of St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John are the only three of comparative importance.

Language—Mostly English.

Currency—Danish West Indian notes issued by the local bank still circulate, but American money is accepted.

Climate—Best during the winter months. In January, February, or March, the temperature sometimes drops to 65°; in summer it rises to 91°. August, September, and October are the hottest months.

Communication—From *New York* by Furness Bermuda Line en route to Trinidad; from *Porto Rico* by Bull Insular Line or sailing ship.

The British Virgins, just east of the American and reached by motor-boat from St. Thomas, are of little consequence. The main islands are Tortola (seat of government), Virgin Gorda, and Anegada. The total area is about 58 square miles; the population about 6,000, mostly black; the language English; the currency British.

CHAPTER XI

THE VIRGINS



ON THE WAY TO MARKET

Former Danish Colony—St. Thomas—St. John—St. Croix—
The British Virgins.

CHAPTER XI

THE VIRGINS

To the east of Porto Rico—among the northernmost of the Lesser Antilles—are the little “Saints and Virgins,” and among them the youngest of Uncle Sam’s wards.

Young, that is, so far as their Uncle is concerned, for centuries before the first gangfights ravaged Chicago these were the rendezvous of freebooters, and many of the neighboring rocks and sheltered bays still bear such lurid names as “Dead Man’s Chest,” “Rum Island,” “Dutchman’s Cap,” or “Fallen Jerusalem.” Numbering about fifty—or more, perhaps, if one count them with a microscope—they are to-day of comparatively little value and less importance, and for tourist-ships the only stop is at *St. Thomas*, capital of the three main islands which the United States, in 1916, purchased from the Danes. Yet they are of interest for their far-from-virginal past, and *St. Thomas* itself is among the quaintest ports on the Caribbean Cruise.

To start at the beginning—

It was Columbus, of course, who discovered the group, touching at *St. Croix* and possibly *St. Thomas*, on his second voyage, in 1493.

Thereafter the former, in the course of events, fell a prey to a long succession of European seducers—to Dutchman, Briton, Spaniard, and Frenchman—with a fickleness too frequent to be recounted here. *St. Thomas*, although now the principal island, seems on the contrary

to have escaped notice in its earlier days, and although the Dutch did settle briefly, it remained for the Danish Copenhagen Company to colonize it permanently in 1672.

A peculiarly God-fearing people these Danes might seem to have been, and quite unlike the others. Jorgen Iwerson, one of their first governors, issued a mandate that every colonist must attend meeting upon the Sabbath or be fined twenty-five pounds of tobacco, while those who imbibed too freely of the island's rum were set to sweeping the streets. Yet, like many early churchmen of other races, they had from the very beginning a keen eye for business, and their community grew and prospered.

This was an age of the freebooters, who began usually as commanders of privateers. Granted authority by their respective governments during time of war to prey upon enemy shipping, many of them continued their forays during the temporary lulls of peace, and oftener than not their governments (tacitly if not openly) encouraged them in the practice. It was a period when nearly all the nations of Europe were constantly at loggerheads. But these Danes had no particular quarrel with the combatants; they declared their Charlotte Amalia (now the capital of St. Thomas) a free port; and profited richly from the spoils of other men's wars.

Père Labat, in his *Voyage aux Isles de l'Amerique*, wrote of it in 1701:

"During peace it serves as an *entrepôt* for the commerce which the French, English, Spanish, and Dutch do not dare to pursue openly on their own islands; in time of war it is the refuge of merchant ships pursued by privateers. On the other hand, the privateers send their prizes here to be sold when they are not disposed to send them to a greater distance. In a word, St. Thomas is a market of consequence."

In 1755 the Danish Crown took over the government from the Copenhagen Company, and having previously purchased St. Croix from the French, assumed control of both the islands, together with the smaller one of St. John. In 1801 the British invaded St. Thomas, but held it only for a few months. In 1848 slavery was abolished. And such other incidents as might be recorded in eighteenth century history are mostly hurricanes, for with the passing of the freebooter days old Charlotte Amalia started down-hill, and in the words of one writer, the Danish Virgins were "squeezed lemons."

Denmark, in fact, was beginning to regard her West Indies as something of a liability, and from time to time—whenever crops failed—there was talk of a transfer of these islands. In 1867 she ratified a treaty for their sale to the United States (price \$7,500,000), but Congress, busy at the moment with the impeachment proceedings against President Johnson, neglected the matter, and (crops having improved) the Danes changed their mind.

When the United States decided to build the Panama Canal, however, the question again came to the fore. Strategically these islands controlled the Anegada Channel, one of the four northern entrances to the Caribbean, and Charlotte Amalia, whatever its fallen grandeur, possessed a harbor whose neighboring hills had gained it the name of the "American Gibraltar." As usual, the rumor ran the rounds that Germany was considering the purchase of the group. And Uncle Sam, reopening negotiations at a distinct disadvantage, finally secured the Danish Virgins—St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. John, and a few inconsequential islets—for the sum of \$25,000,000, the formal transfer taking place on March 31, 1917.

According to Harry A. Franck, who covers these islands most entertainingly in his *Roaming Through the West*

Indies, the Danes sold out at a good bargain, dictating their own treaty and making Uncle Sam sign on the dotted line.

"Everything worth owning in the islands is still in private, principally Danish, hands. When we planned to erect a naval station on an utterly worthless stony hill on St. Thomas harbor, the owners demanded twenty-five hundred dollars an acre for it. We must maintain all the grants, concessions, and licenses left by the Danish Government. 'Det Vestindiske Kompagni' retains most of the harbor privileges; another Danish company of which the principal share-holder is Prince Axel, cousin of the king, holds the coaling rights, the electric lighting rights, the rights to operate a dry-dock. The Danish West Indian bank has the exclusive concession for issuing notes until 1934, paying a ten per cent. tax on profits to the Danish Government. It is difficult to find anything left by the old régime that is not protected by the curiously one-sided treaty."

Such conditions have scarcely proved conducive to an influx of American capital. Prohibition also has served to kill the rum industry, once quite flourishing; although the natives still manufacture the bay oil for which the Virgins have always been noted, they are in general a rather poverty-stricken lot. Yet the Virgin Islander—who has always spoken English in preference to Danish—seems to accept American rule complacently, and is content with a patch-work hut and three sticks of sugar-cane a day, and "the winner of a dollar at the local 'horse races' in which the island donkeys are now and then pitted against one another, may be seen turning somersaults in the midst of the crowd, or throwing himself on the ground, all fours clawing the air, as he shrieks his ecstasies of delight."

From San Juan, Porto Rico, it is only an overnight run—past a long succession of barrier reefs—to the old Charlotte Amalia, now known, like its island, as St. Thomas.

A “shy little isle” one writer has called it, but there’s nothing shy about this bay. As the steamer slips through the narrow entrance into the deep and landlocked pool, the promontories rise quite boldly on either side. Against the green of the hillsides, three white triangles resolve themselves into as many groups of houses, climbing the ravines among the hills. Grim old castles crown the summits—to be pointed out, perhaps, as “Bluebeard’s” or “Blackbeard’s.” At the water’s edge is the aged red fortress of Danish days. And forming a memorable background, the mountains tower aloft into three misty peaks, known to seamen from earliest times as “The Foretop,” “The Maintop,” and “The Mizzen-top.”

Landing, if by small boat, may be at King’s Wharf, at the center of town. The steamers which dock, however, do so at a pier on the opposite side of the bay, about a mile distant, at the “West India Dock.”

ST. THOMAS

Population—About 9,000.

Hotels—Grand, “1829,” and American, all with rates for board and lodging at about \$3 a day.

Automobiles—Always in attendance at the wharf, charging 40 cents from there to town, 15 cents for any one ride within the limits of the town itself, or \$3 by the hour. Each car should carry a tariff card, showing the proper fare to points of interest.

Bank—National Bank of the Danish West Indies.

Post Office—On Main Street. Postage same as in U. S.

One can scarcely lose himself in a town like St. Thomas.

From the West India Dock, the harbor road circles the pretty bay, past villas and gardens gay with tropic bloom—incidentally passing beneath Bluebeard's Castle, of which we'll speak anon—and leading to the town, whose two only considerable thoroughfares are appropriately known to the natives as "Main Street" and "Back Street."

Main Street, of course, is what its name would signify. Here, about a little park with stately royal trees, one finds the *Cable Office* of the West Indies and Panama Company, the *Lutheran Church*, and the old *Danish Fort*, dating from the seventeenth century, whose red walls and castellated towers now serve as the headquarters of the police department.

Emancipation Park is just beyond—a pleasant little garden where the local band lets off steam from time to time—with a bust of King Christian IX of Denmark who, according to the inscription, was "født 8 April 1818, König 15 March 1863, and Dod 29 Januar 1906." Overlooking the square is the *Grand Hotel*, whose large ball-room is the scene of the town's occasional social functions, and in whose ground floor the local merchants maintain a permanent exhibition of island products, as well as an *Information Bureau* for the visitor. Just above, on a neighboring hillside, is the hostelry quaintly titled "1829," and above it *Mafolie Hill*, from which may be obtained one of the best views of city and harbor and the many adjacent islands.

The Business District, such as it is, confines itself principally to Main Street. Beyond Emancipation Park is the *National Bank of the Danish West Indies*, and the *Public Market*, and hereabouts are most of the shops, where one may purchase souvenirs or buy oil, the prin-

cial island product. Foreign goods are also to be found at most reasonable prices here, for customs duties are low and clerk hire extremely cheap. St. Thomas is quite an ideal place in which to outfit for the tropics, in fact, and smokers too may be surprised to find that they can usually buy American cigarettes here for less than they pay at home.

Other Sights, in the town itself, are somewhat scarce. There's the little *Apollo Theatre*, between Main and Back Streets, and the *Baseball Field* some distance beyond; the open lot where Lindbergh landed is pointed out with pride; well out on Main Street is the *Roman Catholic Church*, its exterior and interior in equally bad taste; and still farther out is *Frenchtown*, which takes its name from a colony of immigrants from St. Barts, who still keep much to themselves. To those who relish color and atmosphere, the negro districts about *Back Street*, with their rickety old board-and-shingle shacks, may be of interest—for their inhabitants, if not for their architecture. But to most visitors the chief attractions of St. Thomas are the surrounding hills, with their old castles, and the many views they offer.

Bluebeard's Castle, to the east of town, may be reached by motor car.

How it received its hirsutical name is not explainable, for it was built by a Danish governor in 1689 as a combined land defense and lookout-station, and originally it was known as Frederiksfors. It now, however, bears the inscription "Tour de Barbe Bleue, restauree 1859;" in its squatty majesty it quite looks as though it *might* have been the castle of a pirate; and its parapets, ascended by a musty spiral stairway, offer fine views of the city below.

Blackbeard's Castle, to the north of town on Govern-

ment Hill and reached by a flight of one hundred and one steps, has a similar history.

According to authorities, it was really built by one Carl Baggert, who, having a grudge against the governor, hoped to annoy him by constructing a residence so high up that it would look down on Frederiksfors (Bluebeard's Castle). But time has also surrounded this old relic with picturesque legend, and although it seems doubtful that John Teach, whose aversion to the razor gained him his picturesque *nom de barbe*, was among the many freebooters who visited Charlotte Amalia, the castle is pointed out as his. The native will resolutely assure you that this is the one and only bona fide residence of the much-married old scoundrel whose pleasure it was (when no better entertainment offered) to turn out the lights of his cabin and shoot in all directions with his long pistol, to the terror of mate or supercargo, and who, when finally slain in battle off the American coast, was still holding his half-severed head in place with one hand and swinging a cutlass with the other. And if you don't believe such tales, you can see the castle yourself.

Mafolie Hill, ascended by a path from the Hotel "1829," has no such romantic legends. Its principal monument is the "Venus Pillar," erected by some Brazilian astronomers who came here to observe the transit of that planet in 1882. But it is particularly noted for its extensive panorama of town and harbor; to the west, if the day be clear, the islands of *Vieques* and *Culebra* may be seen; to the south, *St. Croix*; to the east *St. John* and some of the *British Virgins*; and among the many smaller islets the famous *Sail Rock*, which a French frigate once mistook for another ship and bombarded throughout the entire night, receiving considerable damage from the rebounding of its own shot.

Auto Drives may also be taken to such vantage points as *Denmark Hill*, *Frenchman's Hill*, *Synagogue Hill*; to *Nisky*, where is situated a Moravian Mission; or to the *Tetu Estate*, where General Santa Anna took refuge while in exile from Mexico.

ST. JOHN

Three miles to the east of St. Thomas—and reached by an occasional schooner or government mail launch—is the little island of St. John.

In appearance it presents a contrast, for while St. Thomas has been denuded of its forests by early sugar-planters and its hills left largely dry and barren, this little dependency is rugged and watered by many small streams, and covered in places with a rank growth of pimento, coffee, and bay trees.

It also has a harbor, Coral Bay, which is reputed to provide far safer anchorage in the hurricane season than that of St. Thomas, and in its time this island contained many flourishing plantations. Its bay rum, made by mixing the distilled essence of bay leaves with ordinary rum, was considered the best in the islands, and the industry once provided "employment" for some 3,000 slaves. An uprising among these blacks in 1733, however, gave the island a severe set-back, and the old sugar-mills and rum-mills are now mostly in ruins. The present population is only about 900, almost entirely black, dwelling in a few scattered hamlets, of which the most important is Cruz Bay.

Governmentally, St. John is linked with St. Thomas, to whose Colonial Council it sends representatives.

ST. CROIX

Somewhat farther distant—about 40 miles southeast of St. Thomas—is the island of St. Croix, or “Holy Cross.”

A rather low island, as compared with the others, its area (about 84 square miles) is several times that of its better-known colleague, and its more fertile soil far better adapted to agriculture.

Originally, according to Ober, it was inhabited by very warlike Caribs, and their high spirit appears to have infected the air, for aside from its frequent change of masters (recounted in the earlier pages of the chapter) it has been prone to hurricanes, slave insurrections, and more recently to labor disputes. Nevertheless it has a population of about 15,000, engaged in raising cotton, sugar, bay-leaves, and cattle; two comparatively important towns, Frederiksted and Christiansted; and a Legislative Council of its own, which, however, is subordinate to the Governor at St. Thomas.

From St. Thomas this island is reached by a motor-schooner (service about semi-weekly); the Bull Insular Line boat from Porto Rico usually stops; and occasionally the Columbian Line or Furness Bermuda Line vessels include it on their schedules, calling ordinarily at Frederiksted.

Frederiksted (population about 4,000) has only an open roadstead, from which landing is by small boat, and the town itself is not especially imposing. *King Street*, its principal thoroughfare, parallels the sea, and on the waterfront one finds the *Custom House*, the *Police Barracks*, and (perhaps the most historic of its surviving

relics) the *Nicholas Crujer Warehouse*, where Alexander Hamilton was once a lowly clerk.

Christiansted, the capital of the island and slightly more important (population nearer 4,600) may be reached from Frederiksted by automobile in a trifle over half an hour. On the way, one passes the *Government Agricultural Station*; here or there the cane-fields are dotted with old-fashioned wind-mills, wherewith some of the planters still grind their cane; but many of the plantations are quite modern, with steam machinery and belching smoke-stacks. Christiansted itself faces upon the sea, with another open roadstead, and its white houses upon a sloping hillside present a quaint picture, but there are few outstanding sights.

Hotels, at present writing, appear non-existent, but there are said to be boarding-houses at both Christiansted and Frederiksted which accommodate transient guests.

THE BRITISH VIRGINS

Generally rated unimportant, but worth a glance in passing, are the several little British islands which, geographically at least, belong to the Virgin group.

Somewhat isolated from others of their own nationality, they are usually reached by motor-boat from St. Thomas, or occasionally from St. Kitts (in the Leewards), and their trade is mostly with the American islands.

Tortola, or "Turtle Dove," about two miles to the northeast of St. John, is the largest of them, about 18 by 7 miles in dimensions, and mountainous in character. Road Town, with about 400 residents, is its principal settlement, and the seat of administration for the group, with a Commissioner who represents locally the govern-

ment of the Leewards. The island as a whole, however, contains nearer 4,000 people, who maintain with St. Thomas a commerce in fruit, charcoal, and sea cotton.

Virgin Gorda, the "Fat Virgin," is next in size. Its main body is conspicuous for Virgin Peak, 1,370 feet high. Having no rivulets and only two wells, its natives—who number 420, according to Ober's estimate—are limited agriculturally to the growing of a few vegetables which they, too, peddle at St. Thomas together with charcoal.

Anegada, the third island worthy of mention, is long and narrow, 12 miles by 2, and although reputed fertile, it is so low that the sea occasionally breaks completely over it, with a great central lagoon known as Flamingo Pond. Although of little account to-day, it was once (to quote Ober) a favorite retreat of the buccaneers, who knew all its secluded coves and harbors behind the great inclosing reef, and by this knowledge were able to escape from their foes in pursuit. At a place called *Gallows Bay* (from a gibbet having been erected there) rich veins of silver and copper have been traced, and old coins discovered, worth, it is believed, more than their weight in gold. Not only buccaneers and pirates made their rendezvous here, but those followers of the sea scarcely less reckless than they, the privateers, of which number was Sir Francis Drake, after whom the great bay, partially inclosed by the Virgin Islands, was named; for if he did not discover it, he made it his retreat when on the watch for Spanish galleons laden with gold, which sometimes took the Anegada Passage from the Caribbean. The island has 450 inhabitants.

Needless to say, these islands are not equipped with palatial tourist hotels, and the only good boarding-house

THE VIRGINS

reported is at Road Town, on the island of Tortola. Their British resident commissioner represents the Governor of Antigua, in the Leeward Islands, to be covered in the next chapter.

THE LEEWARDS

General—A group of the Lesser Antilles forming a British administrative unit, with seat of government at St. John's, Antigua.

Principal Islands—St. Kitts, Antigua, and Dominica.

St. Kitts—Area 70 square miles; population about 22,500. Chief city, Basseterre (pop. 10,000).

Antigua—Area 108 square miles; population about 30,000. Capital and chief city, St. John's (pop. 8,000).

Dominica—Area 290 square miles; population about 37,000. Chief city, Roseau (pop. 7,000).

Other Islands—Sombbrero, Anguilla, Barbuda, Nevis, Redonda, Montserrat.

Language—English.

Currency—British. Notes issued by local banks. The terms "dollars and cents" are universally used, however, and American bills are usually accepted.

Climate—Offering wide variety. The islands vary in physical characteristics, with Antigua low and rather dry, Dominica lofty and rather rainy, and others ranging between the two extremes. The cities, situated invariably on the leeward or Caribbean side of the islands for shelter from Atlantic gales, are usually warm.

Communication—From *New York* by Furness Bermuda Line en route to Trinidad. From *Halifax and Bermuda* by Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. From *Barbados or Trinidad* by same lines on return voyage.

CHAPTER XII

THE LEEWARDS



A GLIMPSE INTO THE PRIMITIVE

The Lesser Antilles—St. Kitts—Nevis—Antigua—Dominica.

CHAPTER XII

THE LEEWARDS

Eastward from the Virgins—"like skirmishers," says Verrill, "thrown out to guard the Caribbean from the fury of the Atlantic"—the Lesser Antilles sweep in a majestic curve to the South American coast.

"Islands quite out of the world," that writer calls them, and many might answer to such description. Yet few islands of the Caribbean have been the subject of such bitter controversy or the scene of such vicious fighting as these witnessed in their time.

It was in these islands that the Great Discoverer first met the doughty Caribs, a race quite different from the kindly Arawaks of the north. These natives seem to have come up from South America, driving the Arawaks before them, and tradition has it that they were cannibals. Of this there seems some doubt, although Columbus professes to have seen human flesh drying in their hovels, but of their warlike qualities there can be no question, for in some of these isles they forestalled invasion for many, many years.

Yet it was in a family quarrel that the invaders—the French and the English who followed the Spaniard—so drenched these shores with blood, fighting among themselves for possession throughout the eighteenth century. One war, originating from the loss of an ear by an English prisoner in a French jail, endured for three whole decades. Others were equally groundless—so far as the official excuse was concerned—for the basic struggle was

over sugar, wherewith these fertile islands, immediately after their colonization, began to supply the world.

With the discovery, however, that sugar could be made from beets in Europe, these islands lost prestige. Their planters could not compete with government-subsidized manufacturers on the continent. Wars ceased, but plantations went to seed, and the Lesser Antilles suffered a long period of depression from which some of them have never fully recovered.

In place of the savage but self-respecting Caribs one finds them populated mostly now with shabby, shameless negroes who look upon the tourist as one sent specially from Heaven for the distribution of alms. In British islands especially—where a common language affords them a weapon of offense—the visitor must everywhere run the gauntlet of beggars and self-appointed guides, who refuse to be shaken loose, and whose attitude ranges from cringing humility to outright insolence.

Yet these little islands are among the quaintest and most interesting on the cruise. Some of them are again upon the road to prosperity. And over them, as reminder of the stirring days through which they've passed, there wave the banners of several nations.

In the northernmost cluster is the old French buccaneering resort of St. Barts, or St. Bartholomew. Here, too, is little St. Martin, above which fly the flags of both the French and the Dutch. St. Eustatius, just below, is all Dutch, and so is Saba—a queer little cone whose people gain their livelihood by building boats in the lofty crater and sliding them down the slopes of the volcano into the sea!

From here on, however, except for French Guadeloupe and Martinique, in the center of the string, the isles are all Great Britain's. On the map you'll find them sub-

divided into "The Leewards" and "The Windwards," but the classification is purely an arbitrary one and apt to prove misleading. In the early days, perhaps, seamen used these nautical terms more properly, applying the name of "Windwards" to the islands which formed the outer bulwark and "Leewards" to those within and protected from the eastern "trades." To-day the terms are used solely to distinguish the two British administrative units, the Leewards including all the islands from the Virgins down to Dominica, the Windwards those to the south. And it's primarily in the Leeward group we're interested here.

ST. KITTS

From St. Thomas or St. Croix, the steamers of the Furness Bermuda line—the only passenger ships from New York, aside from winter cruisers, that touch these little islands—cut directly to St. Kitts.

In doing so they slight a few of the northern islets—Sombrero, the Dogs, Anguilla, and Barbuda—but these are small and of little consequence, and the first of interest is this "St. Christopher," site of the first English settlement in the Antilles, and otherwise known as "The Mother of the British West Indies."

Although its local residents reduce it even to "Sin-kits," St. Christopher is its formal title, and it is frequently pointed out that Columbus not only gave it his own name but casually canonized himself in doing so. As a matter of fact, he probably paid a tribute to the patron saint for whom he had been christened, and it probably doesn't matter. Under any title it would be just as pleasing a little isle. Its 70 square miles are thickly cultivated, the fields of brilliant sugar-cane merging with the tropical mountain foliage "as though the landscape

had been prepared by architects and gardeners," and it needs only the misty blue of Mount Misery, towering in the background to about 4,000 feet, to complete the charming picture.

The steamer skirts a tropic shore, passing Brimstone Hill, whose historic fortress dates from the old French-English wars, to anchor in the roadstead of *Basseterre*, a bright-hued town whose entire population seems to come swarming out in little rowboats, each gayly painted with a name all out of proportion to its size—"Planet," "Victory," "Emancipation"—and the welkin rings with a babble of queerly accented English:

"Yes, sir; this my boat, sir; this the boat Carmania, sir; Oh, yes, sir; the Carmania take you ashore, sir!"

And the landing, by these craft (fare about 1s. or 1s. 6d.) is at a long iron pier which leads to the custom house and the center of town.

BASSETERRE (ST. KITTS)

Population—10,000.

Hotels—Seaside (about 12s 6d a day up), and several boarding-houses.

Conveyances—Carriage or motor car, which should have a printed schedule of rates, averaging about 1s. per mile.

Banks—Royal Bank of Canada, Barclays Bank.

Post Office—In Treasury Building opposite the landing.

Basseterre, not to be confused with the same-named town in the island of Guadeloupe, is a queer jumble of old buildings and negro shacks, yet far from unattractive.

From the Pier, one passes through an archway in the *Treasury Building* (wherein the *Post Office* is situated) to emerge in what is known as the "Circus."

The Circus, sometimes referred to as the *Town Square*,

is really a circular open space, with a rim of tall royal palms (most unromantically called "cabbage palms" in the British islands) about its central drinking fountain. Facing it is *Barclays Bank*, with the *Royal Bank of Canada* close by on Fort Street; and from it, a brief step to the east leads to *Pall Mall*, another pleasant garden bordered by the *Court House* and the *Library*.

Aside from this, few sights in Basseterre deserve to be formally catalogued. There's *St. George's Church* at the back of the town; the *Governor's House* on a hill to the northwest; *Cunningham Hospital*, near the Governor's House; and possibly a few others, including the *St. Kitt's Club* and the *Colonial Club*, where the planters enjoy their swizzles. But with car or carriage many pleasant drives may be taken, over excellent roads, to neighboring sugar estates or other points of interest.

Monkey Hill, rising to some 1,300 feet a few miles back of town, takes its name from the wild simians which abound throughout the island. Descendants undoubtedly of pets brought here by early English garrisons, since monkeys generally are unknown in the West Indies, these creatures have multiplied until they are the bane of the planters' existence. Now extremely shy as a result of much hunting, they are less apt to be found on Monkey Hill itself than in the remoter forests beyond.

Brimstone Hill, ten miles from Basseterre, is of particular interest for its old fortifications, now dismantled, but once of such strength that this was known (like *St. Thomas*) as "The Gibraltar of the West Indies."

It commands no strait or passage of importance, yet in the days of warfare between the French and British, several millions sterling were expended upon it, and every planter on *St. Kitts* was obliged to furnish a certain proportion of his slaves to labor in the construction of the

walls. Here, in 1782, a garrison of only 600 men held out against 8,000 under the French admiral de Grasse for nearly a month, finally capitulating with the full honors of war. Eventually abandoned, Brimstone Hill's stronghold has fallen into decay, but the local Government has lately made some efforts to clear away the undergrowth so that visitors may inspect the ruins.

Mount Misery, if time permits, can also be ascended, by one of several routes, the trip requiring a day. The best ascent, according to recent travelers, is from the Belmont Estate, reached in an hour's motor-ride from Basseterre, where one may continue part way by horse. The last part of the climb, about two hours of it perhaps, must be made on foot, but affords many extensive views, and the descent into the crater (nearly a thousand feet deep) may be made without danger.

- Other Excursions, for those who linger, are to the *Botanic Station*, to the west of Basseterre and reached in a few hours' drive along the Bay Road; to *Dodan Pond*, a supposedly bottomless pool in the extinct crater of *Verchild's Mountain*, requiring about a day's trip by motor car and horseback; or *Around the Island*, a favorite thirty-mile motor trip through the sugar estates; and if the steamer-stop permits, one may run across to Nevis.

NEVIS

Just south of St. Kitts, beyond a five-mile channel, is the "Island of the Snows."

Columbus called it that—in Spanish "Nieves"—for it rises in a cone, to an altitude of 3,500 feet, with fleecy, snow-like clouds invariably playing about its peak, and it may well be ranked among the most beautiful of all the Caribbees.

Colonized by the British about a year later than St. Kitts, it passed through the usual vicissitudes; the Spaniards practically destroyed the settlement in 1629, the French in 1706; but its chief claim to fame lies in the men it has produced, among them Alexander Hamilton, born here of a Scotchman and a Frenchwoman in 1757.

Charlestown, its chief city, is about twelve miles from Basseterre and usually reached from that port by the daily motor launch. The town, of about 1,100 inhabitants, lies on the shore of a curving bay—a town slightly down at the heels and scarcely worthy of its setting, but with many points of interest. The island is noted not only for its beauty, but for its abundance of hot springs and sulfur baths, and the *Bath House Hotel* (a quarter mile to the southwest of Charlestown) is situated at one of these. It is itself almost historic, having been constructed in 1787 or thereabouts at a cost of \$200,000—a vast sum in those days for a hotel—and its verandas offer a view of the sea which embraces St. Kitts and the distant St. Eustatius.

From Charlestown one may visit by motor the old *Hamilton Estate*, about a mile and a half to the southeast, where Alexander was born; the ruins of *Montpelier House*, where Lord Nelson, visiting the island as a captain of His Majesty's ship *Boreas*, married a local widow; or the *Fig-Tree Church*, which, aside from its graveyard with its quaint epitaphs, is of interest for its old marriage-record, carefully preserved in a glass case: "1787, Mar. 11; Horatio Nelson, Esq., Captain of H. M. S. the *Boreas*, to Frances Herbert Nisbet."

The island is only about 50 square miles in area, and circled by a twenty-mile road which might repay a motor-tour, while *Mount Nevis*, the "snowy" cone for which the place is named, can be ascended by the hardier climber

for the sea-scapes it affords—sea-scapes that extend to the north as far as Saba and to the south on a clear day to Montserrat.

Redonda, the little round island southeast of Nevis, is only about a mile in diameter, and of little interest, with a population of possibly 120, employed in the phosphate mines.

Montserrat, still farther to the southeast, is likewise off the tourist run, but somewhat more important. First settled by Irishmen in 1630 or so, its present population includes many a red-headed negro with a rich Killarney brogue. There's also a small colony of white planters, engaged mainly in raising limes, who maintain a lawn tennis club and a cricket club; and although the best town, *Plymouth*, is described as "a ramshackle place of stone and wooden houses, without architectural pretensions," its hotel (the *Coco-nut Hill House*) is reported comfortable. The island is reached usually by sailing boat from Antigua and St. Kitts, or occasionally by Royal Mail.

ANTIGUA

A four or five hour voyage from St. Kitts—and a regular steamer-stop—is the island of Antigua, seat of government for the Leewards.

Differing from the other islands hereabouts, it is comparatively level, with rolling fields, few hills, and no real mountains, and a goodly part of its 108 square miles is devoted to the sugar-cane which, throughout these islands, is almost the only crop.

In its early days this Antigua was one of the great strongholds of the Caribs. The first English settlers, who came about 1632, found their invasion warmly contested by these warlike natives, and among the tales of that era

is one of a Carib chief who kidnaped the governor's wife and carried her to Dominica. The governor recaptured her, it is said, but later went mad. And the warfare continued blithely until the colonists invited all the Caribs to a feast—and slaughtered them.

Thereafter, save for the usual attacks by the French, varied in one instance by a local uprising, Antigua's history has been largely one of hurricanes. Among the cane-fields are the ruins of more than one old mill wrecked by the Atlantic gales. And *St. John*, the capital, is in the main a town of unpainted shingled shacks, slightly larger but little finer than the others of the Leeward group. Yet its political authority, as home of the Governor-in-Chief who (through some five local administrators or commissioners) rules over the destinies of the other islands, Antigua stands out as important.

Landing is by government launch or private motor-boats, for the steamers anchor too far off-shore for the service of the rowboats characteristic of other ports, and the fare is 2s. one way or 3s. return.

ST. JOHN'S (ANTIGUA)

Population—About 8,000.

Hotels—Globe, and Kensington, about 12s. 6d. a day, including meals.

Conveyances—Automobiles, at about 1s. a mile, or 10s. an hour. Carriages cheaper.

Post Office—On High Street, near the landing.

Banks—Barclays Bank, Newgate Street.

If one misses at St. John's the swarm of clamoring boatmen who greet one at other ports, their lack is fully remedied by the bandits at the pier.

Guides or chauffeurs are only too abundant, and often

too insistent. The paradoxical combination of fawning obsequiousness and contemptuous insolence seems to us to reach its zenith in Antigua. But the sights of St. John's are comparatively few, and can usually be found on foot, without much black assistance.

The Anglican Cathedral, on an eminence at the head of town, is its most conspicuous feature.

Built after an earthquake had wrecked a former edifice in 1843, at a cost of some £40,000, its stone front is imposing, and within it proves to be practically a church within a church, with heavy pine beams intended to make it safe and secure against a recurrence of the disaster. Otherwise, however, it offers little for the curious, except possibly the epitaphs in its old churchyard whose gateway is flanked by figures of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, which Aspinall tells us in his *Guide* are known to the blacks as Adam and Eve!

The Cathedral serves a utilitarian purpose, as well as spiritual, for its roof is designed to catch the rain and dump it into a cistern, a precaution against the occasional drouths which—despite the opening of a Reservoir a few miles from town—sometimes leave St. John decidedly hard up for water.

Other Sights, scarcely thrilling, include the *Government House* beyond the Cathedral; the *Prison*, just opposite the former; the *Lunatic Asylum*; and the *Botanical Station*, small but of interest for its rare tropical plants. There's also a *Public Library* in High Street, not far from the wharf, and a *New Club* (literally so called) near Government House, reputed hospitable.

Excursions are mostly through the sugar plantations, apt to seem monotonous after the first few miles, but of interest to some. The *Central Factory* at Gunthorpe's (3½ miles out) is worth visiting, and is supposed to be

the largest sugar refinery in the Antilles. Many fine beaches and bays are to be found on Antigua's coral-rimmed shore, and bathing is to be enjoyed near St. John's. The forts—*Fort James*, on the north of the harbor, and *Goat Hill Fort*, on the south—are of historic interest, and offer good views. Or, for motorists, pleasant drives are to *Fig Tree Hill* (about three hours), from which one may see as far as St. Kitts and Guadeloupe; or to *English Harbour*, on the Windward Coast.

English Harbour requires about a three-hour round trip. This was once a harbor of importance, with dockyards and barracks, and in the latter the present King George (who visited the island when a young subaltern in the British navy) wrote upon the wall an inscription still preserved and exhibited, wishing "A merry Xmas and happy New Year 2 You All." Also considered of interest is a large anchor before the barracks, marking the grave of a Lieutenant Peterson. The story has it that Peterson, having won the town belle away from his commanding officer, a Lord Camelford, had been forbidden to bring her to a naval ball. He appeared, however, with the fair lady on his arm, and the commander, charging him with disobedience to orders, shot him on the spot, and buried him immediately in the barracks compound.

Falmouth Harbour, adjoining *English Harbour*, is another magnificent bay, now seldom used, but still with the remains of *Great George Fort* on the summit of neighboring *Monks Hill*, once one of the great fortresses of the Lesser Antilles.

DOMINICA

Well to the south, some 85 miles below Montserrat, is Dominica, called by some the most beautiful of all the Antilles.

It lies between the French islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique, either of which might well dispute such claim, yet there's no denying its pulchritude. Largest by far of the several Leewards, it's also the wildest, as well as the loftiest, with jungle-clad mountains that culminate in the *Morne Diablotin*, 5,314 feet among the clouds, and to complete the list of superlatives we might add that it's quite the wettest, with angry black mists constantly hovering about its majestic bulk to supply a deluge by day or night.

Columbus, in fact, might well have bestowed upon this rainy land the title of "Saint John the Baptist" which he gave to Porto Rico, but chancing to see it on the Sabbath, he chose to call it "Sunday." It was then a great stronghold of the Caribs, and for years here they forestalled every attempt at white invasion, driving out the British in 1627 and the French a few years later. Thereafter it was declared a "neutral zone" by the Europeans, although one or another tried from time to time to found another colony, the English eventually becoming established, and making peace with the Caribs by granting them a reservation of their own, upon which the only survivors of the remarkable race may still be seen to-day.

The decisive event in Dominica's history, however, and perhaps in the history of all the British colonies, occurred off these shores in 1782, in the Battle of the Saintes. That was a critical period for Great Britain, when one colony after another was falling into the hands of the French, but Admiral Rodney's defeat of de Grasse in that memorable sea-fight saved England's Caribbean prestige, and insured her in the possession of this and other isles.

From a distance, this Dominica is dark and brooding, but at one's approach her shadowy mass resolves itself

into valley and mountain, all densely wooded, with deep ravines and overhanging cliffs, and many white ribbons of flowing stream or rampageous waterfall. *Roseau*, the capital, is quite without a harbor, bold highlands rising steeply behind it. They are as sheer beneath the water as above it, however, and the steamer anchors within an easy stone's throw of the wharves.

ROSEAU (DOMINICA)

Population—About 7,000.

Hotel—De Paz (about 12s. a day); several boarding-houses described as good, at cheaper rates.

Conveyances—Carriages and automobiles, by agreement. At present writing the rates are not standardized as in most islands.

Post Office—Opposite landing jetty.

Banks—Branches of Barclays Bank and the Royal Bank of Canada.

Roseau, little more than an overgrown village, has been described by Verrill as "the one blot upon this island, where only man is vile."

That's rather hard on it, perhaps, for it's scarcely any shabbier than other ports of the Leeward Islands. It is less given to wooden structures than some of its rivals; the majority of them rise at least from stone foundations; and along the waterfront it has a more aged, solid air, with here or there a substantial government building.

Certainly it's quaint; although some of the newer streets are macadamized, the older lanes slope to a central gutter, through which courses a stream from the hills above, almost impassable after a heavy downpour; and although the sights are as few as usual, this is a gateway to a tropic paradise unparalleled elsewhere in the group.

From the Landing, the town's tourist attractions (such as they are) may be easily found. The *Post Office* is opposite the usual landing jetty, with the *Market* behind it. There's a *Roman Catholic Cathedral*, an age-softened, Spanish-looking structure which quite dwarfs the few Protestant churches. There's also the inevitable *Public Garden* and a *Victoria Museum*, of possible interest for its Carib antiquities. But the outstanding sight in Roseau is undoubtedly the *Botanic Garden*, about half a mile back from the landing, on the road which leads to the *Roseau Valley*.

The *Botanic Garden*, all rival claims to the contrary, is generally pronounced the most magnificent in the West Indies. The specimens, including nearly everything that grows in the tropics, are arranged with British orderliness, but Dominica's climate adds a luxuriance of growth which quite overcomes the rigid attempt at formality. Nowhere will you find a finer collection of palms, native or exotic, and among the more decorative flora are plots devoted to the cultivation of cacao, nutmeg, limes, pine-apples, and other products of the island.

The *Morne Bruce*, a hill with vine-hung, precipitous sides, forming a sort of plateau to the southeast of the *Botanic Garden*, is worth ascending for the view it offers. Just behind it, too, is the *Military Cemetery*, where are buried the soldiers of early garrisons, and where on dark nights—if you'd believe a local superstition—you may hear and possibly see the countermarchings of the soldiers' ghosts.

Excursions Beyond, if your steamer-stop permits, will lead to many beauty-spots. Owing to the rugged nature of *Dominica*, good motor-roads are not so plentiful as in most of the islands, and the local *Fords* stick closer to the port. There is, however, a fair highway part-way up

the central Roseau Valley, two highways running respectively northward and southward for some distance along the coast, and bridle paths to other points which (considering the sort of horses obtainable) can best be traversed on foot.

The Roseau Valley, a huge sloping cleft in the mountains, ascends (in the words of Harry Franck) to the clouds behind the town. A rock-boiling river courses through it—one of those many raging streams of which Dominica is said to have one for every day in the year—and at the bridge which spans it on the edge of town is what claims to be the greatest lime-juice factory on earth.

Dominica quite leads the world in the production of this beverage, in fact. "Women and girls come trotting down out of the mountains with bushel baskets of fruit, now and then sitting down on a boulder to rest but never troubling to take the incredible load off their heads. Donkeys with enormous straw saddle-bags heaped high with limes pick their way more cautiously down the steep slope. Occasionally even a man deigns to jog to town with a load of the fruit. They lie everywhere in great yellow heaps under the low trees; they weigh down the usually rain-dripping branches. Yet when they have been grown and picked and carried all the way to town, they sell for a mere seven shillings a barrel!" Cacao is also raised in large quantities here, and in season, when its foliage turns red, it adds a further dash of color to the gorgeous scenery.

The valley road leads, if you persist long enough, to a waterfall and the *Freshwater Lake* (about three hours by horseback) in the crater of an extinct volcano, a not particularly imposing pool but a subject of much superstition among the natives as the abode of sirens, mermaids, devils, and spooks. Continuing farther, one comes to the

Rosalie View, which embraces a magnificent sweep of vale and forested hill, extending to the windward coast and the village of *Rosalie* on the Atlantic shore. From *Rosalie*, a trail of sorts swings around the southern coast and back to Roseau, the round trip constituting a long day's journey and recommended only to hardy travelers unworried by the necessity of catching a departing steamer. There are, of course, no inns or hotels either in *Rosalie* or elsewhere on the island outside of Roseau, and throughout the rural regions the natives often speak a French *patois*—an inheritance from early French occupation—which is quite incomprehensible to the traveler.

The Boiling Lake, Dominica's chief natural curiosity, is somewhat beyond the reach of the tourist, requiring two days as a rule for an excursion. Visitors usually carry camp equipment, spending the first night at a village called *Laudat*, where only primitive accommodations can be obtained. The trail thence is described as somewhat dangerous, or at least arduous, scaling two 3,000-foot mountains, and bringing one to the well-named "Valley of Desolation."

The lake is really a great geyser, occupying an ancient crater on the eastern slope of the Grand Soufrière Mountain. It is about 100 by 200 feet in extent, and is sometimes dry, sometimes seething with furiously boiling waters that threaten to overflow the brim. During the eruptions in Martinique, in 1902, only 30 miles distant, the geyser was violently agitated and poured forth a roaring flood of water and choking gases. Otherwise it seems thus far to have caused little trouble, but is credited with at least two victims among those who have made pilgrimage here, one man slipping into its boiling pool while the other was overcome by its sulphurous vapors.

The Carib Reservation, also beyond reach of the hur-

THE LEEWARDS

ried traveler, is on the north coast of the island, and may be visited best by taking motor-boat to Marigot and thence continuing a dozen miles on foot.

From last reports these only survivors of a famous race number only about 300, of whom less than 40 are of pure Indian blood. Their color is a golden bronze or copper; their hair long, coarse and black; their eyes extremely dark, with an oblique cast which suggests the oriental. In body they are short and muscular, with the rather long arms and barrel-like chests of the San Blas Indians often seen about Panama. However warlike they may have been in past years, however, they are now very docile, at peace with their neighbors, whose homes and manner of living they seem to have copied, and they frequently come into Roseau itself to sell their fish, fruits, or woven baskets.

Other Excursions, some of which *can* be made within a few hours, are by the southern Coast Road to *Pointe Michel*, a picturesque village settled mostly by refugees from Martinique who came over after the eruption of Mount Pelée; by motor over the *Imperial Road*, which runs inland about 18 miles to *Bassinville*, with good views along the way; or by launch to *Portsmouth*, toward the north of the island, off which Rodney fought de Grasse.

THE FRENCH ANTILLES

General—A string of islands scattered among the British Leewards.

Chief Tourist Ports—Basse-Terre and Pointe-à-Pitre (on the island of Guadeloupe); Fort de France (on Martinique).

Guadeloupe—Area 619 square miles; population about 230,000. Basse Terre (9,000) is the administrative center; Pointe-à-Pitre (30,000) the more important seaport.

Martinique—Area 385 square miles; population about 240,000. Fort de France (30,000) is both the capital and the chief commercial city.

Other Islands—St. Barts, St. Martin (half Dutch), Marie Galante, Desiderade, and the Saintes; all dependencies of Guadeloupe.

Language—Officially French throughout the islands, but corrupted by the negroes into a badly-mangled patois. Little English understood.

Currency—Local bank-notes, in francs, issued in Guadeloupe and Martinique. Those of one island are accepted only at a discount in the other. American money, however, is accepted freely, and eagerly, in the ports.

Climate—About as in other Antilles. The cities are all tropical and hot. Official proclamations to the contrary, health conditions are none too good, but no menace to those who exercise natural precautions. Above all, drink no water.

Steamship Service—From New York by Furness Bermuda Line; from European ports by Compagnie Générale Transatlantique.

CHAPTER XIII

THE FRENCH ANTILLES



Courtesy of Furness Bermuda Line

THE RUINS OF ST. PIERRE

Most Picturesque Group—Guadeloupe—Dependencies of
Guadeloupe—Martinique—The Diamond Rock.

CHAPTER XIII

THE FRENCH ANTILLES

If we were asked to name off-hand the isles of the West Indies which fascinate us most, we should immediately name the French.

Which, to be sure, is merely a matter of opinion—or perhaps of personal taste. In fine buildings they offer little. In comfort they offer less. As a place in which to *live*, they're simply terrible. But if you enjoy the picturesque—

Nowhere on the Caribbean will you find more verdantly gorgeous landscapes. Nowhere such quaint little towns, with rambling cobbled streets, and queer little gay-hued dwellings sandwiched in among old moss-grown walls. And certainly nowhere such a throng of turbaned ebony market-girls, their garments shaming the rainbow itself, a comic-opera chorus in a setting from the Arabian Nights.

In history, we can here be brief—for although these islands have had lots of it, the tale is largely one of capture and recapture such as marks the history of all the Caribbees.

It was in Guadeloupe, so they say, that Columbus first saw the Caribs—the warlike aborigines so different from the Arawaks of the northern islands—and found evidence of cannibalism in the form of human joints hanging from the rafters of their huts, which gave the Spaniards good excuse (though they seldom needed such) to annihilate these folk.

The French came in 1635, settling on both Guadeloupe and Martinique—and settling apparently with an idea of permanence. They chose the best sites for their villages, and built throughout the islands a system of roads surpassing those to be found in most of the colonies, opening the islands' resources to rapid and profitable development.

The growth of their settlements naturally aroused envy on the part of other nations and led to constant invasion. Guadeloupe in particular became an international football, and for over a century was bandied about by the French and the British, the latter taking and holding it on six or more different occasions, for periods varying from a few weeks to a few years, while Martinique, seized by Sir Charles Grey and Sir John Jervis in 1800, was for fifteen years the headquarters of all the British forces in the West Indies.

France, however, always regained her wards, in some cases by arms, in some by their voluntary restoration during a lull in the intermittent hostilities. Like all lands where the impress of Gallic civilization has been felt, they were as French in spirit as France itself. In Martinique was born the Empress Josephine. This was for a time, too, the home of Madame de Maintenon, who became the wife of Louis XIV. And in the same island there grew and prospered the ill-fated city of Saint Pierre, in the shadow of Mount Pelée, whose eruption in 1902 was to provide what probably is the most tragic and terrible chapter in the annals of the Carribean.

As Ober describes Saint Pierre at the time of its catastrophe :

It somewhat resembled, this town, the city of Algiers in its *ensemble*, though the hills came nearer to its structures

of stone, which, indeed, were, some of them, built right into and against their vine-draped cliffs. The streets were narrow, the sidewalks still narrower, and down the gutters rushed rapid streams from the hills, which at the same time took away all filth and impurities and cooled the heated atmosphere. These streets swarmed with a motley assemblage of every hue of skin and colour of costume; but there was no crowding or jostling, for this vari-coloured populace was as thoroughly French as if all had been born in Paris, and as completely imbued with the national hallmark of politeness as if all were indeed Parisian.

But into this scene of natural loveliness, French gaiety and abandon came sudden destruction, ruin and blight. On May 8, 1902, Mount Pelée, which had been inactive for fifty-one years, suddenly burst forth with scalding steam, liquid fire, stifling gas, and smothering dust. There had been warnings of disaster for several weeks, and a few of the inhabitants had made their way over the mountains, or by boat to Fort de France. But the great majority remained. The priests were praying in the cathedral and churches, the authorities ordered the people to stay. . . . So they hoped and waited, till in the twinkling of an eye the whole vast mass of boiling, blazing, suffocating mud and ashes burst from the rent and torn crater of Pelée, rising miles into the air, to fall the next instant, and for hours thereafter, in killing blisters and deadly fumes and choking lava-dust, on man and beast, orchards and gardens, houses and streets, wharves and beaches, boats in the harbour, vessels in the roadstead, and even upon ships far out at sea. Meanwhile the earth was rocking, roofs were whirled away by tempests, and as the affrighted crowds rushed down the steep streets to the bay the sea rose in an immense tidal wave and drowned them by thousands. In the gray dawn of that May morning there were 45,000 people living in Saint Pierre. Instead of sunrise came a rain of fire, amid which the whole population, shrieking, wailing, crazed, crammed the cathedral only to die; climbed the mountains and sought the forests, only to be burned or buried alive;

fled to the river, to find it a torrent of scalding water; and to the sea, only to meet a watery grave. At noon there was but one living individual in the ruined and desolate city of Saint Pierre, and he was a negro prisoner, burned, but not dead, in a subterranean dungeon, where he had been confined for crime.

More might be told of that catastrophe but we rapidly pass on, for to the visitor of the present, the chief interest of the French Islands is in the people who inhabit them to-day.

France has ever been more "chummy" with her wards than other European nations. In the beginning, to be sure, she brought the Africans to America as slaves, but since 1848, when they were freed, the blacks of these islands have enjoyed pretty much the principles guaranteed in the French motto of "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité.*"

One finds in Guadeloupe or Martinique a mingling of the races which may quite shock a gentleman from South Carolina. A limited group of high officials possibly hold aloof, yet the white who marries a black is by no means subject to the ostracism he would encounter in any other colony. Nor does the black step obsequiously aside to make room for a European. Although the government of the islands is theoretically French, with French governors in Basse Terre and Fort de France, it is the black who controls in actual practice, sending black deputies to represent the islands in Paris.

The absence of a color line, however, although deplorable from an American's point of view, seems to have had in some respects a beneficent effect upon these negroes. What might otherwise become an intolerable swagger on their part is here softened by an unconsciously acquired French courtesy. The sense of equality, too, has given

them a pride and dignity found nowhere else in these seas. They seldom if ever swarm after the visitor with the incessant pleas for alms so characteristic of the British islands. The bearing of the women is particularly superb. Unusually tall, and seldom given to the bulging obesity of other negresses hereabout, they may well (with occasional exceptions) be described as "bronze goddesses," or "ebony queens." They walk with a long, free stride which contrasts noticeably with the sloppy amble of most Africans. And save for a class of mulatto girls who'd ape the white by affecting Parisian styles, they abide proudly by the costume of their ancestors, in flowing dresses of indescribable hue, with piratical rings in their ears, and with those most gorgeous turbans which might shame, as we've said, the rainbow.

GUADELOUPE

Sandwiched in among the Leewards, between Montserrat and Dominica, is the largest of the French Antilles.

To be strictly technical, Guadeloupe consists of two islands, separated by a salt-water creek, but the strait is bridged by the connecting roads, and they form but a single administrative unit. Grande Terre, the eastern division, is of limestone formation and comparatively flat; Guadeloupe proper, the western, is rugged and mountainous and of volcanic origin, with old Soufrière, the "Sulphur Mountain," rising to 4,900 feet; but both islands are richly fertile and a paradise of tropic luxuriance.

Pointe-à-Pitre, on Grande Terre, is the seaport of greater importance, and for many cruises the only port of call, yet in our own estimation the capital, Basse Terre, is infinitely the more quaint of the two, and much the more worth seeing.

Landing at both ports is by small boat, for which the fare should be about two francs, or (according to the rate of exchange at present writing) about 8 U. S. cents. Other expenses in these islands are in proportion, and when the franc is low, one may live at the best hotels (such as they are) for \$1.28 a day.

BASSE TERRE

Population—9,000. *

Hotels—Modern and Nolivos (about 30 francs up, including wine with meals).

Conveyances—Automobiles by agreement, but scarcely desirable on the rudely cobbled streets of the city itself.

Bank—Royal Bank of Canada, opposite landing-place.

Post Office—On second street inland. Letter postage to U. S. approximating 5 cents U. S. per ounce.

Cable Office—Cable Francais and Cable Anglais.

Basse Terre, the Guadeloupian capital, was founded back in 1643, and looks it.

At the landing is one of the queerest little parks in the West Indies, a dusty square of ancient mango trees, with a bit of stock-yard thrown in. Here, in the early morning countless cows are tethered, and innumerable pigs, goats, or burros, while chicken-coops are piled about the old monument to A. Victor Schoelcher, liberator of the slaves.

To the left, as you step ashore, is the weather-beaten *Hotel de Ville*, or City Hall. Straight ahead and facing upon the park is a row of quaint old three-story buildings, their doorways painted all the colors of the spectrum. The streets that lead inland are steep and roughly cobbled, with streams of water gushing through their center, theoretically intended to carry the city's rubbish into the bay

but more apt to pile it in heaps at the crossings. Yet at the far end of these narrow lanes, one has a glimpse of palm-clad hills, and scattered among the aged, picturesque buildings many a tropic garden peeps above the rim of some massive, moss-grown rampart, more like a mediæval fortress than a common garden-wall.

The Cours-Nolivos, which leads to the right from the landing-square, is the principal business street.

Here are most of the shops. One rather has to hunt for what he wants, for the place with cooking utensils in its window is just as apt to sell stationery or drygoods inside; their stocks are always incomplete; and the one feature they possess in common is that of never having what you wish. But the street itself is as colorful as everything else in this old town and leads to the few places which can be catalogued as "sights."

The Catholic Church, a few blocks from the landing, dates from the time of Père Labat, most famous of the early French missionaries, who came here in 1694. A peculiar old structure, wide and flat, with an exceedingly odd dome, its many white saints stand out vividly from a dull gray façade, and just behind it a curving, cobbled lane leads to what looks like Bluebeard's Castle, but what in reality is the church's separate bell-tower, whose aggressive bells start ringing at 4 A. M. and keep it up intermittently throughout the day.

The Market, just beyond a tumbling white river spanned by an aged French bridge, is best seen, like all West Indian markets, in early morning. This, in contrast to the cattle-market at the wharf, is devoted mainly to produce. A fountain in its center gives it a peculiarly Latin touch in its evident striving toward beauty, but its cupids have all turned green with mildew, and the water, instead of spouting from the top, gushes from a broken

pipe at the bottom. The variety of strange tropic fruits, however, are of interest, and as always, the swarm of noisy humanity, its colorfulness here accentuated by the comic-opera garb.

Other Sights are somewhat limited, for Basse Terre's claim to attention lies in its own little oddities. Beyond the market will be found the *Champ d'Arbaud*, with its handsome royal palms, the *Garrison* and *Government Buildings*, and a step farther, the *Botanical Garden*. But with an extra day at one's disposal, the most attractive excursion is by one of the several local bus-lines which, passing the last-named group of attractions, continue through the hills to St. Claude or Camp Jacob.

St. Claude, to which three daily busses run for about 5 francs the round-trip, is approximately an hour's ride from the capital. The road is through a rolling country that offers many fine views, with valleys which in season are a veritable conflagration of scarlet flamboyants. St. Claude itself is a pleasing village at an altitude of about 2,200 feet, with little of interest except the châteaux of Basse Terre's élite, but its agreeable climate and cool nights make it the most attractive residence for those obliged to stop over. The hotels *Beau Sejour* and *Family House* (about 30 francs a day) are by no means palatial, but no worse than those of the port.

Camp Jacob, just beyond, is the site of a military encampment, and also of a *Military Hospital*, which accommodates boarders when not full of patients. It is the only establishment near Basse Terre where guests can get a bath, and its verandas offer superb views of riotously beautiful valleys.

The Volcano Soufrière, if you have the time, may be reached from Camp Jacob by a day's hike on foot. The trail is described as steep but not severe, leading at first

through the "High Woods" and thereafter through a tangle of fern and shrub where, if no recent travelers have been there before, the guide must hack his way with a *machete*. Soufrière, although heralded by a succession of hot streams and springs, bursts upon one suddenly as a sulphurous basin, emitting its poisonous vapors with occasional loud reports, and as Ober remarks, "one cannot but indulge in speculation as to when the next eruption will occur." The last was in 1815, however, and Soufrière—although still smoldering—behaved very decently when Mount Pelée went upon its rampage in Martinique.

To *Pointe-à-Pitre*, if your steamer is stopping at both ports, the journey can be made overland from Basse Terre in about three or four hours by the busses of several competing companies which daily make the run for a fare of about 25 francs, or in a private car for about 250 francs.

The route, from the capital, lies mostly along the coast, past *Vieux Fort*, a somber old relic of early Colonial days, and around the *Grand Anse*, where one looks out across the bluest of bays to the islands of the *Saintes* and *Marie Galante*. At *Trois Rivières* is a large rock with Carib carvings, supposed to be the spot where Columbus in 1493 discovered his first evidences of native cannibalism. *Capesterre* and *St. Marie* are passed, and far away among the mountains on the left may be seen a distant waterfall which Columbus described as seeming to drop from the sky. Thereafter, the land becomes increasingly more level, brilliant with the light green of sugar-cane glimpsed between hedges of royal palm; the dividing creek is crossed on a long pontoon bridge; and the car roars into *Pointe-à-Pitre*, the island's commercial center.

By sea the distance is something less than forty miles, and steamers often visit both ports within the same day.

POINTE-À-PITRE

Population—30,000.

Hotels—*Grand Hotel des Antilles* (best if you want a bath, 30 francs up, including wine). Also *Hotel de Paris* and *Modern*.

Conveyances—Automobiles, by agreement.

Banks—Royal Bank of Canada, Bank of Guadeloupe, Banque Auxiliare Coloniale.

Consulate—See text. The U. S. Consul here serves for both Pointe-à-Pitre and Basse Terre.

Cable Offices—Cable Anglais (English Cable) and Cable Francais.

Post Office—On Rue Peynier (see text). Letter postage to U. S. is 1½ francs.

Although far less quaint than Basse Terre, this Pointe-à-Pitre is considerably larger than the capital, more progressive in every respect, and by far the more comfortable place of residence.

From the landing, the *Rue Frebault* leads inland to the center of town, its warehouses gradually giving way to what—in comparison with those of Basse Terre—are great commercial emporiums, embellished with such fancy names as “Bon Marché,” “Au Chic Parisien,” “Au Sans Pareil.” On the second cross-street from the wharves, the *Royal Bank of Canada* is to the left, the *U. S. Consulate* to the right. The *Rue Frebault* itself continues on, to bring us, at the third block, to the market.

The Market, always the center of community life, is even larger and noisier than that of the capital. A large iron roof has been erected for the benefit of the venders, but to avoid the small fee charged for space therein they usually set up shop with their few odds and ends of meat

or their baskets of produce about the surrounding sidewalks, and on a Saturday in particular, the excitedly bargaining mob overflows all the surrounding streets.

Just beyond the market, on the *Rue Schoelcher* (which parallels the *Rue Frebault* one block to the left) will be found the *Grand Hotel des Antilles*, whose water chooses to run; and many of the best shops are on the continuation of the *Rue Frebault* itself; but the best "sights" of the city are to be found by turning to the right on the *Rue Peynier*, which leads past the *Post Office* to the *Place de la Victoire*.

The Place de la Victoire, a wide expanse of sunny lawn bordering a landing-place for the small island schooners, is one of Guadeloupe's historic spots.

Laid out originally to commemorate the defeat of an invading English force in 1794, it was christened in the blood of Royalist Frenchmen who had befriended the invaders, some twenty-seven of them being executed here in one day. Now, however, it seems an exceedingly sedate and quiet spot, a favorite place for the city's evening promenade. On one side of it stands the big yellow *Government Building*, and directly opposite, along with the *Banque de la Guadeloupe* and other structures, the one glaring new edifice in town, none other than the *Chambre de Commerce*.

The Cathedral, tucked away behind the Chamber of Commerce on the *Rue Barbes*, is notable for its size, if for nothing else, occupying an entire block, and about the square upon which it faces will be found the *Bishop's Palace*, the *Court House*, and the *Gendarmerie Headquarters*.

Other Sights, as in *Basse Terre*, are none too numerous. On the same street with the Consulate and Bank of Canada, if one turns to the left as one comes from the

landing, is the *Hotel de Ville* and the *Library*, and just beyond, the *Agency* for the principal steamship lines. A pleasant drive by automobile is out to the east of town to the *Baie de Fort*, where views may be enjoyed of Marie Galante and the Saintes, and the ruins inspected of the *Fort Fleur d'Epee*, scene of much bitter fighting between the British and the French in 1794.

DEPENDENCIES OF GUADELOUPE

Under the government of Guadeloupe—and meriting perhaps a hasty glance—are the several lesser islands of the French Antilles.

Les Saintes, the tiny group some seven miles to the south from the main island, are something of a summer resort for the wealthier folk of Pointe-à-Pitre, but notable mainly for their historic interest. Many of their steep hills are still crowned with crumbled forts erected during the French-English wars, and it was in the shadow of their peaks that Rodney defeated de Grasse in 1782 in the “Battle of the Saintes” which finally established British naval supremacy in the Caribbean.

Marie Galante, sixteen miles southeast of Guadeloupe, has an area of approximately 60 square miles and a population of about 15,000, engaged mostly in raising sugar.

Desiderade, six miles east of Grande Terre, has a population of about 1,500.

St. Martin, far to the north and just across the Anegada Channel from the Virgin Group, is notable mainly as the only island in the Antilles which has come down through history under a joint ownership. The southern half, under the Dutch flag, is the more populous and profitable. The chief city of the French portion is the little port of Marigot, containing about 2,000 inhabitants. As elsewhere the

chief industry is the raising of sugar and the manufacture of rum.

St. Barts, or St. Bartholomew, which also lies far to the north, about 108 miles from Guadeloupe, is by far the most interesting and the most unique of the lot.

This little island—its area is only eight square miles—was in its time a favored resort of sea-rovers, among them the pirate Montbars, known for his cruelties as “The Exterminator.” The French in 1784 ceded it to Sweden, who returned it in 1877. As a reminder of that period, its chief port is still known as Gustavia. Its chief distinction, however, lies in its present-day inhabitants, who, alone of all the people in the French islands, are indisputably white and call the negroes “niggers.”

Descendants possibly of the early buccaneers, with a dash of Swedish blood, these Saint Barts men are the greatest sailors on the Caribbean. From their long years of close intermarriage they have grown to look exactly alike. Always unshaven and barefoot, and dressed in shabby blue, they sail their little schooners to all the ports of the Antilles; like sailormen the world over, they speak English as well as French; and they are a very familiar sight in Guadeloupe or Martinique, holding aloof from the darker natives and walking queerly and slowly about the town in groups of three or four, plodding always in single file. The younger boys, however, are very bright, and welcomed in Pointe-à-Pitre's hotels for their linguistic accomplishments, which makes them excellent bellboys.

MARTINIQUE

An overnight run from Guadeloupe—past the dim, dark bulk of British Dominica—brings us to the second largest of the French islands.

Martinique covers some 385 square miles, and is ruggedly, majestically mountainous. In its center the three "Pitons de Carbet," a trinity of peaks, tower to 3,900 feet. Many lesser heights touch the clouds, and in the rainy season send vast torrents raging into the sea. And well in the north—rising to 4,500 feet, with its blunt summit glimpsed perhaps upon the sky-line as you steam along the coast—is the greatest of them all, the violent old Mount Pelée.

St. Pierre has never risen from its ashes, and the ships all pass it by to-day, continuing to the spacious land-locked harbor of Fort de France. Beyond the blue waters, at the foot of jumbled hills, appears a mottled city of many colors, with a big cathedral dominating its red-tiled roofs. On the right the gray walls of old Fort St. Louis rising from the water's edge like the Hudson's palisades. On the left, a lesser fortress, and on the hills far back of town another, the grim old Fort Bourbon. And farther back, crowning every summit and suggesting at a distance the sails of a fleet upon a pea-green sea, rises some queer old chapel which dates perhaps to the days of Josephine. Such is one's first glimpse of Fort de France, to many travelers the most fascinating of all these cities.

Landing, by small boat, may be either at the *Custom Wharf*, from which the *Rue Deproge* leads (to the right) to the *Savanne*, the natural starting-point for a tour, or at a wharf adjacent to the *Savanne* itself.

FORT DE FRANCE

Population—30,000.

Hotels—Hotel de l'Europe, and Grand Hotel, both on the *Savanne*.

Conveyances—Carriages, within the town limits, about 5 francs per hour; automobiles more, by agreement.

Post Office—Facing the Savanne. Postage to U. S. equivalent to 5 cents, with 3 cents added for every additional ounce.

Banks—Royal Bank of Canada, on Rue de la Republique, directly inland from the customs wharf.

Fort de France, first founded in 1673 under the name of Fort Royal, to-day combines something of Basse Terre's quaintness with the comparative progressiveness of Pointe-à-Pitre.

A typical French Colonial city, of many-tinted house-fronts, it occupies fairly level ground upon which its streets cross at right angles, but with a background of verdant hills that need only a colorful population to complete a charming picture. Its population makes good, in costume as well as in complexion; the darkies of Martinique are particularly stalwart and striking of build; and the women seem to go in for garments even more barbaric, if possible, than those of Guadeloupe.

The Savanne, the large, open park at which one's tour can best begin, is the principal center of interest. Upon it face the principal hotels, quite French, with "refreshment" booths upon the Savanne itself to remedy their lack of Parisian sidewalk cafés. Here, too, are the *Post Office* and the *Library*. On the Savanne is the *Empress Josephine's Statue*, and on the opposite side, the gate to *Fort St. Louis*.

Josephine's Statue is undoubtedly the most photographed in the West Indies, though scarcely the most impressive. The lady stands rather desolately alone in the middle of the rather barren plain, her pedestal surrounded by an equally lonely circle of scraggly palms, with a few goats idly cropping the neighboring lawn. She's rather

Carbet, a fishing village which, although within two miles of St. Pierre, miraculously escaped destruction. The boats usually land at Carbet, where row-boats continue to the ruins.

The once gay city was left by the catastrophe as barren as the Sahara (see page 198), a city of the dead comparable to Pompeii, but to-day the vines and creepers are fulfilling the prophecy of Lafcadio Hearn:

"Some day there will be a great change in the city of St. Pierre. . . . The green host will move down unopposed; creepers will prepare the way, dislocating the tombs, pulling away the checkered tiling; then will come the giants, rooting deeper, feeling for the dust of hearts, groping among the bones; and all that Love has hidden away shall be restored to Nature, absorbed into the rich juices of her verdure, revitalized in her bursts of colour, resurrected in her upliftings of emerald and gold to the great sun."

Save for the destruction of St. Pierre, the French islands are still as Hearn found them in 1900, when he wrote his "Two Years in the French West Indies." A most picturesque group, but bring your own soap.

Leaving Fort de France for points south, the steamer course passes *Diamond Rock*, an austere pinnacle rising from the sea, its face so sheer that it would appear an impossibility to scale it.

In 1804, however, some English sailors not only scaled it, but hoisted up their cannon, and for several weeks surprised French shipping by their unexpected bombardments. Upon their stronghold they bestowed the title of

THE FRENCH ANTILLES

H. M. S. Diamond Rock" and this, the only rock in the British Navy, practically put an end to all commerce to or from Martinique until, having exhausted their provisions, the daring little band was forced to surrender to a French fleet.

THE WINDWARDS

General—An arbitrary division of the Lesser Antilles forming a British administrative unit, with seat of government at St. Georges, Grenada.

Principal Islands—St. Lucia, St. Vincent, and Grenada.

St. Lucia—Area 233 square miles; population 55,000. Chief city, Castries (pop. 9,000).

St. Vincent—Area 133 square miles; population 45,000. Chief city, Kingstown (pop. 4,000).

Grenada—Area 120 square miles; population about 60,000. Capital and chief city, St. George's (population 5,000).

Other Islands—The Grenadines, a string of inconsequential islets extending from St. Vincent to Grenada.

Language—Officially English, although many natives speak a patois inherited from early French occupation of the islands.

Currency—British, with notes issued by local banks. American paper usually accepted.

Climate—Tropical but not unhealthful. Grenada, the southernmost island of this group, boasts an annual average temperature of 83° and the thermometer seldom goes above 90°. This is for the coast, where the chief cities are situated; in the interior the thermometer goes as low as 67°.

Communication—From New York by Furness Bermuda Line (at least to St. Lucia) and Trinidad Line to Grenada. From Halifax or Bermuda by Royal Mail.

CHAPTER XIV
THE WINDWARDS



"CABBAGE PALMS," ST. VINCENT

ie Last of the Lesser Antilles—St. Lucia—St. Vincent—The
Grenadines—Grenada.

CHAPTER XIV

THE WINDWARDS

From the French islands southward, the little Windwards continue the course of empire, carrying the British flag to Trinidad and the South American coast.

Like the Leewards, they are an arbitrary administrative unit, and "windward" merely in name. Also, like the Leewards, they all have much in common. Theirs is the same general history—discovered by the Spaniards, settled by the French or English, and thereafter quarreled over by the latter two throughout the Eighteenth Century. Theirs even is the same population, mostly of ragged and poverty-stricken beggars, whose incessant pleas for alms are the more noticeable after one has enjoyed a brief respite in the *isles de France*—that inescapable throng of "half insolent, half cringing black creatures who," in the words of Harry Franck, "mar all the Caribbean wonderland until one is ready to curse the men of long ago who exterminated the aborigines and brought in their place this lowest species of the human family."

But the wonderland remains. To a greater extent than the Leewards, perhaps, these islands have shown the wisdom of not "putting all their eggs in one basket" and trusting solely to sugar. They do raise plenty of that, a goodly part of which goes into rum, but they also raise many another product—cotton, arrowroot, nutmeg, limes, and spices. Some of the loveliest of the Antilles are included in this group. And their towns, however shabby under a close and critical inspection, are as quaint and picturesque as usual.

ST. LUCIA

Some thirty-eight miles to the south of Martinique is the island of St. Lucia, and its chief town, Castries, is a regular port of call for the Furness Bermuda boats, as well as for many a cruise-ship.

"The Helen of the West Indies," its local Tourist Association calls this island, and Lafcadio Hearn went into raptures over it, to write: "A beautiful fantastic shape floats to us through the morning light, first cloudy gold like the horizon, then pearly gray, then varying blue, with growing green lights—Saint Lucia!"

Like its neighbors in the Leeward group, it was originally the home of Caribs, who for practically a century after its discovery by Columbus forestalled every attempt at settlement. The first to gain a permanent foothold were the French, in 1650, but the English also claimed it; for another hundred years and more its ownership shifted back and forth from one to the other, and it was not until 1814 that France finally and definitely relinquished her claims. As in Dominica, traces of French influence still survive, and many of the natives speak a patois not dissimilar to that of the French Antilles, while Castries itself still bears the name of the Marechal de Castries who founded it in 1768.

In general it is less thickly cultivated than many of its neighbors, and the lack of development may possibly be attributed to the fact that in earlier times it enjoyed a somewhat unsavory reputation as the home of the dreaded *fer-de-lance*—supposed to be the only snake that deliberately attacks man, and one for whose deadly bite no antidote, until in very recent years, had been discovered. The introduction of the mongoose, however, a ferret-like enemy of snakes imported from India, is supposed to have

caused its practical extermination. In words of the local boosters "temperate visitors might remain in the island for years without seeing a snake." And the lack of agricultural development leaves the scenery of St. Lucia the more varied and attractive.

To say that the island is 28 miles long and 14 broad conveys little picture of it, for its 150 miles of coast are deeply indented and the interior equally fantastic in its wealth of mountain peaks, none of which tower to such heights as those of Dominica, but many of which are curious in contour, ranging from smoothly-rounded cones to jagged, needle-like pinnacles, with at least one volcano among them, familiarly named Soufrière.

The harbor of Castries is itself the crater of a long-extinct and partially submerged volcano, and one of the best harbors in the West Indies. Safe and commodious, it was once chosen by Great Britain as a naval station, and though the plans for making it another Gibraltar were abandoned in 1905, the sites of many fortifications are to be seen. As one's steamer negotiates the entrance to the sheltered bay, *Tapion Rock* with its batteries lies to the right; to the left is the headland called the *Vigie*, or "Lookout," scene of the most desperate fighting between the British and French, its fortifications mostly abandoned now, but its barracks still crowning the summit.

Only about a third of a mile across, the entrance leads to a wide pool among the hills, with the city at its head, fronted by solid concrete wharves capable of accommodating all but the very largest of vessels. If ships are coaling, as sometimes happens, the docks are lively with a swarm of black women—for here, as in St. Thomas, it is the women who do the work—streaming up the gangway under hundred-pound buckets, apparently without effort, and keeping up a steady cross-fire of chatter and chanty.

Landing is almost invariably alongside the pier, and it might be noted that this is the only port in the Lesser Antilles, except St. Thomas, where such landing is possible.

CASTRIES (ST. LUCIA)

Population—9,000.

Hotels—St. Antoine, on the heights overlooking the town, \$3 to \$5 a day; Savoy, Combermere House, and Central, in the town itself, reasonable rates.

Conveyances—Carriages at about 2s. an hour per passenger within town limits; 3s. beyond. Motor cars moderate.

Tourist Helps—The St. Lucia Tourist Association publishes a booklet (price 1s.) covering the main features of the island.

Banks—Barclays, and the Royal Bank of Canada.

Cable Offices—Pacific Cable Board, and West India and Panama Telegraph.

Castries, aside from its fine harbor, is much like any of the other British Antillean towns.

From the Landing, it is but a step to the banks or the *Post Office*, the latter situated in a prominent structure called the Prince Alfred Building. Centrally situated is *Columbus Square*, upon which face the *Public Library* and the *Roman Catholic Church*, and to the north of town is a *Botanic Garden* and an *Anglican Church*. And having given these the "once over," the visitor had best hire a car, for the island's chief attractions lie beyond the port.

The *Morne Fortune*, rising above the city to the south and ascended by a good motor-road, was once the military station *par excellence* of the West Indies and still contains the best of the local residences. On its slope is *Govern-*

ment House, residence of the commissioner who represents the Governor of the Windwards, and from here one may continue to the summit, 845 feet above the sea, where once was situated the *Fortress Morne Fortune*. Of this old relic of the French-English wars all signs have disappeared except the masonwork wall, and in its stead one finds the fine modern barracks and other military buildings, but the view from here quite surpasses that from Government House, and alone justifies the journey.

The Vigie, the once-fortified headland at the harbor entrance, may also be visited, either by motor car or row-boat. Like the Morne fortress it was the scene of many early battles, but is revered by the English mainly for its defense by General Meadows in 1778, when with 1,300 troops he successfully held it against 12,000 Frenchmen and (with his ammunition exhausted) won the day by a bayonet charge. Incidentally the Vigie contains on its seaward side one of the best beaches in the West Indies, with some three miles of white sand, where bath-houses may be rented.

Excursions of greater length are also fairly abundant, for the island boasts of some 350 miles of road, 150 miles of which may be traversed by auto. The valleys of *Roseau* and the *Cul-de-Sac*, both within easy distance, are of interest for their plantations, sugar-mills, and rum distilleries, and the Tourist Association lists in its booklet a number of motor trips which may be made within two hours.

Gros Islet Bay, about 15 miles to the north of Castries, is one of the island's most historic spots, with another good harbor which, because of its proximity to Fort de France, was in early days the scene of many French-English struggles. Here Rodney lay in wait for de Grasse's fleet

previous to the Battle of the Saintes, and if time permits, one may row across to *Pigeon Island* in native boats (time about one hour for the trip) to an old fort known as *Rodney's Lookout*.

To Soufrière, the principal town south of Castries, is another popular excursion.

It is situated about fifteen miles down the coast, at the head of another deep bay, and is visited by a government steamer, fare about 2s. Here one finds a hotel, The Queen's, where luncheon may be obtained, and from the town it is but a twenty-minute drive to the volcano of the same name, whose basin, about 1,000 feet above the sea, intermittently pours forth vapor and boiling water. Nearer the town are the *Diamond Baths*, whose hot springs are possessed of curative properties, and from Soufrière Village there's a bus service to *Vieux Fort*, at the southernmost tip of St. Lucia, passing en route the Pitons.

The Pitons, two conical peaks (the Great and the Little) which rise from the water's edge respectively to heights of 2,620 and 2,460 feet, are the most striking of all St. Lucia's peculiar mountains. Compared by various writers to "dragons' teeth," "pyramids," "sugar loaves," and by irreverent sailors to "donkeys' ears," their steepness for many years defied all efforts at ascent, and at least two of those who attempted it died from the attacks of the fer-de-lance upon the way. Later parties have scaled the Little Piton, however, and possibly the Great, and the less-energetic beauty lover obtains a satisfying glimpse of them by merely sailing into Soufrière harbor.

Soufrière, incidentally, may also be visited by automobile by a round-about motor road via the Windward Coast, Vieux Fort, Laborie, and Reunion, about an eight-hour return trip from St. Lucia through some 120 miles of the island's most magnificent scenery.

ST. VINCENT

Some thirty miles farther south is the little island of St. Vincent, fairest of the Windward Isles.

Unlike St. Lucia it seems to have no Tourist Association to sing its praises, but writers have universally classed it with Dominica and the French possessions as the most glorious of all the Antilles.

Perhaps the early Caribs had an eye for beauty, for they seem to have chosen these particular islands as their strongholds, and St. Vincent was the scene of their last heroic stand against invasion. In 1688, to be sure, a Lord Willoughby negotiated with them a treaty whereby they acknowledged the sovereignty of England, but this did not last long. Seeing that the white man was steadily encroaching upon their territory they soon went upon the war-path, and this island became the last refuge of the "yellow" Caribs, as well as of a host of "black" Caribs, whose blood was mixed with that of runaway slaves. In 1796, however, Sir Ralph Abercromby made a general clean-up, capturing nearly 5,000, who were deported to Ruatan, off the coast of Honduras. Those who remained were eventually given a reservation on the island, similar to that on Dominica, but no trace of it remains, for St. Vincent's old volcano—another of those Soufrières without which no island hereabouts would be complete—erupted in 1812 to wipe out all their villages.

As a bad actor, this particular Soufrière might well be ranked with Mount Pelée. That 1812 eruption is said to have hurled some millions of dust into the skies, which, even against the force of the trade winds, fell so thickly upon Barbados, 97 miles away, that for hours the Barbadians saw no sunlight. And again in 1902—exactly on the day before Mount Pelée cut loose on Martinique—Soufri-

ère again erupted, devastating the entire northern portion of the island and burying vast estates. But nature quickly heals these wounds in the tropics; volcanic dust is the greatest fertilizer known; and St. Vincent is as beautiful as ever. And although for some reason it seems off the run of the average steamer, an occasional tourist-boat pokes into its little port of Kingstown, past another pair of headlands crowned by ancient forts, to drop anchor off another "typical West Indian town."

KINGSTOWN (ST. VINCENT)

Population—4,000.

Hotels—Pembroke and Davis's, and several boarding-houses. (Rates about \$2.50 a day.)

Conveyances—Hacks and autos; rates about the same as in the other islands.

Bank—Barclays.

Cable—Pacific Cable Board.

As to the catalogued sights—which throughout these islands are the least of the things to see—one might again say "ditto."

Here one finds the usual *Cathedral*, named (of course) *St. Georges*; the *Government Buildings*, the *Library* (with a collection of Carib antiquities), a *Market Square* containing a *War Memorial*, a *Government House* and a *Botanic Garden*.

The **Botanic Garden**, is notable as the oldest in the Indies. Situated about a mile from the wharves at the foot of the hill upon which *Government House* stands out as a conspicuous landmark, this garden was established in 1763 "for the propagation of plants useful in medicine and

profitable as articles of commerce, and where nurseries of the valuable productions of Asia and other distant parts might be formed for the benefit of his Majesty's colonies." Ships were dispatched to many parts of the world to bring back specimens, and among them was the *Bounty*, under Captain Bligh, whose men mutinied in the South Pacific to settle Pitcairn Island and write a famous chapter in South Sea history. With the transference of this garden from the British Government to the local authorities in 1822, it was allowed to deteriorate, but more recently has been kept in good condition, and is well worth a glance.

Other Sights might possibly include *Victoria Park*, an athletic field at the west of town; several cotton ginneries or arrowroot mills (cotton and arrowroot being the island's principal products); or *Fort Charlotte*, on Berkshire Hill, which overlooks the bay from the west and offers good views of the town.

Excursions, unfortunately, are not so numerous as in some of the islands, and much of St. Vincent's beauty must go unappreciated by the hurried traveler. On the Leeward Coast, much of the travel is by water, in large four-oared or six-oared rowboats, which sometimes land by running through the surf, but whose rowers are rated among the most skilled in the islands. A government launch also makes a daily run along the shore, stopping at quaint villages or plantations en route to *Château Belaire*, one of the starting-points for a trip to Soufrière.

Some of the island's hundred odd miles of roadway, however, are open to motor traffic, while the rest may be negotiated by the less-hurried on horseback. To the south there's a highway that circles the coast for about 22 miles to *Georgetown*, a pleasant auto-trip; other drives are to the *Buccament Valley* (6 miles) or the *Mesopotamia*

Valley (8 miles); and for those not pressed for time; there's an overland trail (not open to autos, according to last report) that crosses the island over the rim of Soufrière itself.

Soufrière, however, is better reached from *Château Belaire*, where (with permission from the authorities in Kingstown) one may put up at the Police Barracks overnight, and continuing in the morning, reach the crater in about three hours. Many ruins of old plantation-houses are passed on the way, and from the crater itself one has an extensive view of lava-flow and devastation.

Mount St. Andrew, the 2,600-foot eminence which dominates Kingstown, may also be ascended on foot (or part-way on horseback) in about a day, and is likewise noted for its view.

GRENADA

Southward from St. Vincent lie the Grenadines—to Verrill's eyes "like beads of jade upon an invisible string."

A fringe for the Caribbean, these pinnacles of submerged mountains range from tiny islets barely peeping above the water to hilly islands six miles long, some sterile and deserted, some thriving in their own small way, but none appear upon the steamer's schedule, and one sails along their leeward shores to the island of Grenada.

Southermost of the true Caribbees is this Grenada, and the capital of the Windward Group. In majesty of height it can not compare with Dominica, nor in gorgeousness of foliage with St. Vincent, yet it appears frequently on the itinerary of the winter cruise, for its capital, St. George's, is one of the most picturesque of all the Antillean towns,

and its landlocked harbor is considered another of the "finest in the West Indies."

Mostly of red-tiled brick or stone, the houses rise steeply from the tropic shore, seemingly piled one atop another as they ascend the hills. For a moment it appears as though the vessel has decided not to stop, for it chugs straight past this first section of the city, heading for a gap in the rugged ridge beyond. But once past the heights, another bay reveals itself, one of the bluest of all possible bays, with another section of the town spreading fanwise from its edge.

Like St. Lucia's famous harbor, this, too, is a former volcanic crater, and it has even had its eruptions. When the French first settled here—buying the island from the Indians, it is said, for two bottles of rum—they founded the original town of St. Louis on the eastern side of the harbor. No trace of it remains to-day, however, for where it stood the shore ends in an abrupt cliff, the town site having fallen into the waters of the bay.

Of that catastrophe, strangely, there seems to be no record, but in 1867 were repeated the same sort of seismic disturbances that must have caused St. Louis' queer destruction. Without warning the whole surface of the pool receded to reveal new coral reefs; over a wide area the water began to simmer and boil; then, rising in a tidal wave, it swept upon the present town, flooding the lower areas. Several times it repeated the performance, hoisting ships high and dry upon the land. Yet, owing to the city's situation upon the mountain slopes, only the buildings near the shore were damaged; not a single fatality was reported and to-day this is one of the most placid and well-behaved of harbors.

ST. GEORGE'S (GRENADA)

Population—5,000.

Hotels—Gordon, and Douglas (about \$2.50 a day).

Conveyances—Carriages about 4s. an hour; motor cars, 1s. a mile up, according to distance or number of passengers.

Post Office—Opposite landing.

Banks—Royal Bank of Canada, Barclays Bank.

Cable Service—West India and Panama, Pacific Cable Board.

Grenada's little capital is undoubtedly the hilliest town in the Indies.

A tunnel, to be sure, now pierces the ridge that once divided it into halves, yet the streets are mostly steep and rudely cobbled, ascending sometimes in flights of steps, and often so precipitous as to appear forbidding. And although this adds to the picturesqueness, it scarcely invites an extended tour on foot.

From the Landing, in what is known as "Careenage Town," it is only a brief step to the *Government Buildings*, the *Post Office*, the *Library*, or the *St. Georges Club*. The nearby *Sendall Tunnel*, named from the Governor whose good lady set off the first stick of dynamite in 1889, leads therefrom to *Bay Town*, beyond the dividing ridge, where one finds the *Market* and most of the business houses. But beyond these points, one usually succumbs to the lure of car or carriage, for the main sights are on the hills and the sun is often hot.

Fort George, on the southwestern tip of the ridge, is now prosaically used as a police barracks, but is worth a visit. Quite well preserved, despite the two centuries which have passed since the French first occupied it, its

battlements overlook both Careenage Town and Bay Town, and a long strip of the leeward coast.

Hospital Hill, on the north side of town, may also be ascended by a fairly good road. Here at a four-hundred-foot altitude are the sites of several more old fortifications, and somewhat lower but also overlooking town and harbor is *Government House*, where the Governor of the Windwards resides among pleasant gardens of hibiscus and bougainvillea.

Richmond Hill, rising to some 750 feet but also scaled by St. George's mountain-climbing vehicles, contains still more old forts, known respectively as Fort Matthew and Fort Frederick. The former is now the insane asylum, the latter a hospital for incurables, and it is frequently remarked that the lunatics and idiots enjoy from their abode the pleasantest views hereabouts obtainable.

Excursions to other points are fairly plentiful. From the Careenage one may cross by row-boat to the *Botanic Station*, or to *Grand Ance Bay*, where good bathing is to be enjoyed. At *Queen's Park*, on the edge of town, the usual cricket and sometimes horse-racing may be observed. Many excellent roads ascend the amphitheater-like hills behind the town, leading to various places of interest, and nearly every tourist party visiting Grenada will take in at least the ride to the *Grand Etang*, by a road that leads through six or seven miles of jungle and cacao plantation.

The *Grand Etang* is a freshwater lake situated about 1,750 feet above sea-level among the spurs of Mount St. Catherine. It occupies an old volcanic crater, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in circumference, and exceedingly pretty; skiffs can be hired for a row about the lake; and several charming trails may be explored through the neighboring forests, which are densely tropical and inhabited by wild monkeys

and pigeons, but quite free from the fer-de-lance of St. Lucia and the French islands.

The **Morne Fedon**, towering to 2,000 feet not far from the lake, is of interest as the scene of a bloody massacre in 1795, when a colored planter by the name of Fedon led a rebellion, and having captured the Lieutenant-Governor of the island, along with forty-seven other white men, led them here to the site of his camp and shot them. A very plain shaft now marks the spot, without mention of the atrocity, but from the plateau one may obtain a commanding view of both sides of the island.

Grenville, on the windward coast, to which a mountain road continues, is the second most important town of Grenada, and has a small hotel (The Nest) whose prices are said to be reasonable.

Gouyave, about 12 miles from St. George's on the leeward coast and reached by either motor-car or motorboat, is the third town. Also known as Charlotte Town, it is of interest mainly for the scenery on the way and for its own picturesque site upon a curving sandy beach beneath the hills, and also has a hotel (the Gouyave) where refreshments may be obtained.

Sauteurs, some eight miles farther north, is of interest for its bluff overlooking the sea and known as "Leapers' Hill" from the fact that in 1650 a force of Caribs rather than surrender to the invading French hurled themselves over its cliff into the sea and perished. Also, if time permits, Sauteurs is a starting-point of trails to the two lakes, Antoine and Levera, situated like the Grand Etang in volcanic craters.

Other Trips are mainly to the various cacao and nutmeg plantations, whose proprietors seem here to include more white men than in most of the Antilles, and have a reputation for hospitality. Aside from the two products

THE WINDWARDS

named, the island produces a fair quantity of sugar-cane, much of which goes into rum for local consumption, and the fruit of the passion-flower, or *granadilla*, serves as the basis for the grenadine liqueur.

BARBADOS

General—Most easterly of the British West Indies, 132 miles from St. Lucia and 232 from Trinidad.

Area—166 square miles.

Population—About 165,000, mostly black, with perhaps 15,000 Caucasians. Barbados is rated by some statisticians the most densely populated territory outside of China, with approximately 1,000 persons per square mile.

Capital—Bridgetown (pop. about 20,000).

Currency—British, with notes of the Colonial Bank and Royal Bank of Canada. American notes are usually accepted, although coins may be refused. The term "dollar," frequently used in business transactions, usually means "four shillings."

Climate—Extremely healthful. From December to May the temperature ranges between 68° and 82°; during the summer months between 73° and 88°. Fruits and flowers, oddly enough, are in their prime during the so-called winter, which is also the dry season and the best time for a visit. Rains fall mostly between June and October, and hurricanes occur (when at all) in August or September.

Steamship Service—*From New York* by Lamport and Holt Line (en route to Brazil), Furness-Bermuda Line (en route via Lesser Antilles to Trinidad), Booth Line (en route to South American ports); *from Halifax* by Royal Mail (en route to Trinidad and Demerara); *from Great Britain* by Elders & Fyffes, Harrison Line, Leyland Line, and Royal Netherlands.

CHAPTER XV

BARBADOS



Courtesy of Raymond & Whitcomb

THE CAREENAGE, BRIDGETOWN

"Little England"—Bridgetown—Excursions to the Crane, Bathsheba, and the Windward Coast.

BARBADOS

Well out in the Atlantic—like a sentinel guarding the windward approaches of the Caribbean—stands the island of Barbados.

From its isolation, it might fittingly be pictured as a wild and wind-swept rock, battling with the summer hurricanes, bleak and desolate and barren. But it's nothing of the sort. Surprisingly low, with gently rolling hills, it happens to be the tamest-looking of all the Lesser Antilles, the most completely cultivated, and the most distressingly over-populated.

As one steams toward its leeward shore—from St. Lucia, St. Vincent, or Trinidad—it appears almost monotonous in its regularity. About twenty-one miles long and fifteen wide, it barely reaches a thousand feet above sea-level at its highest central point, and the whole western coast is carpeted with bright green sugar-cane, relieved only by an occasional hedge of stately royal palms or an antiquated wind-mill, with now or then the smoke-stacks of a more modern sugar-factory rising like a monument to progress and prosperity.

Barbados is unique among the West Indian islands in the fact that Columbus did *not* discover it.

Just who did is a matter of debate, but some Portuguese sailors appear to have blundered upon it about 1536, and to have left a few pigs upon its beach—a regular custom in those days, designed to provide food in case of a

return—and, according to one version, they called it “Barbados” or “Beards,” because of the long moss which dangled from the trees.

Thereafter it lay idle until an Englishman, Sir Oliph Leigh, en route to the Guianas, blundered upon it again, to claim it for his own king. Colonization began about 1626, by the British, whose title was never thereafter disputed. There were quarrels enough within, between a long succession of Lords and Earls, and one thing or another, each of whom wished to include the island within whatever Caribbean grant he received from the Crown; during civil war at home many Royalists settled here to be pursued and captured by Cromwell’s fleets; many Scotch and Irish prisoners were shipped out to Barbados during such struggles, branded, and sold into slavery beside the imported negroes; and from time to time there occurred the usual small uprisings among the blacks. Yet pirates and foreign fleets seem to have left it pretty much alone, and Barbados’ history—in comparison with that of other Caribbean lands—is disappointingly devoid of the proper blood and thunder.

Barbados, however, has its individual charm—like every isle of the Caribbees—and its teeming multitudes, who proudly call it “Little England,” are among the most interesting in the Indies. Over-crowding has here intensified the struggle for existence; the Barbadian is probably the busiest black in the world; and his energy has given the island a commercial importance quite out of proportion to its size.

As the steamer anchors off Bridgetown hordes of swimmers come out to dive for coins, including girls as well as boys, paddling their crude little home-made skiffs most furiously in the race to get there first. As a coin flashes in the sunlight, a score of dark bodies cleave the

water, the whitish soles of their feet twinkling in the depths. And as they reappear, with the lucky youth clutching the prize between his teeth, there arises the chorus:

"Throw another!"

The boatmen, who quickly follow, are no less numerous. A pompous ebony policeman, gorgeous in his uniform, holds them in check and keeps them clear of the ladder until summoned by debarking passengers, but they try persistently to catch your attention, to impress upon your mind the name or number of their craft, to exact the promise of your patronage, and to convince you of the superior merits of whatever hotels they may incidentally represent.

Landing, by these boats is at an inner harbor called the "Careenage," at the foot of *Trafalgar Square*, where some two dozen more self-appointed guides besiege one, from whom the only possible escape is to hail a car or a tumble-down hack, and—if stopping over—drive out to the suburb of *Hastings*, where the best hotels are situated.

BRIDGETOWN

Population—About 20,000.

Hotels—At *Hastings*, Marine Hotel (\$4 to \$7, inclusive), Windsor (\$4 to \$5), Balmoral (\$3 to \$4), Ocean View and Hastings Hotels (\$2.50 inclusive). *Farther out*, St. Lawrence Hotel (\$4) and Crane Hotel (\$3.50 to \$4). *In Bridgetown itself*, Ice House Hotel (\$3), and Bay Mansion (\$2.50 up).

Conveyances—Fords may be hired at about one shilling per mile, or 12 shillings an hour; larger cars more; carriages less. Rates, although subject to change, should prove reasonable, and a tour of Bridgetown and vicinity should not cost over \$3 or \$4.

Banks—Royal Bank of Canada, Barclays Bank, Canadian Bank of Commerce, all on Broad St.

Post Office—In Public Buildings, at Trafalgar Square. Letters to U. S. 1d. (two cents) per ounce.

Cable Offices—Pacific Cable Board, West India and Panama, both on Broad St.

Bridgetown, in more ways than one, is a confusing sort of place.

Particularly after the listless quiet of the Leewards or the Windwards, one seems to step from one's landing-skiff into what Verrill well describes as "a pandemonium peopled by denizens of Hades who have brought their own atmosphere with them." The blinding glare of coral streets, the rush and bustle of busy stevedores, the rattling of countless two-wheeled carts contesting the right of way with Ford or pedestrian, all tend to create a momentary bewilderment. And one glance at the map—with its streets curving and twisting and entangling themselves with one another—will send most visitors to the nearest hack-driver for counsel and assistance. Yet for those who'd seek the sights themselves, it's really no great problem.

Trafalgar Square, at which one usually lands, is the heart and center of town. Here one finds a statue of Lord Nelson, not particularly striking, though considered one of the sights, and about the square are the Public or Government Buildings.

The Public Buildings, of native coral, consist of two groups separated by a palm-lined driveway. The eastern wing contains the *Post Office* and various other departments, while the western houses the Assembly and the Council.

The Assembly ranks next in age to that at Bermuda, but as a governmental body is largely decorative and ornamental. Its members are elected by popular vote, thereby giving the voters a sense of power, but all laws

are introduced by an Executive Committee, consisting of the Governor and other officials appointed by the Crown and a number of Assemblymen nominated by the Governor, which keeps authority pretty much in the hands of the white race.

Broad Street, which commences at Trafalgar Square and leads westward, is the city's most important thoroughfare. Here one will find the leading banks and business houses, the telegraph and cable offices, or the *Bridgetown Club*, and the street leads eventually to the *Jubilee Gardens*, *St. Mary's Church*, and the *Market*. It's worth exploring, but the major tourist-sights lie rather to the right, where its continuation, under the name of *Trafalgar Street*, leads to the *Cathedral*, *Queen's Park*, and *Government House*.

St. Michael's Cathedral, just east of the Public Buildings, is one of many similar Anglican churches scattered throughout the island. The money for its construction, it is said, was raised largely by a lottery and its very fine organ, intended originally for a French Catholic church, was captured by Lord Nelson in a naval battle, but neither fact robs the Cathedral of an impressive and stately dignity.

Queen's Park, a block or so beyond the church, was originally the quarters for the garrison, but since the withdrawal of white troops from the West Indies some years ago it has been converted into a public pleasure-ground with attractive lakes and gardens. Across the street from it is *Queen's College*, Barbados' leading school for girls; to its north is *Harrington College* for boys; and by carriage one may continue eastward to the suburb of *Bellville*, about a half mile out.

Government House, at Bellville, is the official residence of the Governor, and hereabouts one finds many other attractive homes, set usually in luxuriant tropical gardens.

Other Sights, in Bridgetown itself, are somewhat scattered. Swan Street and Roebuck Street, just north of Trafalgar Square, are important shopping centers, and many curios are to be purchased, particularly necklaces or purses made of brightly dyed seeds quite artistically strung by the native women. On Coleridge Street, also to the north, are the *Public Library*, *Police Station*, and a *Cotton Factory* which is usually open to visitors. But having observed the teeming life of Bridgetown's thoroughfares—which really constitutes the most entertaining sight—the average visitor will drive southward across the picturesque old bridge which spans the Careenage and along the shore of the bay to George Washington's House and Hastings.

Washington's House is passed en route to Hastings, at the corner of Bay Street and Chelsea Road, and although there seems to be some question as to whether this was his dwelling or not, it answers the description.

George, as is generally known, came to Barbados in 1751, with his brother Lawrence, who was seeking relief from consumption, and spent some time (presumably in this house) at a cost, according to his diary, of "£15 a month, exclusive of washing or liquors, which we find ourselves." Being at the time a Major in the British army, he seems to have been most hospitably welcomed by the Barbadians, who gave him everything they had, including the smallpox which was to disfigure him for life.

The Savannah, just beyond, is Bridgetown's recreational center. Here one finds the Savannah Club, overlooking a race course and polo field, with convenient tennis courts and golf links, and in late afternoon the colony adjourns en masse to this region for purposes of football or cricket.

The grounds formerly were the parade of the white

regiment; their barracks still surround it; and monuments still bear tribute to the York Rangers who fell in 1809 during campaigns against the French in Martinique and Guadeloupe, or to the fourteen soldiers of another regiment who lost their lives in the hurricane of 1831.

St. Ann's Fort, near the Savannah Club, is a quaint little old fortification dating from 1703. Now obsolete and unused, its ancient cannon still peer out to sea through the weed-grown embrasures, covering the harbor, and the near-by cemetery on Needham's Point contains the venerable gravestones of many an early Barbadian celebrity.

Hastings Rocks, a short distance farther, is Bridgetown's most popular watering place, with an excellent beach. Here one finds the best hostelrys, with the big **Marine Hotel** dominating the scene. All have a delightful outlook upon the sea, and the little park close by it is a favored promenade, where band concerts are given on certain evenings.

Beyond Hastings the road continues to the villages of Worthing and St. Lawrence, also noted as bathing resorts, with the excellent St. Lawrence Hotel at the latter.

EXCURSIONS FROM BRIDGETOWN

If time permits—and usually it does—about 470 miles of smooth white coral road invite the traveler to continue beyond the capital.

In general, it must be said, Barbados is quite lacking in the wild grandeur characteristic of most West Indian islands, yet it has much of scenic interest, and in half a day one may continue beyond Hastings Rocks to Christ Church, Long Bay Castle, The Crane, Ragged Point, Codrington College, and the Windward Coast.

The Barbados Light Railway, most aptly named, also runs to the Windward Coast and the town of Bathsheba, but its habits are somewhat leisurely, and unless one have unlimited time, patience, endurance, and a keen sense of humor, the motor car is much to be preferred.

From Hastings, unless you choose the reverse direction, the route lies southward through the little fishing village of *Oistin's Town*, and thence overland toward "The Crane" between hedges of tall royal palms and over rolling hills of sugar-plantation dotted with the picturesque windmills which constitute Barbados' most distinctive feature.

Christ Church, which may be visited en route, is of interest as the scene of the "Barbados Coffin Story." An elderly structure, dating from 1837 or thereabout, its chief claim to distinction is the mystery surrounding its burial vaults, which, even when hermetically sealed and guarded, seem to have been visited in the past by mysterious agencies, supposedly supernatural, who played pranks and rearranged the coffins. The more prosaic-minded attribute such events to subterranean disturbances, but the local guide is apt to tell a more thrilling tale, properly embellished with ghostly details, and much more interesting with every telling.

Long Bay Castle, on the southeast coast, was one of the finest of the old Barbadian mansions in its time, and is also worth a visit. Built by a planter in 1820, its stout walls have resisted time and hurricane; the old banquet hall is notable for its carved mahogany and huge plate-glass mirrors; and although now falling into decay it bespeaks the magnificence of the early colonial era.

The Crane, about fourteen miles from Bridgetown, is Barbados' most popular watering-place. Once an important shipping-point, and still commemorating in its name the

derrick used in loading vessels, it is now mainly a pleasure resort, with an attractive beach and a good hotel (The Crane), and from here the road continues past *Ragged Point Lighthouse* to the *Windward Coast* and a region quite different from the cane-grown hills about the capital—a region much more rugged, with its shores eroded and cut into fantastic figures by the gales from the Atlantic, and its landscape dominated by *Hackleton's Cliff*, which rises severely to a height of 800 or 900 feet.

Codrington College, situated on this coast about midway between Ragged Point and Bathsheba, is another sight quite worthy of a stop.

It was founded by a Sir Christopher Codrington in 1710 with a bequest of 763 acres of land, 100 head of livestock, and 315 negro slaves, and with the specific stipulation that its professors be vowed to "poverty, chastity, and obedience."

The approach—about a twenty-minute walk from the Bath station if you happen to come by the Bridgetown-Bathsheba railway—is through a notable lane of royal palms. The college buildings are mostly of gray stone, covered with the traditional English ivy; the chapel is paneled in cedar and mahogany; the principal's residence, formerly the Codrington mansion itself, is one of the oldest and largest mansions in Barbados; and the students are such exact replicas of Oxford youths, even to their cricket caps, that the institution is frequently described as "a bit of Oxford in the Tropics."

Bathsheba, a few miles beyond, is the "second city of Barbados."

Scarcely a metropolis, it is at least of interest for its setting, lying behind a curving bay and backed by the heights of Hackleton's Cliff and Chalky Mount. The Atlantis and Beachmont Hotels are situated here; the

many small boats which put out in pursuit of flying-fish (Barbados' great delicacy) are always a pretty sight; and a brief walk will bring you to the "potteries," where ebony artificers make jugs and curios from the clay of the surrounding hills.

Incidentally, this is the beginning of the "Scotland District," so called from a colony of Scots, descendants of many poor victims of the Cromwellian wars who were shipped out as slaves and sold to local planters at 1,500 pounds of sugar per head. Several thousand of them thus came to Barbados, to be reduced to the level of the negroes, and as wearers of kilts, which afforded their knees little protection from the tropic sun, they soon received the contemptuous nickname of "Red legs." Some, after the abolition of slavery, rose to the ownership of plantations, but the majority are earning a pittance as small farmers, and scorned alike by white man and black. A pitiful and abject lot, weakened physically and mentally by interbreeding, they are quite in a class with the "white trash" of our own southern states, and the term of "Red legs," still frequently heard in Barbados, is the most insulting of epithets.

From **Bathsheba** the railway continues northward another few miles to St. Andrew's, in the heart of the Scotland District, but motorists on a brief tour usually return overland by the more direct road (about fourteen miles) to reach Bridgetown in time for lunch.

While the circular ride outlined above is that favored by most tourist-parties, a few additional sights, scattered about the island, may interest those who stop:

St. John's Church, not far distant from Bathsheba, is another of the island's many parish chapels, but locally rather famous for the tomb in its graveyard of Ferdi-

nando Paleologus, who, according to the inscription was none other than a descendant of "ye imperial lyne of ye last Christian Emperors of Greece," driven to refuge overseas when the Turks first took Constantinople. Originally buried without flourishes but resurrected by a hurricane, this gentleman now reposes snugly beneath a monument resembling a small Greek temple, with the cross of Constantine above.

Cole's Cave, about seven miles from Bridgetown in a ravine famous for its immense silk-cotton tree, is a cavern reputed to be itself several miles in length, ranking with the best of the several similar grottos in Bermuda but quite unexploited as a tourist attraction. One of its features is an underground river of pure water—a feature found in other caves throughout Barbados, where rain seeps quickly through the limestone crust to flow in subterranean channels—and in the past it was supposed to have been the refuge of many fugitive negroes.

Bowmanston Waterworks, nearer the Windward Coast in the parish of St. John, draw their supply from a similar grotto, possibly having some connection with Cole's Cave, supplying Barbados with water from a river buried 250 feet underground.

Turner's Hall Wood, fourteen miles from Bridgetown by the road past Cole's Cave, is about the only surviving remnant of tropical forests which once covered the island. Situated in St. Andrew's parish, these few acres of trees are now privately owned and notable mainly for having survived the encroachment of civilization. They are said to be inhabited by monkeys and other "wild" animals, which probably came to Barbados as the pets of visiting sailors. Nearby are some "boiling springs," which really might better be called "gas-wells," for the commotion on the surface of the pool is caused by the escape of car-

buretted hydrogen, bubbling up from the earth below, which ignites and gives out enough heat in burning that eggs may be cooked by it.

Holetown, about 7 miles north of Bridgetown on the Leeward Coast, is noted as the place where the first English discoverers landed and the scene of the island's earliest settlement. No reminders of the past remain however, except an old fort and a monument which merely commemorates the first landing, and its original name of Jamestown has appropriately degenerated either to "Hole-town" or "The Hole."

Speighstown, about 5 miles farther north on the same coast (and pronounced Spikestown), was also a considerable port in the old days, but now survives mainly as a center of the flying-fish industry and the base for occasional whaling operations.

The Animal Flower Cave, at the extreme northern tip of the island, may be reached from Bridgetown (via Holetown and Speightstown) in about two hours, or may be visited from the Windward Coast via Bathsheba, St. Andrews, St. Nicolas Abbey, and Cherry Tree Hill.

A huge cavern hollowed out by the thundering seas, it was formerly entered only in clear weather and a visit, although fascinating, was something of an adventure. To-day, however, one may descend (for 1 shilling) by a flight of newly hollowed steps from above, securely and safely to the first huge vault, and continue through a series of lofty chambers hung with stalactites to a pool of clear water covering a mosaic of sea-anemones, or "animal flowers," of every shade and hue.

TRINIDAD

Area—2,050 square miles

Population—About 300,000, including many important Orientals.

Government—British.

Capital—Port of Spain (pop. 70,000), ranking next to Havana in importance among West Indian ports.

Language—Officially English, although many tongues are spoken.

Currency—British. Local banks issue \$5, \$2, and \$1 bills, but the dollars are based on the British pound and subject to its fluctuations. For smaller change British silver or copper is current, and to fit its denominations the shops usually price their articles at 24 cents (meaning a shilling), etc. American dollars are accepted, but except at banks, may be subject to discount.

Climate—Humid and hot in Port of Spain, but nights are usually cool. The temperature averages 79°. Rainfall amounts to about 70 inches annually, and the rainy season lasts from May until December. January to March is the most popular tourist season.

Communication—From New York by Furness Bermuda Line, Trinidad Line, or (via Venezuela) the Royal Netherlands West India Mail. From Halifax (via Bermuda) by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. From European ports by Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, Elders & Fyffes, Hamburg-America Line, Harrison Line, Leyland Line, Navigazione Generale Italiana, or Royal Netherlands, mostly en route to Cristobal and the Canal. Trinidad is also a great transfer-point for the Guianas, the East Coast of South America, Venezuela, and Colombia.

CHAPTER XVI

TRINIDAD



COOLIES FROM THE FAR EAST

Where Birth Defies Control—Port of Spain—Over the Saddle—
—The Blue Basin—Other Excursions—To the Asphalt Lake—
The Island of Tobago.

TRINIDAD

A day's run from Barbados—about 232 miles—is the island of Trinidad.

On the way, perhaps, a vague blur will appear on the eastern horizon—the shadowy outline of Tobago, the scene of Robinson Crusoe's tale. Then ahead will loom the three distinctive peaks which give the greater isle its name. The steamer slips through the Bocas, a narrow channel between "Trinity" and the South American coast—a passage well worth rising quite early if necessary, to see—and plows across the Gulf of Paria, brown with the outpourings of the River Orinoco, to anchor finally off Port of Spain, the "Cross-Roads of the West."

Columbus first sighted Trinidad on July 31st, 1498.

It was then called "Tere" by its inhabitants, meaning most poetically "The Land of the Humming-Bird," but the Spaniards of those days had little use for poetry—or humming-birds either—and finding no gold, they hastily passed on.

Once a settlement *was* established, however, by Spaniards in 1577, the island soon drew others. French, Dutch, and British forces not only took it from time to time, but held it for varying periods, and in 1797 Sir Ralph Abercromby added it finally and definitely to the dominions of Great Britain.

Many another event, of course, appears upon Trinidad's

calendar, and a conscientious historian could fill two volumes with the list of small-pox epidemics, Indian uprisings, slave rebellions, fires, earthquakes, and what not, which mark the island's earlier history. But to the traveler, Trinidad's main interest lies in its present population.

To an original basis of Spaniard and negro, there has been added many another element. The early European invaders have all left their mark. Frenchmen and Portuguese have settled here during disturbances at home. Many Englishmen have immigrated. Venezuelans have drifted over across the narrow straits which separate it from their own land. Numerous Chinamen have found their way here, as they find it everywhere throughout the world. All of them, save possibly the unchanging Englishman, have intermarried until the combinations are limitless. And to add the final touch, in this land where birth defies control, the British planters have imported hosts of coolies from the East, Bengalis, Hindus, Mahommedans, and such, who now comprise about a third of the population, bringing to the island all the local color of far-off India.

Despite their rapid increase, however, this island still affords fair space for the outlet of their superabundant energies. Trinidad is approximately fifty-five miles long, by forty wide. Some 400,000 acres are under cultivation. Petroleum, asphalt, and other minerals are mined in the south. The forests produce mahogany and other woods. And Port of Spain, the capital, strategically situated where all the shipping-lanes from Europe to the Spanish Main and the Panama Canal cross those from New York to Brazil and Argentina, is commercially (next to Havana) the most important port in the West Indies.

From the harbor, to be sure, it may prove disappointing, for the bay is shallow, and steamers anchor from a mile to two miles out. But as one chugs shoreward in one

of the large tenders which usually meet the ship, the city takes on character. Destroyed by fire in 1903, much of Port of Spain is comparatively new. Stolid but substantial business buildings line the waterfront; the streets are for the most part wide and as well paved as one might expect in a land which produces the greater part of the world's asphalt; and there's about the whole place generally an air of progress that quite contrasts with the lackadaisical atmosphere of most of the Lesser Antilles.

Landing, if no tug meets the ship, is by launch or small boat, at rates which vary according to the hour, and the boat-men are governed by a long list of harbor-ordinances which forbid them, among many other things, to "Demand or take from a passenger more than the legal fare," or even to "Make use of any indecent, obscene, or abusive language to any passenger or person desirous of hiring a boat."

PORT OF SPAIN

Population—About 70,000.

Hotels—Queen's Park, on the savannah of the same name, \$5.00 a day; Hotel de Paris, on Abercromby St., \$3.00 a day; Ice House Hotel, corner of Abercromby and Marine Square, \$2.50 a day; also the Biltmore, the Standard, the Hall, and several boarding-houses, with cheaper rates.

Conveyances—Motor cars may generally be hired at approximately \$4 an hour or about a shilling (24 cents) per mile. Carriages at about four shillings per hour. Tramways also run from a terminal near the Railway Station to all important points.

Banks—Royal Bank of Canada, Barclays Bank, and Canadian Bank of Commerce, all on Marine Square; also Government Savings Bank and Gordon, Grant and Co.

U. S. Consulate—Marine Square and Charlotte St.

In its general lay-out, Port of Spain is one of those regularly right-angled cities whose sights are easily found.

From the Wharves, all streets lead to Marine Square, paralleling them just a block or two inland, and the natural starting-point of a tour, where, if one desires, either guide or conveyance may be found.

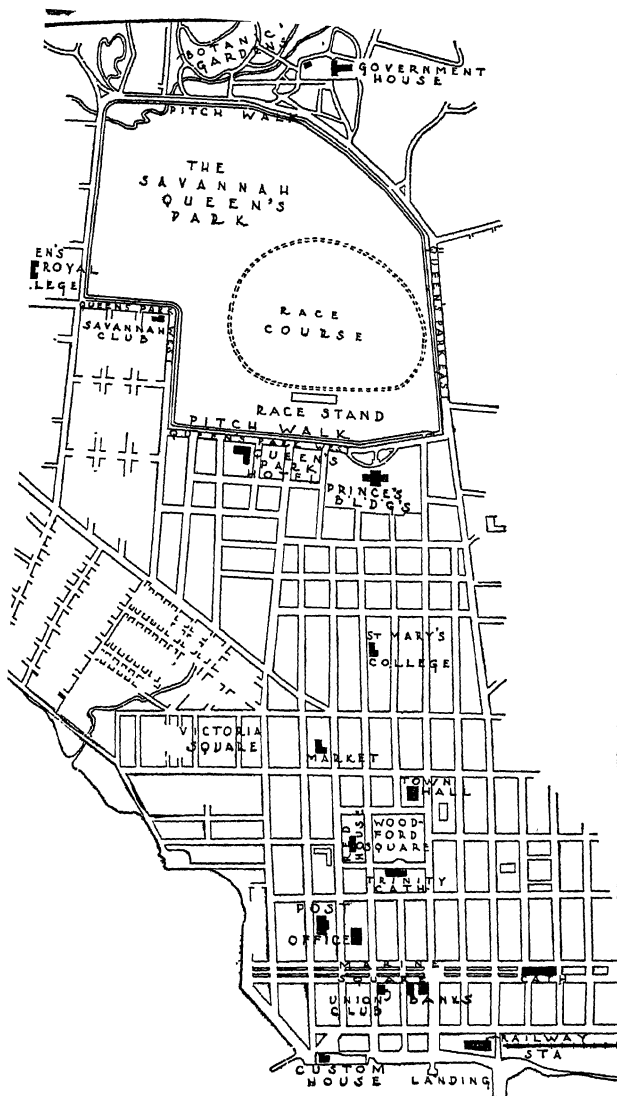
Marine Square is a broad and somewhat dusty thoroughfare, but one of the city's most important. Upon it are situated the principal banks, and many of the hotels; here too are numerous shops catering to the tourist; and to the east the big Catholic Cathedral.

The Catholic Cathedral is considered the most wealthy of the local churches, with many fine paintings, a costly pulpit, an altar imported from Florence, and the rest of the usual art treasures; its stained-glass windows are particularly worthy of attention; its tower boasts of a three-dialed clock and a dozen very fine bells; and the small garden behind it contains a statue honoring "Cristoforo Colombo, Discoverer of the Island."

Frederick Street, which crosses Marine Square near its center, is the principal shopping street, quite outranking Marine Square itself both as a busy mart and as a source of local color.

Its buildings are scarcely notable—save perhaps for the peppy advertisements which cover their awninged fronts—but few streets in the West Indies hum with such activity or swarm with such a motley array of strangely assorted (or unassorted) humans—ranging from sun-helmeted Englishmen on bicycles to barefoot negroes with bundles on their heads, while the sidewalk is lined with queerly-garbed Hindus offering for sale their urns of hammered brass or curios of silver.

As in every British West Indian island, every one pounces upon the foreign visitor, to beg or barter. A



PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD

urtesy of Raymond and Whitcomb

swarm of colored children offer their services as guides, following one everywhere, plucking at one's coat-tails, trying to drive each other away, shouting undesired information. If one pauses for an instant, some local son is sure to open conversation with a polite, "What ship are you from, sah?" and close by asking for a shilling, or if not a shilling, a penny, or if not a penny, a cigarette. Among them are many of the East Indian outcasts, some of them either drunk or crazed, who follow one for block after block, refusing to be shaken loose.

As pests, these East Indians even surpass the darkies, yet they have a quality of industry which makes Trinidad a shopper's paradise, and to quote an advertisement verbatim, the visitor to Port of Spain may procure in one establishment alone: "Views of Trinidad, native seed work, necklets, mats, handbags, girdles, sticks of native wood, raffia trimmed bags, stenciled bags, alligators, porcupines, cascadura, chuff-chuff, chalmod, flying fishes, green eels, congo eels, sea horses, squirrels, silver and gold Indian bracelets, brooches, nose rings, armlets, casadura bracelets, necklaces, hassoolys, badjoos, natphors, buckles, nugget brooches, crochet bed spreads, oriental curtains, tussore suitings, silks, arima fans, rubber tarantulas, iguana, centipedes, snakes, frogs, turtles, spiders, cocoa pods, madeira work, Indian brasswork, and a great variety of real and artificial flowers and orchids."

Woodford Square, on the left of Frederick Street a short distance inland, is another center of interest. Tradition has it that this was once the scene of a bloody Indian battle, from which the early Spaniards called it the *Plaza de Almas*, or Place of Souls, but the British have converted it into a pleasant, if somewhat formal park, and surrounded it with several important buildings. On the west is the *Red House*, a meeting place for the Legislative

Council and the headquarters of the Colonial Secretary, with the *Police Barracks* just behind it; on the north the *Town Hall* and the *Library*; and on the south the *Trinity Cathedral*, dating from 1816 and notable for its high altar and choir of elaborately carved mahogany and cedar.

Queen's Park, to which Frederick Street eventually leads, however, is by far the principal park of the city, occupying a large savannah which overlooks the town, and surrounded by several more of the city's important "sights."

On the southeast, where Frederick Street joins it, is the new *War Memorial*; on the south the *Prince's Buildings*, the scene of Trinidad's most elaborate social functions, where the Prince of Wales and other distinguished visitors have tripped the light fantastic; and the *Queen's Park Hotel*, one of the best in the West Indies. On the west is *Queen's Royal College*, the *Archbishop's Residence*, the *Savannah Club*, and the little *Church of All Saints*, along with many palatial homes half lost in gardens of bougainvillea; on the east several more of the local clubs; and on the north the *Government House*, and *Botanical Garden*.

The park itself—which incidentally may be reached from Marine Square by the cars marked "St. Ann's" or "St. Clair"—covers some 200 acres, and is at once a public grazing ground, athletic field, and a little of everything else. At 4 P. M. every shop in the city closes its doors, and every Englishman (as well as many a darker Trinidadian) heads for this playground. Ample provision is made for football, golf, cricket, or tennis, and there's even a track where from time to time horse-racing may be observed.

The Botanical Gardens, just north of the savannah, forming a sort of back garden for the Governor, are open to the public and distinctly worth a visit. Here may be seen clumps of bamboo, the individual stalk frequently ten

inches in diameter, the whole group often forty feet thick and towering to a height of a hundred; the banyan tree, whose spreading branches send their shoots back to earth again to take new root and form new trunks until the original tree has become an entire forest; and many other tropical curiosities, including orchids, brazil nuts, pepper, cinnamon, cacao, and so on throughout the vegetable dictionary.

Other Sights are more or less scattered, as usual, about the town. On *Charlotte Street*, an important thoroughfare paralleling Frederick Street to the east, are to be found the *Colonial Hospital* and the *Market*. There's a *Cemetery* at the northwest corner of Marine Square which may be of interest for its mixture of epitaphs in English, Spanish, Chinese, and Hindustani. There's another little *Market* northwest of Woodford Square. Or, a bit farther northwest, on the outskirts of the city, the place called Coolie Town.

Coolie Town, although the negroes have to some extent invaded it, is still a little patch of India, with a *Mohammedan Mosque* and a *Hindu Temple* and other features quite unique in the West Indies.

Here are the Indian bootmakers, squatting on their haunches on a floor littered with pieces of leather; Indian jewelers, displaying their manufactures of beaten silver, their necklaces and wristlets and earrings and nose-clasps, or their bangles of gold to be worn in milady's left nostril as evidence of marriage; Indian merchants, their stores laden with bright rolls of cloth; Indians everywhere, and eternally occupied, the tailors clicking at their sewing machines, the cobblers pounding at their shoes, the barbers spreading white lather over shiny black faces, until one might almost fancy himself in Madras or Calcutta.

The men, to a large extent, have spoiled the illusion by adopting European clothes, but their womenfolk—often rather pretty in their youth, with a skin of finer texture than the darky's and with peculiarly liquid brown eyes—still stick to the ancestral customs, swathing themselves with voluminous shawls, and decking themselves with anklets and bracelets until the humblest peasant suggests a jewelry store.

TRIPS FROM PORT OF SPAIN

Whatever the allurements of Trinidad's capital, it remains to be said that the island's chief attractions lie in the country beyond, many of them to be reached by a very brief auto-tour.

Over the Saddle, a ten-mile trip through some of the finest scenery, is perhaps the most favored route, passing *Maraval Reservoir*, where the city waterworks are set among clumps of giant bamboo, and continuing through the *Santa Cruz Valley* and over the lofty ridge that gives the route its name.

Along the way the trail is lined with hedges of hibiscus and shaded frequently with coco-palms; cacao bushes droop with the weight of dark red pods; the villages seem almost buried in bougainvillea; and the gardens display every conceivable variety of tropic fruit. But no less varied—and no less prolific—are the natives along the way. In some mysterious fashion the news of a tourist-party's approach seems to be radioed ahead, and every one ceases work to line the roadside. Old darky women, pipes in mouth, bow their turbaned heads in salute; the children offer bouquets or sprigs of coffee or fresh-laid eggs for sale; and if the party be a large one, the local menfolk

join the chase, pursuing the fleeting cars, and leaping on the running-board to entice you into buying nice ripe nutmegs, breadfruit, or whatever else their ingenuity may suggest.

The Blue Basin, about nine miles from Port of Spain, is another popular objective, reached by automobile through the Indian Village to the Diego Martín Valley, and thence on foot up a half-mile mountain trail.

A small pool, forty feet or so across, with a waterfall gushing from the cliffs above, it is charmingly set in tropic jungle, with a luxuriant tangle of vine and fern sprouting from every crevice in the surrounding walls, and the water itself is of such a vivid hue that, as Verrill suggests, "it seems as if one's hand, if dipped within, would be drawn forth dyed azure."

Maracas Waterfall, fifteen miles or so from the capital, is another point of interest.

On the way to this, one passes the old town of *St. Joseph*, originally (under the name of San José) the Spanish capital of the island, and still retaining an air of repose and dreaminess despite an influx of Orientals.

The Maracas falls are higher than those of the Blue Basin, their leap being 312 feet as compared with 60, and they are similarly framed in gorgeous vegetation. A trail continues beyond them for another four miles to the summit of *Mount Tucuche*, 3,012 feet above sea-level and the highest peak on the island, where a vacant hut is situated for such travelers as may wish to stop over and see the sun rise.

Macqueripe Bay, the bathing resort, is situated about eleven miles from Port of Spain, on the North Coast.

The way lies past *St. James Barracks*, where former

white garrisons were quartered and still notable for its splendid avenue of saman trees, through the Indian village of *Peru*, and thence along the shore, with the *Five Islands* glimpsed through the fringe of coco-palms which line the tropic coast.

The *Five Islands* are themselves very popular picnic grounds, to be reached either by small steamers or by specially chartered motor-boat. Board or lodging may be obtained at Turtle Beach, on *Huevos*, as a rule, or at several settlements on *Monos*, while campers frequently come out from Port of Spain, to spend the week-end.

Gasparee, in the Bocas, another island reached three or four times a week by the gulf steamers, contains stalagmitic grottos, notable for their beauty and reputed to have been the haunt of pirates. They are said never to have been fully explored, although many amateur treasure-seekers have hunted here for chests of Spanish doubloons, and their exploitation as a tourist attraction is now under the management of the Pointe Baleine Hotel, situated on the same island.

TO THE ASPHALT LAKE

If you can still spare another half-day, Trinidad's famous asphalt field, locally known as "Pitch Lake" can now be visited by motor.

In past years this curiosity was quite beyond the reach of the average hurrying tourist, for one had to go by railway to San Fernando, and thence continue by government launch across a bay to La Brea, the port for the fields. It can still be done in that fashion, very cheaply, if your time is unlimited, but the new motor-road enables

one to do it in a few hours, at a cost of about \$50 a car, and occasionally one of the big cruises adds a stop at La Brea itself, sending its tourists one way over-land.

From Port of Spain the route lies through *St. Joseph*, the one-time Spanish capital, and thence southward, crossing the *Caroni* and a succession of other rivers where it is said a sportsman may add an occasional alligator to his bag. At *Dabadie* some palm nurseries may be of interest. At *Marabella Junction*, a branch line leaves the main railway for *Princes' Town*, where are situated some "mud volcanoes," several little mounds that spit dirt and brackish water, exhaling an odor of pitch that suggests some connection with the asphalt lake.

San Fernando, about thirty-five miles from Port of Spain, is the second city of Trinidad, with a good port of its own and some importance as the shipping-point for a large sugar region.

Situated upon a hill overlooking the bay, with its business houses down below and its better residences on top, it seems to have arranged itself most systematically, grouping about the *Harris Promenade* its several government buildings, hospital, library, churches, or whatever else the traveler may regard as worthy of a glance. Several large sugar estates not far distant may invite a visit, the huge *Usine St. Madeleine* (about four miles out) claiming to be the oldest in the British West Indies, and from San Fernando as a base one may continue either by automobile or launch to La Brea.

The Pitch Lake, to use its local nomenclature, is neither pitch nor lake, and nothing much to look at, but certainly a curiosity.

A slightly concave black patch, covering about a hun-

dred acres, it has as definite shores as a genuine pond. The surface is hard enough for one to walk across with safety, and a narrow-gauge railway has been laid across it, yet one must not stop too long in one spot and the track has to be moved frequently. The "lake" works like extremely slow quicksand, and holes fill up imperceptibly to disappear within twenty-four hours. Chunks of it are chopped out by pick, and after being run through a "factory," are sent in swinging baskets down a cable line to the steamers waiting off La Brea. In their holds it solidifies or congeals once more, and upon its arrival at Perth Amboy or other ports, must all be chopped out again.

This (although there are said to be larger but less developed fields across the straits in Venezuela) practically supplies the present-day world with asphalt; Trinidad profits to the extent of over £40,000 a year from the export taxes on this very valuable commodity; and although the lake's surface is said to have subsided slightly during the many years it has been worked, the asphalt shows no sign of becoming exhausted.

Incidentally—and one might expect this in the West Indies—even this very commercial institution has a poetic past. If a popular local legend is to be believed the spot where the lake now stands was originally solid ground and the site of an Indian village. The Indians, however, killed the god-protected humming-birds of the region, whereupon the pitch came bubbling up from the center of the earth, engulfing the natives and their homes. It seems to have happened in prehistoric times, however, for the "lake" was here in the days of the earliest adventurers, and Sir Walter Raleigh once used it to calk his ships.

Oil Fields also abound in this vicinity. Many of the derricks rise from the territory about the Pitch Lake, and

larger workings are to be found at *Fyzabad*, some distance south of La Brea, or at *Tabaquite*, in the center of the island.

THE ISLAND OF TOBAGO

The little "Robinson Crusoe" island off the northeast coast of Trinidad is scarcely apt to appear upon any cruise-itinerary but is nevertheless of interest.

Its main connection with the rest of the world is by a government steamer of uncertain habits; its arrival is always an event to the islanders, who cease all work to gather at the waterfront; and although its little capital of *Scarborough* supports no hotels, many of the people gladly welcome boarders.

Its name is supposed to have been bestowed upon it by Columbus, who saw in its shape a resemblance to the smoking-pipe used by the Caribbean Indians and locally called a *tobago*, from which incidentally we acquired the word *tobacco*. But as to the Crusoe legend, the most garbled and misleading versions will be heard on this island itself. The truth, of course, is that the original Robinson—the sailor, Alexander Selkirk, who inspired the yarn—was marooned on Juan Fernandez Island, off the coast of Chile, some many hundred miles distant from Tobago and in another ocean. Defoe, in choosing a locale for his story, merely picked upon this little isle—"an uninhabited island on the coast of America near the mouth of the great River of Oroonoque"—which can mean nothing more nor less than the River Orinoco.

But the facts do not worry Tobago's inhabitants. They feel extremely proud of their distinction; they will gladly show you the identical cave where Crusoe dwelt with his

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man Friday, and we dare say that you'd experience no difficulty in meeting the very descendants of the good man Friday himself, or even Crusoe's family.

TRANSFERS FROM TRINIDAD

Next to the Panama Canal, Port of Spain is the crossing-point of more steamship routes than any other port around South America.

To the Orinoco River, in Venezuela, the local *Compania Anonima Venezolana de Navegacion* maintain a fortnightly service between Port of Spain and Ciudad Bolivar.

To the Guianas, although we omit them from this volume as being off the tourist trail and of interest mainly to the business man or the bug-hunter, Trinidad is also the principal gateway. To *Demerara*, in British Guiana, the Trinidad Line, Royal Mail, Booker Line, and Canadian Government Merchant Marine. To *Cayenne*, French Guiana, the coastal steamers of Tancy & Cie. To *Paramaribo*, Dutch Guiana, Tancy & Cie, or the vessels operated by the Dutch Government weekly from Bridgetown, Barbados.

CURACAO

General—A Dutch island off the South American coast, frequently visited en route to or from Venezuelan ports.

Area—374 square miles.

Population—35,000, mostly dark.

Capital—Willemstad, a fueling station of considerable importance.

Language—Officially Dutch. The natives speak among themselves a queer jargon called *papiamento*, but understand many languages, including frequently English.

Currency—Dutch and U. S. The local "guilder" (worth \$.40) is divided into 100 Dutch cents.

Climate—Warm and dry. The island lies in the path of the trade winds, but is without mountains to attract the moisture. The rainy season, theoretically from October to February, often skips a year and never is very wet. Drinking water, distilled from the sea at Willemstad, is probably safe.

Communication—From New York or Venezuelan ports by Royal Netherlands Line or Red "D" Line. From Trinidad or Panama via Royal Netherlands (Colon Line), Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, Leyland Line, or Hamburg-America Line.

Dependencies—Other Dutch islands, reached usually by government boats from Curacao, are Bonaire and Aruba, both near Curacao itself; Saba, St. Eustatius, and half of St. Martin, among the northernmost of the Lesser Antilles.

CHAPTER XVII

THE DUTCH WEST INDIES



THE LANDING, CURACAO

Tropical Holland—Willemstad—Dependencies of Curacao.

CHAPTER XVII

THE DUTCH WEST INDIES

Of the several landlords who still own real-estate on the Caribbean Sea, the Dutch remain to be mentioned.

Time was when Holland's navies gave the French and the British concern for their islands; when her privateers harried the Spaniard; when her sons, not content with the West Indies as a field for their exploits, roved farther south to harry the Portuguese in Brazil. Undoubtedly they seized far more territory than a small country was able to garrison and hold, and out of the grand scramble that marked the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Holland has emerged with only a scattering of small islands—Saba, St. Eustatius, and a slice of St. Martin in the Lesser Antilles; Curacao, Aruba, and Bonaire off the Venezulean coast—and of them all, Curacao alone is of genuine importance.

CURACAO

Even this little isle, until comparatively recent date, was considered inconsequential.

One of the most barren spots about the Caribbean, its 374 square miles are without a single spring or fresh-water stream; the population (except in the port of Willemstadt, where sea-water is distilled) is dependent entirely upon the rains, which fall sparsely for about two months in the year; and about the only worth-while fruit that grows is a bitter orange, whose peel is shipped to

Amsterdam or Hamburg for the manufacture of the curacao liqueur.

With such a handicap, this Curacao for many years was useful mainly to Venezuelan revolutionists, who, because of its proximity to their native coast, found it an ideal rendezvous for the organization of their filibustering expeditions, and not infrequently a still better place to flee to when the expeditions failed. One Dutchman did introduce a moderately successful new industry by importing ostriches from the African Transvaal. But on the whole, the island seemed rather ill-favored until, within the past decade, the oil fields of Maracaibo, only an overnight run from Willemstad, experienced a sudden boom.

The Dutch were prompt to capitalize this. Maracaibo, on a gulf of the same name at the northwest corner of Venezuela, is itself rather off the usual steamer-lane, but Curacao is strategically situated in the track of the Trinidad-Panama shipping and convenient to the New York-Venezuela lines. Willemstad, as a result, has become the fueling station par excellence of the whole Caribbean. To-day, if your vessel anchors outside the harbor in the early morning, a dozen or more heavily-laden tankers await the opening of the city's "gates," along with an equal number of freighters and a passenger-boat or two. For this once inconsequential port is now one of very considerable consequence, and one of the busiest in the West Indies.

Willemstad itself is one of the queerest little towns on the run.

It borders upon the sea, a city of some 15,000 inhabitants, quite resembling in its architecture a bit of transplanted Holland. The house-fronts are of many hues,

but the roofs are uniformly of red tile, blackened frequently with age, curving quaintly at the eaves, and interspersed with many a tiny peak or gable.

Through the center of town runs what might well pass for a canal, but what proves to be the entrance to the harbor. A pontoon bridge which spans it suddenly separates in the middle in response to the steamer's whistle; a steam-launch constituting one of the pontoons goes chugging away, swinging the bridge around until it lies parallel with the shore; your vessel passes between two old forts whose Dutch soldiers can easily hail one another across the narrow channel; and you practically sail up one of Willemstad's main streets.

Landing is usually alongside the wharves which line both sides of the passage, but vessels calling for fuel may continue on, into a huge land-locked interior basin well behind the city—where coal piles and oil tanks fill the entire landscape, and refineries extend inland farther than the eye can follow—and from here return is made to the center of town by launch, generally by the steamship company's tender without expense.

WILLEMSTAD

Population—15,000, mostly black, but with a scattering of Dutchmen and many Spanish or Portuguese Jews.

Hotels—Americano, Washington, and Comercio, about \$3 or \$4 a day; also many smaller establishments.

Conveyances—Autos, by agreement. The usual charge in town is \$3 an hour; for excursions out of town \$3 or \$4.

Post Office—In Government Buildings (see text). Postage to U. S. 12½ Dutch cents, equivalent to about 5 cents in American money.

Banks—Hollandische Bank voor West Indie; also Madu-

ro's Bank; Curiel's Bank. These, although private concerns, are correspondents for most of the banks which do business in the West Indies.

To start by getting our bearings, Willemstad is cut by channels into three distinct sections.

To the left as you first enter by ship is the *Otrabanda*, literally in Spanish "the other side," which, although quite picturesque, is not especially important. To the right is the *Pietermaay*, the principal business section. And behind it, separated by a narrower canal which shoots off at right angles from the main channel, is the *Schardo*, of interest mainly as one of the places where the boat may choose to dock.

All three sections, however, are united by the pontoon bridges, for crossing which a pedestrian is supposed to pay a fee of one or two cents—though before *we* discovered that any fee at all was necessary we crossed and recrossed without molestation from the collector!—and the hurried tourist does best to find the *Pietermaay*, the site of the principal sights.

The *Pietermaay*, despite its comparative importance, is as much of a hodge-podge as its suburbs.

Upon its channel-front, facing the wharves, are most of the steamship offices. Paralleling the channel, one block inland, *Heeren Straat* is a busy shopping center, and *Breede Straat*, crossing the last-named at right angles, is likewise of importance. But except for these two or three principal thoroughfares, of which more anon, it is a network of narrow alleys, barely fifteen feet wide, above which the balconies of the houses almost meet so that according to Ober "lovers may clasp hands across the road." Very quaint and amusing indeed, are these lanes, though scarcely so romantic as the above might suggest.

Despite Dutch reputation for cleanliness—the Hollander here being quite lost in a swarm of blacks, Chinamen, Venezuelans, and others, including a host of Spanish or Portuguese Jews—these streets are rudely cobbled and often filthy. And although they appear fairly respectable by day, they undergo a complete transformation at night, when their street-level shops are barred, and lights twinkle in the upper stories to proclaim that the region has changed from a shopping center to a red-light district whose merchants now consist of carmine-cheeked black houris.

Breede Street, in contrast, is comparatively wide and chaste and often fairly clean. Quite the most important of the thoroughfares, it commences at the pontoon bridge which spans the channel entrance, and runs eastward, leading to such points as might be catalogued as sights.

Just south of it—to your right as you come from the bridge—are the *Government Buildings*, forming a square about an open court, and entered through an arch in a patch of old fortress-wall. Within will be found the *Post Office*, and just a step farther south is the old *Water Fort*, covering the channel entrance, the only one of Curacao's fortifications that's still in use, and barred unfortunately to visitors.

Upon *Breede Straat* itself (or close by on Heeren Straat) are the banks, and most of the leading shops, whose names testify to Curacao's varied nationalities. Here the Boekhandel Sluyter rubs shoulders with the Bazar Francés, the Botica Nueva with the Yellow House, but the shop-keepers usually speak English, and many bargains are to be had. Willemstad is a free port, to which goods come without duty; tropical clothing may be purchased to good advantage; many American articles (cigarettes, etc.) are cheaper than at home; liquors are not encumbered with bootleg prices; and occasional curios

are to be picked up, such as drawn-work and embroidery, articles of woven straw, strange sea-shells, or snake-skins and stuffed animals from the jungles of Venezuela.

Pietermaay Boulevard, to which Breede Straat leads, is a wide and well-paved avenue paralleling the sea-coast and lined with Curacao's best residences. Here one finds the *Court House*, the *Masonic Temple*, the *Hendrik School*, and the suprisingly big *Synagogue* of the Spanish Jews, along with the private mansions of the Jews themselves, who now own practically every bank, store, or business house of any importance throughout the entire island. The Boulevard, however, is rather long and sunny and one does best at this point to hire a car, driving on past a couple of pleasant little parks and the big *Catholic Church of the Rosary*, and continuing (if time permits) to the Ostrich Farm.

The Ostrich Farm, about a half-hour's motor-ride from the center of town, is of interest to most visitors and about the best of the local excursions.

The route lies through a rolling desert scarcely notable for scenic magnificence, where countless goats browse among the coarse brown grass, and tiny lizards scurry through endless hedges of cactus. The vegetation consists mainly of scraggly "wabi" trees, all bent crookedly westward by the prevailing wind, a most prickly sort of growth related to the mimosa family, and a near relative of the bush which in Palestine formed Jesus' crown of thorns.

Beyond the city limits an almost total absence of habitation adds to the desolateness of the scene, but a few miles of meandering over the dusty road brings one to the farm, where the snaky-looking necks of the queer African bird rise like periscopes from a series of cactus-hedged inclosures.

Mynher Lens, the proprietor, is usually very courteous about explaining to visitors the many peculiarities of his flock, which thrives and multiplies only with constant care. Under satisfactory climatic conditions the ostrich lays but once a year, her eggs numbering about a dozen, and during the forty-two day period of incubation the male takes turns at setting, going on duty religiously every evening, to be relieved by his mate at daybreak. The young chicks are extremely delicate; the parents must be immediately removed lest they step on their offspring or rob them of their food. Eggs and lettuce constitute the younger birds' diet, to which eventually may be added alfalfa, cut into minute pieces. And even with such attention, 70 per cent. are said to die before they reach maturity.

Once grown, however, the ostrich is a perennial source of wealth. Each year, as he develops his more gorgeous plumage for the mating season, he is stripped of wing and tail feathers, which are curled and dyed by a troop of colored girls in the neighboring "factory," to be shipped to all parts of the world. And a visit to the farm always concludes with a visit to the factory, from which few tourists escape without being sold a goodly number of the plumes.

Other Excursions from Willemstad, any of which may be made within half a day, are to the *Strawplaiting School* and *Caracas Bay*, where a remarkably well-preserved *Spanish Fort* of the 17th century may be visited; to the *Caves of Hato*, a series of grottos about an hour's drive from Willemstad; or to the estate of "*Jan Thiel*," about 20 minutes' drive, where bathing is to be enjoyed. For the trips to Caracas Bay or the Caves it may be necessary to obtain government permit, and inquiry as to the latest regulations should be made in advance through local steamship agents.

DEPENDENCIES OF CURACAO

While they're mostly unimportant and quite off the tourist trail, the other Dutch islands may (in some cases) be of interest.

Saba, at least, comes in this category, for although it's one of the most isolated of them all, it is seen occasionally by the passing traveler and takes high rank among the Caribbean curiosities.

Situated well in the northern cluster of the Lesser Antilles (see page 180), it rises in a lofty volcanic cone from the open sea, with a depression at the top which once inspired sailors to call it "Napoleon's Cocked Hat." The top of it is called *The Bottom*. And although it has no harbor, it contains more seafaring men in proportion to its population than any other island in the West Indies, for Dutch sailors often retire here when they leave the sea, settling in the little town hidden in its crater, 2,800 feet above the Caribbean, from which, spy-glass in hand, they enjoy all the thrills of living on a mizzen-top.

Occasionally a government packet may call here; more infrequently a pleasure-yacht from the north; but in general Saba's only communication with the rest of the world is by schooner from St. Kitts or St. Croix. The population, numbering possibly 2,000, is part black and part white, but there's a distinct cleavage between the two, and little intermarriage. Many of the Dutchmen have brought their families, and live a quiet, thrifty sort of life; the women make very delicate drawn-work, which is sold in the neighboring islands; and the men wring a somewhat scanty but sufficient livelihood from the somewhat scanty but sufficient soil of the crater. The climate, thanks to the altitude of the town called "Bottom," is

bracing and healthful. Trees grow in the sheltered crater, from which the retired seamen build the best schooners made in these regions. A long curving system of "ways" leads from the cone to the harborless sea below, and if Saba had no other claim to uniqueness it could stand on record as the only island where vessels are launched by being slid from the top of a volcano.

St. Martin, also among the northermost of the Antilles, is but part Dutch, being shared with France. The Dutch section is slightly the more thickly populated, with some three thousand or more inhabitants, nearly all black, engaged mostly in fishing and salt-raking.

St. Eustatius, commonly called "Statia," is in the same group. Though only seven miles in area, with one small town called Orange, whose communication is limited to an occasional packet or sloop, it is notable for its single mountain, a cone rivaling that of Nevis in its perfect curvature, and is of interest to the passing Yankee for the fact that here (tradition has it) the American flag received its first salute from a foreign power, in 1776.

What that flag resembled no one knows, but it is said to have had thirteen stripes without the starry field. It was carried by the privateer *Andrew Doria*, of Baltimore, which dropped into port for supplies. The Dutch, at least on this island, had traded freely with American ships throughout the revolution, and Governor De Graaff saluted the vessel from old *Fort Orange*, which may still be seen on a hill above the town. And in retaliation, it may be added, the British Admiral Rodney dropped around in 1781, to pounce upon the port and help himself to plunder valued at \$15,000,000.

Aruba and Bonaire, the more southerly Dutch islands, are each but thirty miles distant from Curacao, the former

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to the westward, the latter to the east. Save for small gold mines on Aruba (or Oruba, as it is sometimes spelled), they are quite unimportant; their communication with Willemstad is mainly by small boat; and their few thousand inhabitants are engaged principally in fishing.

THE PEARL ISLANDS

Along the Venezuelan coast, from Trinidad to Curacao, are several small islands known mainly for their pearl-fisheries.

Columbus is said to have discovered their oyster-beds; in their time they were the seat of a very lucrative industry; and many of them contain the relics of sixteenth century forts. Margarita, the principal island, is sometimes visited by the more local Royal Netherlands steamers. The others are reached usually by sail-boats from neighboring mainland ports; none of them offer attractive accommodations; and the traveler who would visit them must first unravel the red-tape which their proprietor, the Venezuelan Government, carries to a ludicrous extreme.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SPANISH MAIN



THE ROOFS OF CARACAS

The Birthplace of South American Freedom—La Guaira to Caracas—Venezuelan and Colombian Ports—Ancient Cartagena—The Trip to Bogota.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SPANISH MAIN

If you're still with us—en route from Trinidad to the Canal—a stop or two is likely to be made along the coast of South America.

The republics of Venezuela and Colombia, in fact, are more frequently visited on a standard Caribbean Cruise than on the South American tour itself, and even our independent traveler who prefers his trips by the steamers in regular operation may find it more convenient to combine these lands with the West Indies.

Both the countries, once the "Spanish Main," are distinctly worth-while, picturesque and interesting in themselves, and of historical importance as the birthplace of South American independence.

HISTORICAL

To go back a bit—to the very beginning of these countries—it was Columbus, as usual, who first sighted the territory now known as Venezuela, on his third voyage, in 1498.

With him came Alonzo de Ojeda, who returned a year later with a fleet of his own, sailing into the Gulf of Maracaibo, where several Indian huts perched on stilts beside a network of canals suggested to him the present name of the country, meaning "Little Venice." And incidentally, with Ojeda on this trip came an Italian pickle-dealer, Amerigo Vespucci, who wrote a book about the continent, and whose publisher, scrawling the author's

name across a crude and incomplete map, gave us all our present title of "Americans."

Many cities were founded hereabouts by these early explorers, and that of Cartagena, now in Colombia, grew and prospered and became the stoutest fortress on the Spanish Main. But in the Venezuelan settlements, the mother country had little interest. The land produced comparatively little gold and silver, wherefore Spain, although imposing upon the colonists all its many restrictions, offered them no help and showed them no consideration.

Perhaps *this* explains the restiveness of the Venezuelan settlers that led to the birth of rebellion in Caracas. There were several abortive outbreaks, but that of Francisco Miranda, in 1806, was the first of importance.

Miranda had been a soldier of fortune in many countries and had served with Lafayette in the North American revolution before he came home to raise the standard of revolt among his own countrymen. But his first two filibustering expeditions met with failure, and during the third he was betrayed into the hands of the Spaniards—according to some versions, by his own lieutenant—and died in a dungeon on the coast of North Africa in 1816.

Bolivar was the lieutenant in question—Simon Antonio de la Santisima Trinidad Bolivar—the wealthy son of an old Venezuelan family, and a youth of great personal charm. As a child, during his travels in Europe, when the Prince of Spain defeated him in a game of shuttlecock, he promptly wolloped His Highness over the head with the bat—an incident both illuminating as to his character, and prophetic of future performances. For presently, Miranda having passed from the scene, Bolivar

became "The South American George Washington" with a revolution of his own, and his personal magnetism "put it over" where his predecessors had failed.

Fellow-countrymen who had been unroused by Miranda rushed to Bolivar's standard. The war, waged with varying success, turned in favor of the colonists when Bolivar defeated the Royalists on August 7, 1819, at the battle of Boyacá, and another victory on June 24th, 1821, at Carabobo, put an end to Spanish rule along this North Coast.

Thereafter, the local patriots turned their attention to helping the movement which already had spread to other parts of the continent. Down in the Argentine, San Martín raised his banner, and his forces worked northward while Bolivar drove southward. They met in Peru, the last Spanish stronghold. There was a question as to who should take the final command, and San Martín—placing patriotism above personal glory—withdrew in favor of Bolivar. There the battle of Ayacucho, in 1824, broke for all time Spain's domination in South America.

Bolivar became the first president of Greater Colombia, which at the time included Venezuela, Ecuador, and New Granada (the present republic of Colombia). But in later years, his rôle in local republican politics lost him the favor of his countrymen, and he died very modestly and obscurely in a little château at Santa Marta, Colombia, lamenting, "I have plowed in the sea!"

The Republic of Greater Colombia endured from December 17, 1819, until September 22, 1830. Then Venezuela seceded, forming a government of its own, whose independence was belatedly recognized by Spain in 1845. Ecuador withdrew a year after Venezuela. And what remained of the confederation became Colombia by the mere change of name in 1871.

TO VENEZUELA

If you first sight the Venezuelan coast at La Guaira—as most travelers will—it is impressive.

From the water's edge, the hills rise sharply aloft in steep cliffs of dull red and olive green. The town itself is a vision of scarlet-tiled roofs, clustering thickly on the sea-rim and dwindling as they retreat up the mountain-sides, yet perching wherever the slopes permit, as though sprouting there from wind-blown seeds—such a town as one might select for the setting of a tropical yarn, with coco-palms along the beach, and a decrepit old fort bristling on the hillside.

The smaller ships frequently dock. From larger vessels the landing is by launch, but the debarkation—once considered an adventure in this open roadstead—has been improved by the construction of a breakwater, a British enterprise, said to have cost in the neighborhood of \$5,000,000.

VENEZUELA

Area—393,976 square miles.

Population—estimated at 3,000,000.

Language—Spanish, with Indian dialects in the interior.

Capital—Caracas, reached by rail or auto from the port of La Guaira in about two hours. Interesting as the birthplace of South American freedom and the home of Bolivar, the South American Washington.

Climate—Tropical along the coast and in the Orinoco district. Above the shore, however, is a level known as the "llanos," where the climate is temperate and pleasant. The dry season is from November to March. Caracas, over 2500 feet in altitude, has a temperature ranging from 48° to 82° Fahr., enjoying a salubrious climate throughout the year.

Currency—American or British coins *may* be accepted, but the circulation of foreign bank notes is theoretically against the law. The local unit is the *Bolívar*, based on the French franc, and normally worth \$.193, or about 20 cents in U. S. money.

Entrance requirements—By special dispensation, tourists on a West Indies cruise may be permitted to land without passport, but this document is ordinarily required, along with vaccination certificate, etc.

Hotels, etc. are listed under the several separate towns or cities.

La Guaira, although the principal port of the republic, is of interest mainly as the most convenient gateway to Caracas. Its sights are somewhat limited. There's the old fort on the hill, and perhaps a few churches, one of which is said to have been built on the proceeds of a lottery, while another, for which a local priest raised funds by fining his parishioners for swearing, is known among the impious here as the *Iglesia de la Santísima Carramba*, or "Church of the Most Holy Damn."

The town, however, is notoriously hot, for its picturesque background, culminating in *La Silla*, "the saddle," a mountain nearly 9,000 feet high, effectually shuts off the breeze, so that it has often been called the "Aden of South America," and most travelers head immediately for Caracas.

Macuato, a seaside resort three miles distant from the port by rail, is recommended to those who *must* stop here. It is around the hill, where it catches an occasional breath of air, offers sea bathing, and its Hotel Alemania is said to be good. The fashionable season for Venezuelans themselves is from November to March, when the climate is that of Nice or Naples, and Macuato becomes the local "Brighton."

LA GUAIRA TO THE CAPITAL

As the crow flies—or rather, as the mole burrows—Caracas is but seven miles distant.

In reality, the winding journey—which may be made by rail or by motor car—is one of about twenty-three miles. The automobiles make it over an excellent road in something over an hour. The railway—fare 12.50 bolívars, or less than \$3.00—requires nearer two hours, but is considered one of the great scenic routes of South America.

By rail, the course leads through coco-groves, passes the red-tiled suburb of Maquetea, and ascends inland through the hills, affording many retrospects of the Caribbean. Originally an American enterprise but now operated by British interests, this road is said to have cost \$100,000 per mile; its average grade is 4 per cent.; and in scaling the 5000 foot ridge it plunges through many tunnels and crosses many culverts, with scarcely twenty yards of straight line upon its entire journey.

The hills along the way are largely barren of vegetation, except for stray cacti, but the deep gullies below are riotously green with jungle. Now or then the new motor road appears like a white serpentine, following the contour of the cliffs below the railway; at other times they separate, and one sees only a vague mule-trail far down in the gulch, with the tiny figure of a driver in a high-peaked hat following the tinier figure of a little burro.

Sir Francis Drake once captured La Guaira, and the Spanish troops from Caracas waited in this valley to intercept him in case he advanced upon their capital. Drake, however, slipped around by another path, sacked their city, and rejoined his ships with a million dollars

worth of treasure—while the garrison still waited here.

Caracas, our destination, was founded in 1567 by Don Diego de Losada under the full name of Santiago Leon de Caracas.

Its altitude, nearly 3000 feet in the northern part of the city but 400 feet lower in the southern, gives it the climate so frequently described as that of eternal spring. The river Guaire courses through the center of town, and damp fogs are prevalent at times, yet the climate is healthful, and the setting most attractive, with a surrounding cordon of blue-green mountains, their slopes fringed with sugar plantation and coffee grove.

The city itself is picturesque, with typical Spanish streets, often rocky and narrow, but with some broad avenues and many parks. The women—except for the aristocratic señoritas in their latest creations from Paris—drape themselves in *mantas*, while the men of lower rank wear narrow-brimmed, high-peaked hats of straw. Donkeys jog through the hilly highways with huge barrels lashed to their sides. The itinerant lottery-ticket vender is omnipresent. In fact, all the expected color of Spanish America is here, and although Caracas is to-day a city of 135,000 people—an important center for chocolate, coffee, tobacco, and sugar, modernized by the installation of electricity, ice plant, a good water supply, and several breweries—it is still redolent of the Colonial era, with much of the historic to be seen, and with a very intense pride in its present culture.

To call it “a second Paris,” as some writers have done, may be to flatter it a trifle. As Arthur Ruhl remarks in *The Other Americans*: “It goes through the motions in many little superficial ways, and it regards these motions with quite as much seriousness as though they were the real thing. . . . It is with the conviction and self-

absorption of the true boulevardier that they [the Venezuelans] write about the thunder of traffic in their quiet little streets, the magnificence of their pretty little villas, and describe the carriage parade in the Paraiso as though that little macadam street were Hyde Park or the Champs Elysées."

Travelers usually like Caracas, however, and many may wish to stop.

Conveyances—Automobiles may be hired at from 8 to 20 bolivianos an hour; carriages at 5 or 6.

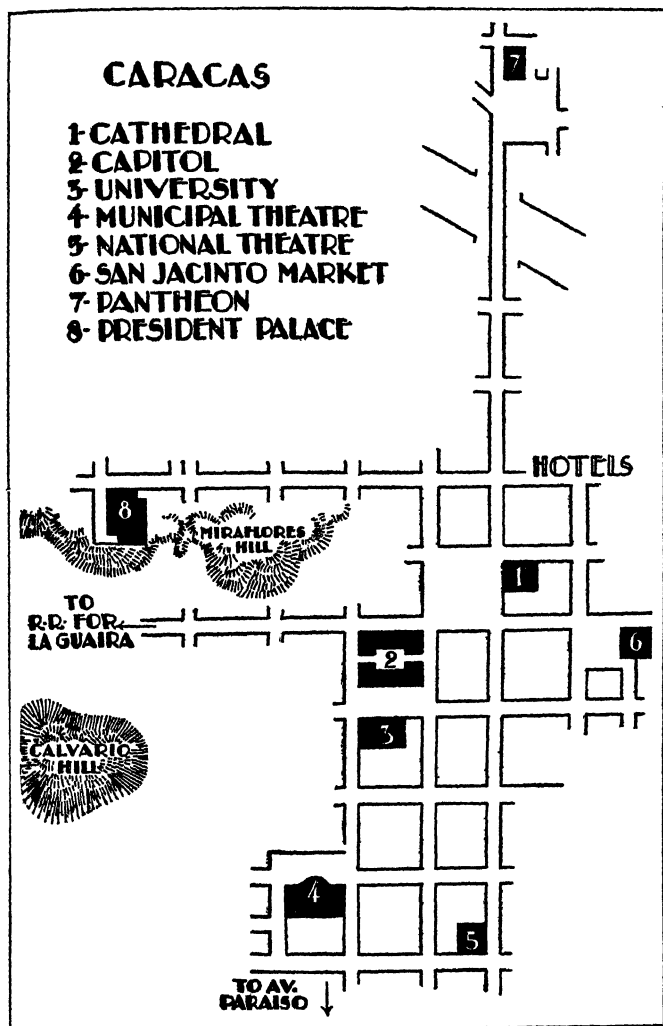
Hotels—Palace, America, Middleton's, Majestic, and Gran Hotel Caracas (about 15 to 30 bolivianos a day). Also many smaller establishments.

THE SIGHTS OF CARACAS

For a brief trip, it is best to hire a coach or cab. The drivers seldom speak English, but their experience with the hordes of tourists who come on winter Caribbean cruises, has taught them what the visitor would see.

If you go on foot, the city centrally is of regular layout, although broken elsewhere by hills or gullies. While the government some years ago numbered all the streets systematically "West First, West Third," etc. on one side of a dividing avenue, and "West Second," "West Fourth," on the other, some of the natives still persist in following an ancient custom of naming not the streets but the corners, or crossings. Wherefore, one orients himself best from a few outstanding parks and landmarks.

The Plaza Bolivar is the center of Caracas, if not of all Venezuela. A most attractive square containing a noteworthy statue of the Liberator, it is a favorite loafing place for the city's many poets, the scene of the evening promenades or the Sunday morning drawing of the na-



tional lottery, and about it are the Cathedral, University, and Government Buildings.

The Cathedral is somewhat barnlike and gloomy as compared with many Latin-American churches, but it deserves a visit, and usually—despite the fact that Venezuela is more intellectual and less devout than many of the countries—it will be found filled at any hour of the day with kneeling worshippers.

The National Capitol itself, covering an entire square, contains the legislative halls, the quarters of the Federal Supreme Court, and other government buildings, and the *Federal Palace*, which forms an integral part of it, is devoted to many fine salons where official receptions are held, the most notable being the *Salon Eliptico*, decorated by Tovar y Tovar's frescos of the battle of Carabobo.

The University, separated from the Capitol by another narrow park, and also covering some 8,000 square meters, is a massive colonial structure with a Gothic façade. It houses an institution which, originating as a theological seminary some two centuries or more before Venezuela became a republic, now offers courses in medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, physical and mathematical sciences, political science, and "preparation for diplomacy."

From the plaza, one may wander pretty much at will to find other sights. The *Municipal Theater* is about two blocks distant and deserving of a visit, as is the *National Theater*. Also but two blocks away, the market square of *San Jacinto* is fascinating to the lover of types and local color, with chances to purchase flowers or curios, and close by is the reconstructed home of Simon Bolivar himself.

Bolivar's Home, for many years following the hero's death, was used as a warehouse, until the original fell to pieces. Thereupon the populace awoke to its neglect, re-

building it into an accurate replica of the original, and making it a combined art gallery, museum, and testimonial to the Liberator. To quote William L. Scruggs, a one-time American minister to Colombia: "Bolivar living was an object of envy and distrust; Bolivar dead is a memory of almost superstitious reverence. His portraits and statues are seen everywhere in Venezuela. The gold and silver coins of the country all bear his profile; the monetary unit of the republic is called by his name; every national bank-bill and postage stamp bears his picture; and everything connected with his person is carefully collected and cherished."

The Pantheon, situated on the Plaza Miranda, in the northern part of town, now contains Bolivar's remains. A large white cathedral-like structure, originally intended for a church, it is to-day a sort of Venezuelan Westminster Abbey for the burial of national heroes, of which Caracas boasts more than any other city in the world. Miranda, Bello, Paez, Falcon, Vargas, Urbaneja, Yañez, and many other notables are interred here, but the principal tomb is Bolivar's, and his ashes (all except the heart which was left at Santa Marta, the scene of his death) rest beneath a handsome marble monument, the work of the Italian sculptor, Tenerani, beneath the central cupola.

Calvario Hill, dominating the city, is another of the important landmarks, and should be climbed for its superb views of the capital's red-tiled roofs. It rises some 200 feet or more, and its summit has been converted into a park. On the slope rises the "Arch of the Federation," commemorating the establishment of a federal system of government modeled more or less upon that of the U. S. A., with autonomy for the several states in their management of internal problems.

The Presidential Mansion, atop another hill, just across the gully from Calvario, also has its view, and contains a pleasant old Moorish patio lined with portales, along with a banquet hall notable for paintings and carvings.

The Avenida Paraiso, the city's fashionable avenue, usually concludes the round of the standard exhibits. Lined with the finest residences in Caracas and a favored drive-way or promenade for the local élite, it leads well out into the suburbs past the old Spanish bullring, to a statue which to North Americans may look vaguely familiar. It is none other than the North American Bolivar, or "Don Jorge Washington." And it might incidentally be noted that the full name of this country is the *Estados Unidos* (United States) *de Venezuela*.

Excursions, in case you linger, may be made by motor to various suburban resorts, to the grottos of El Encanto and Encantado, or to the nearby coffee estates. In Caracas itself, there's an Academy of Fine Arts for the more studious, while for the socially inclined it might be mentioned that the Venezuelans are particularly noted for their hospitality.

CARACAS TO COLOMBIA

If, from the Venezuelan capital, your course lies westward toward the canal, it will not be necessary to retrace your steps to La Guaiña.

A fairly good motor road, as well as the *Gran Ferrocarril* (railway) *de Venezuela*, will take you in that direction, by way of Maracay and Valencia to Puerto Cabello, where the coastal steamers (coming from Europe and Trinidad) usually stop on their run to the Isthmus. These steamers, in fact, often arrange for their own passengers

to leave at La Guaira, rush up to Caracas, and rejoin them two days later at Cabello.

The journey by train to that port, 146 miles, takes about 12 hours, and requires a change of railways at Valencia. The auto road follows approximately the same route.

Maracay, passed on the way (about 77 miles from Caracas) is a town of some 10,000 people, situated at an altitude of 1500 feet in the center of a rich coffee and sugar district, and capital of the State of Aragua.

Valencia, 112 miles from Caracas, has nearer 30,000 people, and is capital of the state of Carabobo. Attractively situated upon the shore of the Cabriales River, near Lake Valencia, it is both a commercial and social center, many of Venezuela's élite maintaining homes there. Carriages are available, and time permitting, rides may be taken to the lake, three miles from town, or to the Battleground of Carabobo, where the Venezuelans defeated the Spanish in the war for independence.

Hotels—Lourdes, Juana de Arco, Olivares, Ottolina.

Puerto Cabello, 34 miles from Valencia, is second to La Guaira among the Venezuelan ports. A half-mile channel leads past a stout Spanish fortress to its landlocked harbor. It was once a favored pirate rendezvous; an unconfirmed rumor has it that Sir Francis Drake was buried beneath its waters although Porto Bello, in Panama, claims that, too; and another yarn of interest is that General Paez, destined later to succeed Bolivar in the local presidency, once rode into the bay at the head of his cavalry and captured a fleet of Spanish gunboats, thus winning the only naval battle ever fought on horseback. The wharves are modern, and Puerto Cabello is to-day an important outlet for coffee, cacao, cotton, copra, hides, and hardwoods. The population is about 20,000.

Hotels—Banos, Universal, France.

Maracaibo. The east-bound steamers, leaving Puerto Cabello, en route to the Colombian ports, stop usually at Maracaibo, capital of the State of Zulia. Long a sleepy jungle city and the haunt of alligators, this port has taken on new importance through the development of local oil fields, and so fast has it grown that recent estimates of its population have jumped from "46,000" to "120,000." It now has pleasant parks, a cathedral, several convents and institutions of learning; an extensive commerce with this part of Venezuela and Colombia by the small boats and steamers that ply the 2100 square miles of Lake Maracaibo; and airplane service across the lake to the oilfields. The Venezuelan oilfields are estimated to cover nearly 27,000 square miles, and the output of the several companies in operation has jumped from about four million barrels in 1923 to about thirty-five million in 1926.

Hotels in Maracaibo—Victoria, Zulia, Myddleton's, Americano, Grand, Venecia, Del Lago.

Curacao, the Dutch West Indian island off the Venezuelan coast, where the European steamers usually stop between Puerto Cabello and Maracaibo is mentioned in the preceding chapter.

COLOMBIA

Area—476,916 square miles.

Population—6,617,900, with mulattos on Caribbean coast, whites and Indians in interior.

Language—Mostly Spanish, with Indian dialects in the more remote regions.

Capital—Bogota, a center of old Spanish culture, situated inland, and best reached from Puerto Colombia, on the Caribbean coast, by airplane and rail.

Caribbean ports—Santa Marta, mainly a banana town.

Barranquilla, just inland from Puerto Colombia, a commercial center. Cartagena, of greatest interest to the tourist, containing the best ruins on the Spanish Main.

Currency—American or British money is usually accepted in the Caribbean ports. In the interior, the Colombian peso, normally worth \$.973, is the standard.

Entrance Requirements—Tourists on West Indies cruises, stopping but a day in Cartagena, may be spared formalities, but ordinarily passports, etc., are required.

Climate—Tropical along the shore; cool in the elevated interior. Bogota, thanks to its altitude, enjoys a salubrious climate throughout the year. On the Caribbean coast, the dry season is from December to May; on the Pacific coast there's no dry season at all; in the interior, the seasons and climates vary from place to place. The Magdalena River, the country's principal artery of commerce, is most readily navigable from May to November.

Pacific Coast—Columbia, it might be noted, is the only country in South America bordering on two oceans. Buenaventura, the principal Pacific port, has mule-and-rail connection to Bogota.

THE COLOMBIAN PORTS

From here on, the steamer's itinerary may vary—and we are now on the course of several lines from New York which omit Venezuela—but some or all of the following will be the ports of call:

Santa Marta, at the mouth of the Manzanares River, is the site of a big United Fruit enterprise, and reached as a rule only by the steamers of that company, although it has connection by local service with Barranquilla. The harbor is deep, and ships tie up to the wharf to load bananas by a system of belt-conveyors, always interesting to the visitor. Excursions may be made to the neighboring plantations. The town itself, population about 18,000, is

of historic interest, and the old château where Bolivar died, about five miles out, is open to the public.

Hotel.—International.

Puerto Colombia, at the mouth of the River Magdalena, is a landing-place for the important commercial city of Barranquilla, just up the stream. The Magdalena is the fourth in rank of South American rivers, exceeded in size only by the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the Plata. It has a length of over a thousand miles, a list of 500 tributaries, and it is navigable for more than 900 miles. But silt blocks the mouth, despite dredging operations now in progress, and the first few miles are *not* navigable; hence Puerto Colombia, from which the trains of a local British concern will carry one seventeen miles to Barranquilla, for a round-trip fare of about \$2.50, the Colombian peso being practically equivalent to a U. S. dollar.

Barranquilla, with a population of nearly 70,000, is a city of greater interest to the business man than to the vacationing school-marm. Parks, Cathedral, and Moorish architecture give it something of color, but it is essentially a manufacturing and shipping center, the terminus of the river traffic to the interior of Colombia, and the starting-point for the steamers and seaplanes which carry travelers up the Magdalena toward Bogota, of which more anon. It also has a so-called auto road to Cartagena, which doesn't work in the wet season, and weekly passenger service by air.

Hotels—Moderno, Suiza, Regina, Pension Inglesa (\$4 to \$6 a day, including meals).

Cartagena, about an over-night run by steamer from Puerto Colombia, is one of the oldest and most picturesque cities on the Spanish Main.

The approach to its harbor is through the Boca Chica, or "Little Mouth," the early Spaniards having blocked a

wider entrance to keep out pirates. Two little old forts—San José and San Fernando—still guard the channel at its mouth, and farther on, those of Manzanillo and Castillo Grande. The narrow, zig-zag course leads for several miles through low, jungle-grown banks to a land-locked bay, where Cartagena looms beyond a shallow lagoon—compact within its encircling ramparts and topped by mosquelike domes and Moorish towers, looking much as it must have looked in the days of the buccaneers.

One lands usually outside the lagoon, at a point where Drake landed in 1586, to surprise and capture the city, and where in 1741 Admiral Vernon attempted to duplicate the feat, assisted by Captain Lawrence Washington, the brother of George.

From the wharf here, known now as Drake's Spit, a little railway train plies diligently on steamer days to the town itself—fare five cents—and lands one within a few minutes near the markets, just outside the city gate.

Hotels in Cartagena—Americano, Washington.

Conveyances—Hacks usually charge \$1 an hour, motor-cars \$4.00. Bargaining is apt to be necessary, however, particularly on the landing of big steamers, when the demand exceeds the supply. But in any event, the compact walled city is better seen on foot.

THE SIGHTS OF CARTAGENA

To some extent, even in this ancient citadel, progress has made its appearance.

The city gate is new, erected to replace a fallen original, and its bric-à-brac design and giddy coloring clash frightfully with the somberness of the ancient weed-grown walls. The crooked old streets about the *Plaza de los Coches*, a small courtyard just within the entrance, have been

scandalously repaved. And the first sign to catch the eye announces blatantly in English, "Chop suey and short orders served here." But the houses as a rule are old and Moorish, with many portales and balconies, dating back to somewhere near the founding of the city by Pedro de Heredia in 1533, and once one has passed the standard sights, there's much of the unspoiled and the picturesque.

The Calle Manuel Roman, a street leading straight in from the entrance, will bring one to what are considered the chief show-places.

The Cathedral, about two blocks inland, is recently remodeled, and too garishly ornate to awaken sentimental reflections.

The Parque de Bolivar, just beyond—once the old Plaza of the Inquisition, where infidels were tortured until they embraced Christianity and then executed before they could backslide—has been transformed into a very formal park, with flagged walks and stone benches beneath its royal palms, and an equestrian statue of the Liberator in the center.

The House of the Inquisition, a long low building just across the Parque, is now a private dwelling, and barred usually to visitors.

Beyond the plaza, however, progress has encroached but little. One has but to ramble in any direction along the old streets, which sooner or later revert to rude cobbles or sand, to find some old church of the colonial era—cream-colored Santo Domingo or rose-hued San Diego or countless others, of varying interest—or, three blocks to one's left as one faces the House of the Inquisition, the church and monastery of San Pedro Claver, Colombia's Patron Saint.

San Pedro Claver, a godly man of the early colonial

days, who wore a crown of thorns, refused to slap the mosquitos that bit him, and devoted his life to healing the diseased black cargo which the slave-ships brought over from Africa, lived in the monastery which bears his name. A colored attendant usually meets one at the door, in anticipation of a small tip, and leads one up a flight of stone steps worn by generations of monkly feet, to point out the room where he lived and the room where he died. From the tower above, an excellent view is obtained of the city's roofs. And the visit concludes usually with an inspection of the dim and misty church itself, where San Pedro now reposes in a glass case beneath the altar, illumined by electric lights, his bones neatly piled in the shape of a pyramid and covered by a silken canopy, with his skull perched conspicuously on top and beaming down benignly upon the worshippers.

The fortifications are Cartagena's main interest, however, and one has but to follow any street in any direction to find them. Running for leagues about the waterfront in a series of irregular bastions, and fronted on the landward side by deep moats, they completely inclose the city with ramparts often thirty feet in height, and varying in width from forty to a hundred—ramparts which in their time defied all efforts at capture, save when Drake sneaked up under cover of darkness, or when Harry Morgan, combing forces with French Pointis, forced the harbor defenses and fought his way through the city gate.

To-day the moats are dry and overgrown with jungle; weeds form a thick crawling mat over the wide top of the wall itself; countless lizards burrow among the fissures and crannies that are slowly forming in the bastions; here or there a fragment of rock has fallen from a projecting sentry box; the gun embrasures are empty; and down

below, in a section known as the Bóvedas, where prisoners once rotted in the dungeons, families of poverty-stricken squatters have taken up their abode. Yet comparatively they are well preserved, and still the most majestic ruins on the Spanish Main.

The Fortress of San Felipe, or San Felipe de Barajas, which crowns a rising knoll outside the city, and may be reached easily by hack or motor car, is even more imposing on close inspection than the walls of the city proper—a massive landward defense, honeycombed with secret vaults and passageways.

La Popa, "The Pope," the neighboring hill which dominates the landscape, is also worthy of a visit, but to be reached during the brief stop of the average steamer, will necessitate the motor-car. Upon its summit stands an ancient monastery, where once the lookouts scanned the sea for the sails of such as Drake and Morgan, and where in a little shrine there reposes an image of the Virgin to whom all Cartagena used to pray for deliverance from the bloodthirsty buccaneers. To-day the only lookout is a colored gentleman who reports—by telephone—the approach of another tourist steamer. But Cartagena still makes pilgrimage once a year (on February 2nd, the *fiesta de la Candelaria*), at least to the cross half way up the hill, to pay homage to the memory of the Virgin, and the old mountain—like everything else in Cartagena—still is invested in romance and legend.

Returning from La Popa, one may visit the pleasant residential suburb of Manga, a contrast to the old city within the ramparts.

The market near the city gate and the railway station should also be visited before one returns to the steamer.

It is particularly active on a Saturday or Sunday, when innumerable tiny sailboats tie up at the edge of the lagoon,

laden with fish, fruit, wood, vegetables, and everything else imaginable. Springless donkey carts and hundreds of tiny burros fill the neighboring streets. The bartering multitude—with kinky hair predominating, as in most Caribbean ports—quite overflows the big iron-roofed sheds erected for its benefit, offering for sale bananas, parrots, and what not, while the omnipresent buzzards, pigs, or chickens add their bit to the general confusion.

The tourist's favorite purchase here is the little straw bag, artistically woven by the natives and dyed in brilliant colors, and although it happens to be used locally for feeding the donkeys, it makes either a decorative curio or a convenient carry-all for other purchases.

Cartagena's present population is about 50,000.

THE TRIP TO BOGOTA

If you'd stray still farther from the beaten track, the Colombian capital—once the most inaccessible in South America—may now be reached from the coast in two or three days.

From **Barranquilla**, sea-planes leave three times a week—fare about \$150 one way, with extra charge for heavy baggage—landing one at Girardot the same night, whence one continues by rail the following day to Bogota.

From **Cartagena**, one may proceed to Calamar, about 66 miles up the Magdalena from Barranquilla. A daily train makes this journey, as do launches (by way of an old canal down as the Dique), and after a night in Calamar (Hotel Majestic) one may intercept the sea-plane here, to continue as from Barranquilla. Or having more leisure, one may here await the river-boat, formerly the *only* means of transportation.

By **river-boat**, although considerably cheaper, the

journey requires nearer ten or twelve days and sometimes longer. The express steamers, which leave Barranquilla about twice a week, are equipped with fairly comfortable cabins, electric fans, and other luxuries, and are less apt to loiter on the way than the "local" vessels, but even *they* are wood-burning, paddle-wheel affairs, and inclined to tie up along the bank at night, wherefore mosquito nets, bug-powder, and plenty of reading matter will come in handy.

At La Dorada, about 600 miles up the stream and reached in about six days, rapids block the course, and one must take the railway for about 40 miles to Beltran, on the Upper Magdalena. At Beltran, smaller steamers—as well as motor boats—continue another 100 miles, landing eventually at the port of Girardot (which the fliers reach in a single day).

Hotels in Girardot—Pension Inglesa, Suiza, San German.

From Girardot, a railway runs to Bogota, the trains leaving in the early morning; a change of cars is necessary at Facativa, where the gauge changes; the total distance is 112 miles, and the time about nine hours.

Bogota, reached in late afternoon, is a city of some 170,000 people. Attractively situated on the Andean plateaus, with an altitude of some 8560 feet, its climate is cool, the temperature ranging from 50° to 60° Fahrenheit, and there is little difference of season.

Owing to its isolation, Bogota has maintained its old Spanish charm very nearly intact through the passing years. Its streets are mostly narrow, with vanishing curbs, and its houses old and massive. The difficulties of transportation to or from the coast have made it of little commercial importance, save as a distribution point for the *sabana*, as the plateau is locally known, and while there is consider-

able manufacturing activity—flour, woollen goods, cotton goods, shoes, etc., being produced—the aristocrats, of whom Bogota has many, are more interested in culture or politics.

Lately, however, the \$6,000,000 loan recently obtained in the United States is being spent on such municipal works as the extension of street car lines, paving, sewers, and water supply. And the latest Pan American Union booklet predicts, "The traveler to Bogota during the next year or so is likely to see the Colombian capital in a period of transformation."

Hotels—Ritz, York, Cote, Atlántico, Metropolitano, Regina (all about \$6 to \$4 a day, including meals).

Points of Interest—The Plaza Bolivar; Cathedral; the new Congressional Building; Palacio de la Carrera, or presidential mansion; the National Library; National Theater; the Mint, built in 1718. There is also a University and several colleges, that of San Bartolome dating back to 1604, and that of Nuestra Senora de Rosario to 1653.

Excursion—By rail about 15 miles to the Falls of Tequendama, where the Bogota River, coursing through a forested gorge, plunges 443 feet over a cliff to generate electricity for the capital.

Leaving Bogota, the river journey to Barranquilla takes about half as long as the ascent, thanks to the current, and is less of a bore. The second city of the Republic, *Medellin* (reached by a rail trip from Puerto Berrio, on the river) may be visited on the way. Or one may descend instead to Buenaventura, on the Pacific coast by taking railway past Girardot to Ibague; then riding horseback for two days to the city of Cali, whence railway leads to the port.

THE CANAL ZONE

Area—The Canal Zone is a strip of territory cutting through the Republic of Panama, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and extending five miles to either side of the Panama Canal. It was ceded to the United States in perpetuity, by treaty of February 26, 1904, in return for \$10,000,000, and after 1913 a yearly rental of \$250,000.

Government—The organization for the operation and maintenance of the Canal and the government of the Canal Zone, as at present constituted, was established by the President in conformity with the provisions of the Panama Canal Act of August 24, 1912. Authority is vested in a Governor as head of the organization known as The Panama Canal. The Governor is also President of the Panama Railroad. The Panama Canal is an independent establishment in the Government service, directly under the President; but as a matter of executive arrangement, the Secretary of War represents the President in the administration of Canal affairs.

Entrance Requirements—United States citizens do not require passports; all others do.

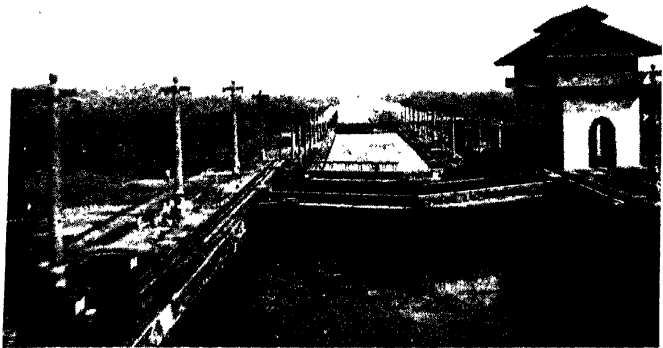
Currency—U. S. money used throughout.

Chief Cities—Cristobal (the Atlantic terminus, adjoining the Panamanian city of Colon); Ancon, the government headquarters; Balboa (the Pacific terminus, adjoining Panama City).

Climate—Continuous summer, but not unbearable. The highest shade temperature recorded is 98° Fahr.; the lowest 59°; the average about 81°. The dry months are from January to April, with comparatively little rain. The rest of the year the rainfall averages about 40 minutes a day, being about twice as heavy on the Atlantic side as on the Pacific. Health conditions are exceptionally good, and the water supply pure.

CHAPTER XIX

PANAMA AND THE CANAL



THE LOCKS AT GATUN

The History of the Canal—Cristobal and Colon—Across the Isthmus—Balboa and Ancon—Old Panama—The Sights of Panama City.

PANAMA AND THE CANAL

If you approach from the Caribbean, as the majority will, the port is Cristobal, in the American Canal Zone, adjacent to Panamanian Colon.

As late as 1904 this region—then known as Aspinwall—was famous as the world's champion pest-hole, and according to writers of that time, it was "environed by stagnant pools and lagoons," "sickening odors assailed the nostrils at every turn," "the only species of animate nature which enjoyed life here was a mosquito," "and any one could see at a single glance that an interoceanic channel will never be completed in this generation or any other."

The approach, to-day, is through a breakwater which extends out some two miles from fortified Toro Point, built at a cost of \$5,500,000, and effectually sheltering Limon Bay from occasional blowy "northers." The waterfront of Colon slips past, with big government buildings and the Hotel Washington dwarfing its coco-palms. And the docks of Cristobal—at which even the liners bound through the Canal *usually* stop—consist of five double-berth piers, each of which can accommodate a ship as large as the Majestic.

It is to be noted, however, that this Caribbean side of the big ditch is generally of less interest than the Pacific. Yet, time permitting, Cristobal and Colon are worth at least a glance, and for the unhurried there are several possible excursions to be taken hereabouts.

Conveyances—Cab or auto from dock to railway sta-

tion, 15 cents (U. S. money); to hotels in Colon, 30 cents. Auto by the hour, one to four persons, about \$3.00; cabs much less, by agreement.

Hotels—Washington (owned by the government, but situated in Colon, rooms about \$2.50 to \$4.00 with meals extra); Imperial, Astor, Royal (also in Colon, about \$3.00 to \$5.00, including meals).

PANAMA'S PAST

According to some historians, it was Alonso de Ojeda who first sighted the Isthmus, in 1499.

Others credit Columbus, who in 1502 undoubtedly sailed into Limon Bay, now the Caribbean approach to the Canal.

With the many adventurers who followed came Vasco Nunez de Balboa, stowing away in a wine-barrel from Santo Domingo, and rising to the leadership of a settlement in Darien, from which, in 1513, he crossed the Isthmus, by a route some 100 miles distant from the present Canal, to catch a first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean, and to claim it, along with all the lands that touched upon it, for the King of Spain.

In 1519, Pedro Arias Pedrarias founded the old city of Panama, on the "Mare Pacifico." It had been but a fishing village—the name "Panama" itself meaning "fisherman"—but as the wealth of Western Mexico and Peru began to pour through its gates, it grew and flourished, and the early chroniclers—although prone often to exaggerate—raved about its vast splendor and magnificence.

Undoubtedly it was a city of wealth, however, and the great fortunes which came across the Camino de Oro, or road of gold, for transshipment to Spain, brought many buccaneers and pirates to the fortresses upon the Carib-

bean side of the Isthmus. Sir Francis Drake raided Nombre de Dios, and others tried their luck, but the most successful of all was Henry Morgan. In 1669, he landed at Porto Bello, captured a convent, and using the nuns as a screen, advanced upon the fortress of San Jerome, storming its walls and looting its treasure vaults. Returning a year later, the Spaniards having shifted their gold-road to San Lorenzo, he landed at the new port, with the greatest fleet in the annals of piracy, some 37 ships manned by over 2,000 of the worst cut-throats in Christendom, to battle for twenty-four hours in hand-to-hand conflict, reducing the Spanish garrison from 314 men to a mere thirty before he gained access, and then reducing them to zero.

Morgan thereupon set out overland for Panama itself, first up the Chagres River by small boats, and finally on foot through the jungle. His men dropped along the way from hunger, fever, or exhaustion; they ate the leather from their belts, and pounced like famished beasts upon the pet cats they found in a native hut; and with all their villainy, their courage and audacity at least command respect.

At Panama, the Spanish garrison, warned of their coming, was ready for them, but the cutthroats cut their way across the drawbridge, overwhelming their foes, and poured into the city to pillage and destroy, and finally—although it may have been by accident—to raze it with fire. It was a most lucrative venture. Over a hundred mules carried the loot back across the Isthmus, assisted as burden-bearers by the entire surviving population. But the average pirate received little of it, for arrived back at San Lorenzo, Morgan packed all the provisions and most of the profits into his own ship, and left his faithful followers to shift for themselves as he sailed away to

England, to accept knighthood and a commission as Governor General of Jamaica.

The newer Panama was founded in 1673, upon its present site, about five miles from the old, with stronger fortifications. The walls cost over \$11,000,000, and the story is told—as it is told of nearly every walled city on the Caribbean—that the King of Spain, discovered gazing earnestly across the Atlantic one day, explained, “I’m looking for that Panama! It cost enough to be seen from here!”

The idea of digging a canal across the Isthmus seems to have originated as far back as the sixteenth century, when explorers were first beginning to despair of finding a natural waterway.

As early as 1529, Alvaro de Saavedra, who had been on Balboa’s expedition across Darien, prepared the plans for a prospective channel, but Charles V considered it too expensive a project. Its possibility, however, still lingered in the minds of many, and when Colombia gained independence from Spain, her statesmen looked upon Panama—which became a part of that Republic—as their greatest asset.

The gold rush to California also focused attention upon the Isthmus, for it became one of the routes of the Forty-Niners to the West Coast, but in 1855 a group of American financiers headed by William H. Aspinwall completed the old Panama Railroad from coast to coast, and interest in a canal temporarily subsided.

In 1882, Colombia granted its concession to the French company, headed by Ferdinand de Lesseps, of Suez fame, and work began again. But the history of the French company is largely one of trouble—of disease and death among the laborers, of the meddling of Colombian politicians, of

frequent alterations of plan, of financial disaster followed by charges of general corruption—and the French, after spending the last of their \$225,000,000, gladly entered into negotiations with the United States government for the sale of their rights for a mere forty million.

To this, there was strong objection in Colombia. The Colombians, like most Latin Americans, were traditionally suspicious of Uncle Sam. And the events which followed are subject to various interpretations. A revolution materialized among the people of the Isthmus; Panama announced her secession from Colombia in November, 1903, and was recognized by the United States as an independent republic within the same month; it became an American protectorate the following February, and immediately it granted to the United States the right to build the canal and to occupy in perpetuity the Zone extending five miles therefrom on either side, along with various islands needed for defensive purposes.

That this was all a trifle irregular was later tacitly admitted by the United States government itself, when it belatedly but voluntarily paid Colombia \$25,000,000. Its justification, however, may be found—if one would find it—in the fact that the world needed the canal, that no other country could at the moment afford to build it, or *could* build it without provoking a rumpus over the Monroe Doctrine. And, President Roosevelt having eliminated the Colombian politician, William Crawford Gorgas proceeded to dispose of the mosquito whose fever-bearing proclivities had mainly stopped the French, and George Washington Goethals removed the obstructing landscape.

The Canal, taken over by the American government in 1904, was opened to the world's commerce eleven years later.

CRISTOBAL AND COLON

To continue with our tour, the American port of Cristobal is a striking contrast to the mangrove swamp of a few years ago.

A spic-and-span community, its smooth asphalt drives wind among the palms and gardens of the government offices, or the cottages of the employees, the neat wooden dwellings distinguished by a wealth of screening originally put up for protection against the insects which now are practically non-existent.

Life here is as paternally and efficiently regulated as in an army camp; the employees have their own cafeteria and club-houses, both open to visitors, and their own commissary (at which others may purchase only by special dispensation from the governor), and Cristobal will repay a brief drive. But it is just a little *too* formal, and too American, to invite longer inspection, and the shops, hotels, and other attractions—such as they are—will be found across the road in Panamanian territory.

Colon, separated from Cristobal by a wire fence, belongs to the Republic of Panama, for while the Zone elsewhere is ten miles wide, the native cities encroach at either end.

The town in general is shabby—and far less interesting than Panama City on the Pacific side—but its two-storied frame buildings, whose balconies extend out over the sidewalk, are often quaint; the bars forbidden in the Zone flourish here, and life is more picturesque, despite the fact that the American government maintains a sanitary supervision, while the Panamanian police keep order.

The inhabitants are mostly negroes from the British West Indies, with few real Panamanians to be seen; despite

their residence, which dates back to construction days, they are still loyal sons of Britain, with a marked English accent added to a peculiar jargon of their own; they are also addicted to good old camp-meeting religion, hold many street-corner revivals, and are generally an entertaining race.

Front street, the principal thoroughfare, leading from Cristobal along the railway to the Hotel Washington, contains most of Colon's shops. Local curios, such as carved gourds or coconuts, etc., may be purchased here; also Panama hats, which are really made in Ecuador or Peru, but were first popularized in this vicinity; and there are several oriental shops, run by Hindus or Chinamen or Japanese, which offer the usual silks, shawls, and jewelry of their own native lands.

The Hotel Washington, situated on the shore overlooking the harbor entrance, is an attractive structure, built of hollow tiling and designed for the tropics. Since the sharks object to bathing in the bay, it has its own swimming pool, to which others than guests are admitted at reasonable rates. Here, too, are pleasant lawns and tennis courts. Near by are the Christ Episcopal Church; a statue, architecturally unastounding, to the men who built the old Panama Railway; and a slightly better monument (a twin of one at Lima), which shows Colombus explaining to a doubtful-looking Indian lady (representing America) that his intentions are honorable. A half mile beyond, along the waterfront, is the local Canal Zone hospital and the quarantine station.

Excursions may be made from Cristobal-Colon by automobile to *Gatun*, to view the locks and the spillway and see the operation of the canal from the side-lines, or to visit the army post of Camp Davis; to *Coco Solo*, to see

the naval submarine base and air-station, or to *France Field*, the army aviation ground; or to such other army posts as Fort Sherman, Fort Randolph, and Fort de Lesseps, which may be of interest, although visitors are not admitted to the batteries which guard the canal.

Porto Bello, eighteen miles northeast of Cristobal, whose fortress of San Jerome was stormed by Morgan on his first local appearance, can be visited by launch. The government formerly maintained its big stone quarry near here, and a Panamanian village still survives, but boat service recently has been reported irregular. The ruins of the fort are described as the best preserved on the Isthmus.

San Lorenzo, which Morgan stormed on his second visit, lies in the opposite direction from Colon, and may be approached either by launch from the sea, or by canoe down the Chagres River from Gatun, a ten mile paddle through the jungle. This is not the fort which Morgan attacked, for it was built later, in 1718, on the original site. Admiral Vernon bombarded it in 1740, and tried to blow it up after its surrender, but its walls, moats and dungeons still remain.

The San Blas Indians, who inhabit the coast from Porto Bello toward Colombia, often come into Colon in their sailing canoes to barter copra, and are sometimes to be seen—short, stocky, barrel-chested individuals, with shirt hanging outside the trousers in true Indian fashion. They are friendly, although scarcely affectionate; they object, in their own native villages, to white men stopping overnight, lest their womenfolk lose virtue; but they are not to be confused, as often happens, with the Kunas and many other primitive tribes, who, within a few hundred miles of the Canal, still remain among the most savage of races. The more venturesome travelers can sometimes

arrange trips to the San Blas country on local trading schooners.

ACROSS THE ISTHMUS

The Canal, by far the greatest attraction hereabouts, is best seen from the deck of a steamer passing through.

If you've come to Cristobal by one of the Caribbean lines which go no farther, however, the Panama Railroad may suffice. The track is a comparatively new one, the flooding of Gatun Lake having buried the original railway of 1855. But the present line—operated, like everything else here, by the government—roughly parallels the course of the "big ditch," offers an occasional glimpse of locks or channel, and carries one to Panama City in about an hour and forty-five minutes.

Trains, according to present schedules, run thrice daily, leaving Colon at 9.10 A. M., 12.15 P. M., and 4.00 P. M. They return from Panama City at 7.00 A. M., 12.15 P. M., and 6.10 P. M. On Sunday the noon train is omitted. The distance is 48 miles, and the fare (one way) about \$2.40 first class, or \$1.20 second class.

From Colon, the route leads past the wharves and warehouses, and dry-docks to *Mount Hope*. Here, to the east, on Monkey Hill, may be seen the cemetery of many who lost their lives during the labors of the French under De Lesseps.

At Gatun, having ascended some 95 feet, the track passes Fort Davis, and the train stops close to the locks and the dam. Beyond, however, where the large artificial lake rose to drown the original railway, the present line skirts out to the left, passing through long stretches of tropic jungle, and crossing the pond by a series of steel trestles.

The stations—Monte Lirio, Frijoles (which is Spanish for “beans”), Darien, etc.—are mostly of past importance, the center of construction activities with little present purpose. At *Gamboa*, the River Chagres is crossed, and the land rises higher in the rocky backbone of the continental divide. The Canal, glimpsed along here, burrows into the deep Culebra Cut. The railway skirts out to the left again, to burrow through a cut of its own, and the ditch is not rejoined until we near Pedro Miguel (which is Spanish for “Peter Mike,” but locally interpreted as “Peter McGill.”)

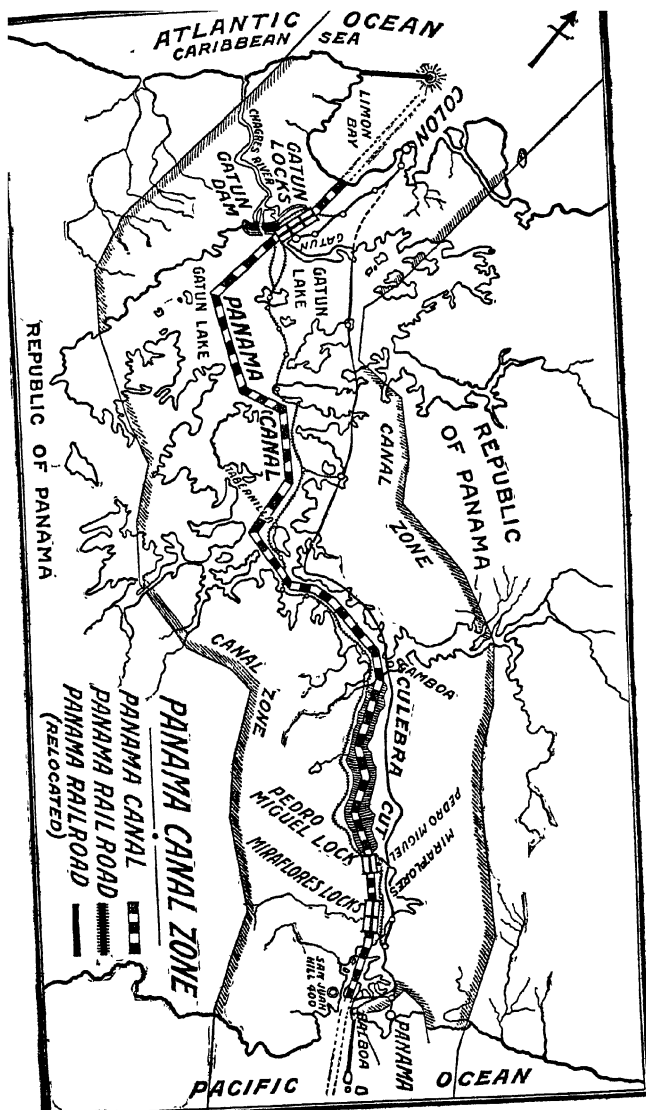
At Pedro Miguel, the cut has ended; the railway passes close to the first of the locks that lower steamers toward the Pacific. Therefore the course lies along Miraflores Lake, which the steamers traverse, to Miraflores, where the two last locks are located. Several army posts follow—Fort Clayton and Corozal—and the train pulls into Panama City, not far from the Tivoli Hotel.

THE PANAMA CANAL

The Panama Canal connects the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans through the narrow Isthmus of Panama, where also the long Continental Divide, extending from Alaska to Magellan, dips to one of its lowest points. In ancient geologic periods there was a natural channel here, but later the land rose, and left the Isthmus as a barrier between the oceans. The line of the Canal goes up the valley of the Chagres River on the Atlantic slope, passes through the ridge of the Continental Divide in Gaillard Cut, and descends to the Pacific down the valley of the Rio Grande.

By following this route of minimum excavation, the Canal channel is 42 miles in length between shore lines. It is 50 miles from deep water in one ocean to deep water in the other.

Gatun Dam is a long, low, broad ridge built across the



Courtesy of Raymond and Whitcomb

valley of the Chagres. It was built in two wings, extending from either side to an intermediate hill which rose near the center of the swampy stretch across the valley. The dam is a half-mile wide at the base, sloping gently to a width of 100 feet at the top.

Gatun Lake has an area of 163.38 square miles. It is the largest artificially formed lake in the world. Miraflores Lake extends between Pedro Miguel Lock and the Miraflores Locks which are about a mile apart. It has an area of 1.60 square miles.

The width of the Canal channel is 500 feet in the sea-level sections, from 500 to 1,000 feet in Gatun Lake, and 300 feet in the Cut. It is 42 feet deep in the Atlantic sea-level section, from 45 to 85 feet in the lake sections and 45 feet in the Pacific sea-level section.

The Canal is capable of handling the largest ships in existence. It could handle about 48 ships of the usual size in a day or about 17,000 in a year.

The first ocean steamer passed through on August 3, 1914, and on August 15, 1914, the Canal was opened to commerce. The official and formal opening of the Canal was proclaimed by the President on July 12, 1920.

—Courtesy Panama-Pacific Line.

If your original steamer is bound through to Balboa, to leave it in Cristobal—as many do—and rush through by rail in order to see more of Panama, is to neglect the circus for the side-show.

Most vessels aim to start the passage in the early morning; and since it requires only six or seven hours, the arrival at Balboa in mid-afternoon will permit at least a cursory tour of the Panamanian capital.

From Cristobal, the sea-level approach is scarcely impressive. Beyond the wharves and dry-docks, one passes the beginning of the old French canal; Limon Bay narrows; and for half an hour the way leads through low tropical

jungle, quite as though one merely traversed a tranquil brown tropic river; until the massive locks of Gatun rise up to block the path.

At Gatun, hawsers are attached to a pair of electric engines on the stone piers at either side; the locomotives climb sturdily up a sloping track, drawing the liner into one of the huge double-chambers, while two more engines slowly follow, keeping the stern-lines taut lest the vessel ram the cement walls of the great basin. As the ship enters the lock, gigantic steel doors detach themselves from the ramparts in the rear, closing together with the steady deliberation that bespeaks tremendous power. The water commences to boil as hidden springs bubble into action, and the surface begins to rise, lifting the steamer toward the level of another huge lock ahead.

It is all worked by invisible forces. In a tower ahead—not unlike the switch-tower of a railway terminus, a khaki-shirted gentleman moves an occasional lever, looking slightly bored about it. The water ceases to boil. The gates in front swing open. And the locomotives draw the steamer slowly and carefully into the next chamber, where the process is repeated.

The locks at Gatun are three in number, each with double chambers, permitting two vessels to be handled at once. In length, these locks extend $1\frac{1}{5}$ miles, and each of their chambers is over 1,000 feet long, 110 feet wide, and 70 feet deep. Together they raise a steamer from the level of the Atlantic to the 85-foot altitude of Gatun Lake in forty-five minutes.

Gatun dam, which blocks the Chagres River, to create this lake, the largest artificial pond in existence, lies to the right, and may be seen from the locks. It is a mile and a half long, and half a mile wide at the base, and the water from its spillway is converted by the adjacent hydro-

electric station into power not only for the operation of the locks but for all the other industrial purposes of the Canal Zone.

It is notable that the American engineers have performed their marvels here without destroying natural beauty; about the locks the land rolls away in grassy hills; and the lake ahead, which the vessel now crosses under her own steam, looks quite like a natural bay, save for the buoys that define the channel. Beyond the markers, on either side, rise the naked limbs of trees which once upon a time, before the flooding of their valley, were verdant giants of the forest, and occasionally some island that once considered itself a hill-top. Gay-hued birds plume themselves along the banks, iguana lizards slip into the water at the approach, and the more eagle-eyed passengers occasionally profess to see alligators, which still abound in the farther reaches of the lake.

After twenty-four miles of inland cruising, the shores narrow again; hills rise on either side; and the steamer enters the Gaillard Cut (originally called Culebra), sailing through the backbone of the continent.

The Gaillard Cut leads for some eight miles through the hills. After the level country of the Caribbean, they seem mountains, culminating in the 660-foot peak of Gold Hill, and appearing to dwarf the channel. But the cut, the scene of so many landslides in the construction days that many engineers scoffed at success here, is now 300 feet wide at its narrowest point. The big slides—one of them once dumped a million cubic yards of Culebra Hill into the ditch—have ceased, but dredging is still necessary from time to time, and many huge working-scows lie moored along the bank, ready for emergency.

The French, it might be noted, despite their many handicaps, excavated some 29,908,000 cubic yards of earth from

the Canal; the Americans dug out 260,000,000 more; and the total cost of construction, up to the opening of the canal, amounted to \$375,000,000. And thanks to all this, one's journey from New York to Callao—formerly made by way of the Straits of Magellan—has been reduced some 6,250 nautical miles.

The Pacific Locks are reached at the end of the cut. That of Pedro Miguel lowers the steamer one flight toward the Pacific. Miraflores Lake is crossed, another artificial pond about one mile in length. The twin chambers at Miraflores lower the ship the rest of the way. And the vessel, having crossed the Rocky Mountains, steams out upon the level of the Pacific, through another eight miles of channel, to dock at Balboa, the American terminus adjacent to Panama City.

THE PACIFIC SIDE

At first arrival the traveler may find his sense of direction momentarily upset.

In the first place, because the isthmus takes a peculiar twist where the Canal pierces it, the sun rises from the Pacific and sets in the Atlantic. In the second, Panama City encroaching upon the five-mile strip as does Colon, American and Panamanian territory intermingle somewhat irregularly, divided only by a white line in the center of a road.

The region near the docks, American territory, is known as Balboa. The heights just inland, headquarters of the Zone government, are known as Ancon. Panama City, capital of the native republic, lies more or less to the right, as one alights at Balboa wharf. And if that isn't clear, the easiest solution is to hail a cab, whose driver is quite likely to understand English.

Conveyances—Auto fares are established on a system of zones (no connection with Zone); the base fare is 15 cents within one zone, and 15 additional for each other one entered; after midnight, rates increase fifty percent. Every driver is required by law to carry a map, which should settle any argument.

Street car fares—These are similarly based on a zone system, the charge being 5 cents per zone. From Balboa to the city line is one zone; within the city proper, another; beyond the bullring, a third.

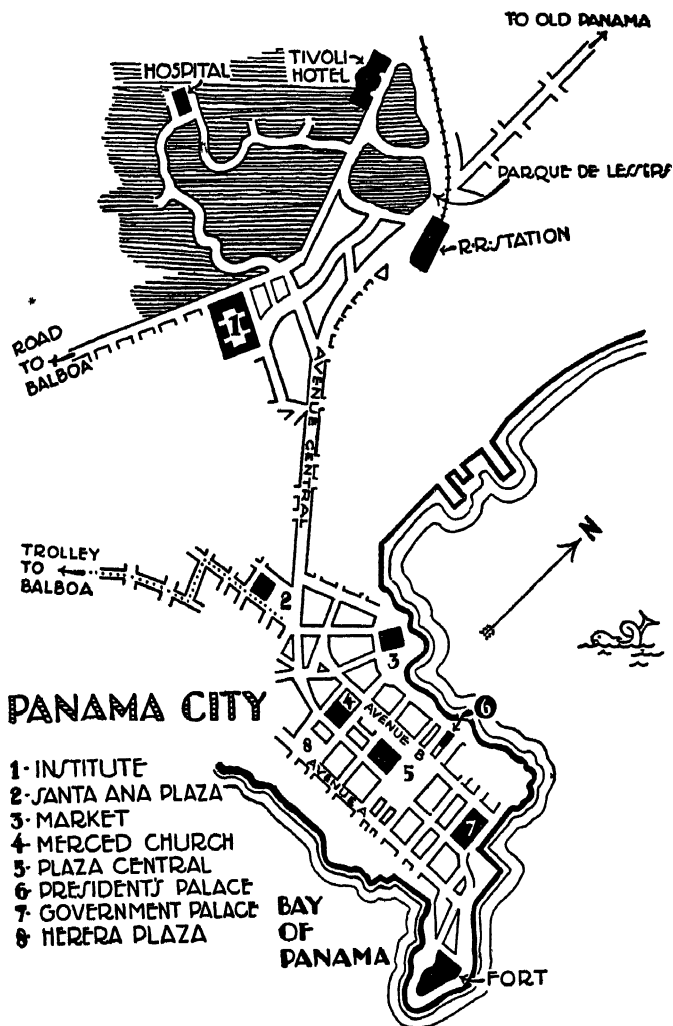
Hotels—Tivoli, near Ancon Hill, owned and operated by government, \$2.50 a day up for room, not including meals. Central, International, Metropole, Continental, American, France, Europa, etc., in Panama City itself, about \$3.00 to \$5.00, meals included.

BALBOA AND ANCON

In case you're continuing on to South America without a stop-over, a two or three hour auto-tour will afford at least a cursory view of both the American and Panamanian cities, while another hour will permit a visit to the ruins of Old Panama, which the pirate Morgan destroyed.

From **Balboa Docks**, the favorite road leads through the "Canal Village"—another pretty region of flower-shrouded bungalows—and around Ancon Hill to the Tivoli Hotel.

It is a "village" for the Zone employees, but not inhospitable. As in Cristobal, the visitor is barred from buying at the commissary—where goods are sold at practically cost-price to government-workers—but the club is open to all. The Balboa clubhouse, it might be noted, offers soda fountain, reading rooms, writing tables, and free telephone service; information is supplied and money



changed; and the amusements include tennis, bowling, billiards, pool, and bathing in a fresh-water tank.

A boathouse is also at the disposal of sportsmen, and the tarpon, as well as the sharks and a variety of other gamey creatures, make fishing an attraction for those who linger here.

At the foot of Ancon Hill, the old Administration Building is passed, used now as a District Court, and the ascent begins toward the new headquarters.

The New Administration Building crowns a prominent knoll, approached by a broad double avenue of palms, known as the Prado. On either side are the handsome stucco residences of the higher-salaried canal officials—in the Zone, everybody knows exactly how much everybody else is paid, and social precedence is strictly according to the pay-envelope—and at the far end of the avenue the headquarters itself stands at the top of a broad flight of steps. It is scarcely necessary to climb them, however, for the interior is plain and efficient, like everything else hereabouts, designed for utility rather than display.

From here are directed all the operations of the Canal, and its many affiliated activities. It might be noted that the government employs nearly 3,000 Americans, known as "gold employees," and 8,700 Panamanians and other aliens, or "silver" employees, the monetary distinction dating back to early days when some were paid in U. S. money and others in the local currency.

The American Hospital on the opposite side of Ancon Hill is also worthy of notice. Approached through an avenue of Royal Palms, it is surrounded by attractive botanical gardens, and its situation commands an extensive view of the bay. The original hospital here dates back to the days of the French Administration; begun in 1883, and conducted by the Sisters of St. Vincent, it was taken

over by Colonel Gorgas when the Americans took charge, and later rebuilt.

The Hotel Tivoli, also under expert American management, is delightfully situated at the foot of the hill, facing the Plaza de Lesseps. It is the natural mecca of American tourists, and an orientation-point for the present guide-book. From here it is but a step to the territory of the native republic; the Avenida Central leading in one direction through Panama City, while another road proceeds in the opposite to the ruins of Old Panama, and the traveler may take his choice.

OLD PANAMA

The ruins lie out along the beach, about five miles distant, and may be visited by street-car, while the hurried tourist can easily include them in his drive.

On the way, the road passes in turn a negro tenement district known as Calidonia, the poorhouse, the Casino, the Plaza de Toros (or bull ring), the Exposition Grounds (now used for various other purposes), the seaside bathing suburb of Bella Vista, the Juan Franco race track, and thereafter—continuing through open country, grown with scrub and dotted with occasional over-ornate country residences of the Panamanians—the famous ruins.

Comparatively little remains of them, for the majority of the buildings which the Spanish chroniclers described as "magnificent" were undoubtedly thatched shanties, and readily inflammable, while much of the stone and rock from the others was carried away by the citizens to be used in the construction of the newer city. But enough is left to suggest something of its one-time importance.

First to be seen from the motor-road is the low, arched bridge over which Morgan's roughnecks made their entry,

its moat now filled and dry. Beyond, almost buried in jungle, lie the foundations of walls and buildings. Along the waterfront stand some of the ramparts. And above them all rises the dilapidated but much photographed tower of the Church of San Anastasio, still proud but rather pathetic, contesting its continued existence with strangling vines and giant tropic trees.

It is said that still better ruins lie farther back, protected from prying eyes by the brush and bramble. Movements have been instituted locally to make the region a public park, to clear away the forest, and to preserve the relics, but so far nothing has been done. Several grog-shops and cheap dance-halls have grown up around San Anastasio's falling tower, and save for the occasional tourist, the visitors come mostly nowadays for purposes of revelry or dissipation.

THE SIGHTS OF PANAMA CITY

From the Tivoli and the Parque de Lesseps, in the opposite direction, the Avenida Central leads southward through the heart of the present Panama—a city which has its busy shops, electric lights, and movie shows, but which still retains something of the picturesque.

To quote A. Hyatt Verrill's *Panama of To-day*:

"Despite its modernity, in innumerable ways Panama is still a bit of the Old World, a bit of old Spain, a city of Spanish architecture and Spanish plazas, with many a narrow, quaintly steep, and out-of-the-way street where the jutting balconies and grilled windows almost meet above one's head; with many a spot where time seems to have stood still while the rest of the city went on, and with many a relic, many a survival of the Panama of three centuries ago."

The Avenida Central scarcely suggests this at first.

The portion near the Tivoli is comparatively new, and the street itself quite broad; the big Panama Railway station, found here, is a very handsome structure; and the way is lined with many consulates and legations. But presently it brings one to the typically Spanish plaza of Santa Ana—incidentally a point of departure for the trolley to Balboa Docks—and from here on a step up many of the side-streets will bring one to the “spots which have stood still.”

The Plaza Santa Ana is a center of Panamanian life. On Thursday and Sunday evenings, there is usually a band concert in the ornamental kiosk-like stand here, and the natives turn out for an old-fashioned plaza promenade. *The Church of Santa Ana* fronts upon it, as does the local Variety Theater. Saloons are abundant, and hereabouts are several *Dance Halls*—of possible interest to the seeker after “atmosphere”—where peroxide blondes nightly sing their soulful ballads about home and mother, mostly for the entertainment of soldiers and sailors, on whose drinks they collect a commission from the management.

Below Santa Ana, the Avenida curves eastward. Much narrower now, it is lined with many shops, mostly run by Hindus, Japanese, or Chinese, and although purchases typical of the country itself are notably scarce, there are good bargains to be had in silks, shawls, jewels, and the usual goods of oriental bazaars, provided you can match wits with an Asiatic.

The Church of La Merced, reached at the third block from Santa Ana, is one of the fairly old, with great iron-studded doors and huge knockers. Close by is a patch of the old *city wall*, of which a few portions remain scattered elsewhere about the town, hidden usually by other buildings, and a block to the right the *Herera Plaza*, a sort of children’s playground.

The Plaza Central, or Plaza Independencia, to which the Avenida eventually brings one, is another point of importance. The scene of Panama's declaration of independence, it is another gathering-place for band concerts; the public drawing of the lottery each Sunday morning attracts excited crowds; and about it are many buildings of interest.

Its *Hotel Central* was a famous hostelry in the days of '49. *The Cathedral*, too new to rank in attractiveness with Panama's many other churches, is at least impressive. *The Municipal Building*, erected on the site of an ancient Cabildo, or council chamber, contains the present municipal offices and a historical library. *The Bishop's Palace* contains not only the bishop but the offices of the Panama Lottery. And *The French Administration Building* is occupied now by the local Health Bureau.

From the Plaza Central, also, begin the most interesting detours to be made in the city, leading to many queer little crooked streets, whose sidewalks ascend in flights of steps, and whose bordering balconies nearly meet overhead, or to more quaint little plazas "all askew and erratic."

To the left, if one turns past the bishop's house on Sixth Street, the *Presidential Palace* is reached at the waterfront. It is not externally magnificent, but its patio, or interior garden is most attractive, and its "Gold room," or reception hall—if one be received—is said to be very fine. Near by, the old *Marina Hotel*, another famous hostelry, is to be found, and to the left again the *public market*, best visited in the morning, when the little stalls are at their busiest, and when innumerable small dug-out sailing-vessels (locally known as *bongos*) tie up at the *playa*, or wharf.

The Avenida, if one continues on past the Plaza Cen-

tral, brings one to the *Government Palace*, attached to which is the *National Theater*. Somewhat hidden away nearby, on the seaward esplanade, is also a historical and archeological museum. But the majority will continue on, past the splendid *Union Club*, to the old fortifications known as the Bovedas, and Chiriqui prison.

The Bovedas originally were the most important part of the city's defenses, and their queer little sentry boxes are still standing and occupied by khaki-clad sentries. Long ago, however, they were transformed into the prison, and the underground cells are described as being "as damp, dank, and fearsome as any dungeons ever invented by writers of fiction." These lower cells, however, are no longer used; the upper ones are used but temporarily, and Panama has nice comfortable new prisons on Chorillos Road and the Island of Coiba.

Here ends the Avenida and the principal tour, but a few more sights lay scattered about the city.

Churches are to be stumbled upon almost anywhere, and some deserve a visit.

San Felipe Neri, at Avenue B and Fourth Street (a block north of the Avenida), is one of the oldest and finest and least gaudy of them. *San Domingo*, at Avenue A and 3rd Street (a block south of the Avenida), contains the famous flat arch of brick so tightly cemented that it has withstood the earthquakes which long ago toppled most of the church into ruins. It contains nothing even remotely resembling a keystone, and its secret of longevity seems to lie in some tenacious quality of its mortar. An interesting story connected therewith is that when certain engineers opposed the construction of the Panama Canal, on the ground that earthquakes might wreck it, they were led to see this architectural curiosity, which overruled their objections.

The Church of San José, however, also on Avenue A at the corner of Eighth Street, although one of the most modest of them all in appearance, contains what is reputed to be Panama's most valuable relic, a solid gold cross of great value, which has its own romantic history. Formerly in Old Panama, at the announcement of Morgan's approach, when everybody was busily burying his wealth, the wise monks merely covered this treasure with a coat of whitewash. The pirates discovered and dug up most of the hidden gold, and hunted everywhere for the famous cross without finding it. The monks, pleased at their hoax, kept it in its whitewash throughout the long turbulent period that followed, until Panama came under American protection in 1904, when they scraped the paint off and revealed the finest relic of Panamanian history.

The National Institute, at the foot of Ancon Hill, below the American hospital, may be of interest to some as the center of Panama's educational system. University courses are given here, with degrees in Arts, Law, and Engineering. The fine new building erected in 1911 is said to have cost \$1,000,000.

The Trolley to Balboa, which leaves from the Plaza Santa Ana, passes on its way the old Santo Tomas hospital, a group of ancient cemeteries of the pre-canal period (one for Jews, one for Christians, and one for Chinamen), and a somewhat livelier place known as the Cocoa-nut Grove, which in the construction period ranked with "Number 9 House" in Yokohama and the "Palace of Nations" in Marseilles among the world's leading dens of iniquity. Its gaiety has been slightly repressed in recent years, and efforts at reform have scattered many of its former inmates to other parts of the city, but it is still an unsavory and noisy region after nightfall, popu-

PANAMA AND THE CANAL

lated by ladies who may possibly be of interest to the antiquarian or the student of cosmetics.

Excursions, if one lingers around Panama, are plentiful. The management of the Hotel Tivoli can usually furnish latest data on where or how to go. The favorite trips are to Fort Amador; by automobile to Corozal, Miraflores, Pedro Miguel; Paraiso, etc.; or by launch to the Pearl Islands or Taboga Island. The latter, 12 miles distant, has a good hotel (the Aspinwall), a 300 year old church, excellent sea-bathing, and a reputation for delicious pine-apples.

Sailing from Balboa, the course lies past a long series of rocky islands, connected by a military causeway, and honeycombed with the hidden batteries that guard the Pacific entrance to the Canal. Although but miniatures in size, they are reputed to be second to Gibraltar in the intricacies of their tunnels and passages and in the adroit concealment of their cannon.

CENTRAL AMERICA

Costa Rica—Area 23,000 square miles. Population, 500,000. Capital, San José (40,000), best reached from Puerto Limon, on the Caribbean, by rail. The local currency has as its unit the *colon*, worth about \$.25 U. S.

Nicaragua—Area 49,200 square miles. Population 640,000. Capital, Managua (60,000), best reached by rail from Corinto on the Pacific, but with primitive transportation to the Caribbean coast. The local coin is the *cordoba*, equivalent to the U. S. dollar.

Honduras—Area 46,000 square miles. Population 640,000. Capital, Tegucigalpa (40,000), reached by motor bus from the Pacific (via Amapala) or by auto and airplane from the Caribbean banana ports. The monetary unit is the *peso*, worth about \$.50, but U. S. money is preferred.

Salvador—Area 13,176. Population 1,500,000. Capital, San Salvador (83,000), reached from La Libertad on the Pacific by motor. No seacoast on the Caribbean. The coin is the *colon* or *peso*, worth \$.50.

British Honduras—Area 8,598. Population 48,000. Capital and port, Belize (13,000). This is a British Crown Colony, but both British and U. S. money are legal tender.

Guatemala—Area 48,290. Population 2,250,000. Capital, Guatemala City (116,000), reached by rail from either Puerto Barrios on the Caribbean, or San José de Guatemala on the Pacific. The new standard monetary unit is the *quetzal*, equivalent to the U. S. dollar and worth sixty of the old *pesos* formerly in circulation. U. S. money accepted.

CHAPTER XX

CENTRAL AMERICA AND MEXICO



SAN JOSÉ DE COSTA RICA

Costa Rica—Nicaragua—Honduras—Salvador—British Hondura
—Guatemala—Vera Cruz to Mexico City.

CHAPTER XX

CENTRAL AMERICA AND MEXICO

For most travelers, the little republics which border upon the Caribbean from Panama northward to Mexico will scarcely appear upon the schedule of a winter cruise.

A few excursions, however, do include *Costa Rica*; United Fruit and Royal Netherlands vessels touch there regularly; United Fruit and Hamburg-America steamers also call at *Guatemala*; and therefore, with apologies to the several countries that lie between, we close with a few words on these:

COSTA RICA

A mere over-night run from Cristobal, this is perhaps the most popular of the republics, from the viewpoint of the tourist.

Few harbors surpass in beauty that of *Puerto Limon*, its Caribbean port. Your steamer will thread its way among countless reefs, shining pale green through the deeper blue, toward a sickle of white beach fringed with graceful coco-palms, and backed by lofty mountains, dim with distance, their summits lost in mist.

Puerto Limon, aside from *that*, however, is to be praised mainly as a starting-point of a railway to the glories beyond. Aside from a few Costa Rican officials, its population consists mainly of imported West Indians, employed by the United Fruit Company. There's a comfortable enough hotel (The Lodge); the huge belt-conveyors on the banana wharf may be of interest; and near the landing is a pleasant, shady little park, with

tame sloths climbing slothfully among its giant tropic trees. But to see the real Central America in any of these countries, one must dig inland, and—time permitting—the railway that leads to San José, Costa Rica's mountain capital, is one of the several great scenic routes of the Continent.

For large parties, special trains are sometimes provided, so that the excursion may be made in a day. The regular trains, shown as daily on the schedule, make the 103-mile trip in about six hours, leaving the port at 9.40 A. M. and reaching San José in mid-afternoon. The returning trains—unless a "special" be arranged—make the trip at approximately the same hours, necessitating an overnight stop.

From Puerto Limon, the route lies through an ever-changing panorama of cane-field and jungle, and presently to long stretches of banana plantation.

The banana business, as carried on to-day, first had its inception in this territory. The story is that years ago Minor C. Keith, while building this very railroad and wondering how he could make it pay, hit upon the happy idea of planting bananas—then practically unknown on North America menus—in order to provide his own freight.

That was the beginning of the United Fruit Company, and its story is of interest. It is told that when during a financial panic, Keith was unable to pay his laborers, he performed the miracle of persuading them to work for nine months without salary. He and his assistants drained swamps and practically eliminated malaria here before the Canal Zone doctors learned the secret of how to combat this fever. Eventually he formed a partnership with Andrew W. Preston, the first man to transport bananas in any quantity to the United States, and out of that combina-

tion grew the concern which to-day owns plantations in Jamaica, Colombia, Panama, Costa Rica, Honduras, Guatemala, and British Honduras, and controls this industry throughout the world, in addition to operating its own line of ships and several Central American railways, including the one we're now riding upon in Costa Rica.

The plantations in this particular republic are among the company's largest. Insect blights in comparatively recent years have played havoc hereabouts, but according to the latest South American Handbook, Costa Rica holds first place among the Latin republics in the cultivation of this fruit, raising annually some eleven million bunches.

Beyond the Banana Belt, the scenery grows wilder, and the railway winds through rugged gulches and along the mountain cliffs above a foaming river. Dense forests line the way, the giant trees draped with moss and fern and festooned with air roots, and occasionally, when the train pauses at some point of vantage, one may look out upon endless vistas of waving palm tops. The air grows noticeably cooler with increasing altitude, and in the early afternoon the engine puffs into Cartago, at about 5,000 feet above the sea.

Cartago, a picturesque city of red-tiled roofs, dates back to 1553, and was for many years the Costa Rican capital. Destroyed by earthquake on several occasions, the last catastrophe occurring in 1910, it still has about 10,000 residents, and offers fair accommodations and much interest to the leisurely traveler with the time for a stop. There's the usual pleasant *plaza*, of course, and a few old churches; the cool climate is particularly suited to rambles through the quaint streets of the town or out into the farming country; and a two-day excursion can be made by foot or by horseback to the crater of Mount Irazu, the 11,200-

foot volcano seen from the railway, and which usually smokes in mild eruption.

San José, the present capital, about twelve miles beyond Cartago, is generally regarded as the most delightful city in Central America.

Situated at an altitude of 3,816 feet, it enjoys warm days but cool, pleasant nights. It offers all the comforts of home, with good hotel accommodations, electric lights and all the other modern improvements of a big city. It contains a *National Theatre* built at a cost of a million and a half dollars and equaling in its interior decorations any theater in the United States; the *Plaza Morazan*, *National Museum*, *Asylum*, *Hall of Congress*, *Market*, and numerous other sights are worth a visit; and as a place for restful residence, it is especially to be recommended.

Its modernity, be it said, has by no means robbed it of color or atmosphere. Moorish architecture predominates. Oxen plod slowly through its narrow, cobbled streets behind the goad-pole of a poncho-clad driver, the rumble of the wooden-wheeled carts contrasting strangely with the prevailing calm. In the evening, on Sunday or Thursday, a military band plays in the central plaza, and the youths and maidens pass and repass in the old Castilian paseo. And if we may be forgiven for one more superlative, veteran travelers are almost unanimous in pronouncing the girls of San José the most charming and beautiful in the world.

Hotels—*Francais* (\$4 to \$8), *Europa* (\$3 to \$5), *Paris* (\$3 to \$5), *Continental* and *Metropoli* (\$2 to \$3).

Excursions—By train, motor-bus, or auto to Alajuela, Heredia, or Cartago, the other mountain cities not far distant, or to the various coffee fincas in the vicinity.

From San José, another railway leads to the Pacific port of *Punta Arenas*, where the steamers of the Panama

Mail Line offer the best communication with Nicaragua, Honduras, or Salvador.

NICARAGUA ; HONDURAS ; SALVADOR

These three republics, although as interesting in their way as their neighbors, hold less for the Caribbean cruiser.

Nicaragua borders upon the Sea as well as upon the Pacific, and its port of *Bluefields* may be reached either by sailing-boat from Puerto Limon or by direct steamer from New York. The town, however, is a rather shabby collection of tin-roofed huts; the population consists almost entirely of Britons or Americans interested in fruits, mahogany, or mines, or their imported West Indian employees; and *Managua*, the capital, is much more easily reached from the Pacific port of Corinto.

Honduras has several Caribbean ports at which boats frequently touch—*Tela*, *Puerto Castilla*, etc.—but they are devoted mainly to the shipment of bananas, and are as un-Central American in atmosphere as Bluefields. Communication with *Tegucigalpa*, the inland capital, has recently improved, however, and one may now reach it from the coast by auto and airplane, although its greatest traffic is still through *Amapala* on the Pacific.

El Salvador has no Caribbean coast whatsoever, and is reached only from the Pacific, its main port of *La Libertad* providing automobile connection in one hour with *San Salvador*, its capital and chief city.

British Honduras, at which many of the fruit boats call en route to Guatemala, is about the least attractive territory on the Caribbean, and—as Aspinall remarks in a Guide which covers it more fully—"it is said by the irreverent that the best view of *Belize*, its chief port, is obtained from the stern of a ship." *Belize*, situated on a river of the same name, is reached by a winding channel,

and steamers usually anchor from one to four miles off. Landing is by small boat at the sandy point known as Fort George. The town is divided by the river, but united by a bridge, near which will be found the principal thoroughfare, *Regent Street*, which leads to the *Government House* and the *Cathedral*, considered the chief points of interest, save possibly to the naturalist who'd explore the swamps beyond. The local Britons, however, seem to get along in Belize as they do in most places. Europeans who take the usual precautions and the usual care of themselves pronounce the climate healthful; and as always in a British colony, they have their golf, cricket, and polo fields, and even a Jockey Club for entertainment.

GUATEMALA

In this republic, we are again on the course of the Caribbean Cruise.

The special winter excursions are not so likely to include it, but the Fruit Company's vessels call regularly at Puerto Barrios, on its eastern coast, usually allowing time for their passengers to travel inland by rail to Guatemala City. Like Costa Rica, this country has railway from coast to coast, and travelers on the Pacific can also visit the capital, via the port of San José de Guatemala.

Puerto Barrios, to start at the Caribbean side where most travelers will land, is like most other banana ports, Anglo-Saxon in its architecture, and quite un-Spanish in population, with dark complexions prevailing. From here, however, the International Railway (under Fruit Company supervision) leads 200 miles to the capital, about a full day's journey each way.

The Railway, one train daily, is scenically attractive in spots, though scarcely comparable to Costa Rica's. From

the port it leads through the usual tropic lowlands of the Caribbean coast, the habitations consisting mainly of negro shacks, but some fifty or sixty miles of this will bring you to the Fruit Company's plantations, where banana groves extend as far as the eye can follow them, like a rank uncut lawn of brilliant green.

Quiriguá, if you come with proper introduction to some one in authority, is the best place to stop off and see something of this territory.

The company's camp is neatly laid out, with well-trimmed grass-plots and cement walks lined with rows of yellow croton and red hibiscus and shaded with coco-palms or breadfruit trees; each superintendent has his own cottage, on the order of the cottages in the Canal Zone; a large and very excellent hospital is situated here; many miles of narrow-gauge tracks lead through the various plantations, and not far distant are some of the most famous Maya ruins in Central America.

Above Quiriguá, the railway runs for a considerable stretch through semi-desert, where jungles give way to cactus. It is a mountainous desert, however, and majestic after a fashion; eventually vegetation appears again in the form of pines that proclaim increasing altitude; many rugged gorges are crossed by a succession of lofty trestles, one of which is reputed to be the highest railway bridge in the world; and toward evening the train roars into Guatemala City, the largest capital in Central America and one of the most interesting.

Guatemala City, situated on a plateau 4,880 feet above the sea, is another of the several cities hereabouts which boast of a perennially spring-like climate.

It has suffered somewhat from earthquake, and to-day its low and massive buildings give one the impression that they're patiently waiting for another, but it's a pleasing

sort of place for all that. The *Cathedral* fronts upon a large plaza where gaudily-dressed Indians mingle with the white-collared gentry; among other buildings of interest are the old *Bastile*, *Government Palace*, *Museum*, *University*, *Temple of Minerva*, and *National Theatre*; those intending to explore the country further will find a unique relief map in cement out at the *Race Track*, showing every hill and dale and brook within the country's borders; and the *Native Market* on the narrow alley just behind the Cathedral will be of inexhaustible interest.

Although Guatemala is quite the largest and strongest republic in Central America, its population is largely Indian and for color and picturesqueness surpasses anything its neighbors can offer. The natives usually are small, but sturdy, and jog to town from the most distant villages laden with packs of produce twice as large as themselves. Each community has its own distinctive costume, varying from a purple feminine jacket that discloses some six inches of bronze stomach where it fails to meet the skirt, to voluminous shawls and draperies which in vividness of hue are indescribable.

Hotels—Palace, Grace's Grand (\$5), Iberia (\$4), Continental (\$2.50), and half a dozen others, offering good accommodations.

From Guatemala City, if time permits, excursions may be made to *Lake Amatitlan*; to *Antigua*, a former capital of the republic; or to *Quezaltenango*, the second city of the country, about 120 miles by motor. Guatemala City also has rail connection to the Pacific Coast, where (from *San José de Guatemala* or *Champerico*) the Panama Mail boats offer transportation via Mexican ports to San Francisco.

All these Central American countries are described more fully in "A Gringo in Mañana-Land," by the author of

the present guide, or in the several other books listed in our Bibliography.

VERA CRUZ TO MEXICO CITY

Another trip, recently added to the American Express Company's Caribbean cruises, is that from Vera Cruz to Mexico's fascinating capital.

Vera Cruz, once something of a pest-hole, is now a fairly modern city of substantial stone buildings, and paved streets, but of interest mainly as a starting-point for the trip. The hotels—Dilegencias, Imperial, Terminal and Colon—charge from \$2.50 (Mexican) up for rooms, the Mexican peso being equivalent usually to 50 cents in U. S. money.

The Railways to Mexico City are two in number; by the Mexican National, the trip requires about 12 hours; by the Interoceanic, about 13; the distance is about 260 miles; and daily trains, leaving the port in early morning, reach the capital at sunset.

The route, by the Mexican National, is one of the great scenic routes of Latin America, ascending through gorges luxuriant with forests of banana, past the snow-capped peak of Orizaba, through tunnels and over bridges, along mountain sides where one looks down upon the checker-board farms as from an airplane, and eventually across the high plateau upon which Mexico City is situated.

To the stay-at-home American, Mexico is a sun-scorched desert; in reality it is a land of everything—of sandy wastes, of rugged mountains, of rank tropical jungles, of temperate valleys—and this plateau in particular has an indefinable charm of its own. In the clear mountain air each picturesque detail of the vast landscape stands out distinctly—the peaked hat of a little Indian plodding sol-

emly behind his burro—a herd of cattle grazing leisurely upon the coarse bunch grass, mere brown specks against the yellow hills—a lonely white chapel with two slender towers and a massive dome, standing by itself without the suggestion of a possible worshiper within miles and miles.

As we near the capital, the road is lined with *maguery* cactus, the source of Mexico's intoxicating *pulque*, each cactus resembling a huge blue artichoke. In blossoming, the plant sends up a tall stalk from which, if it be tapped, there flows a milky fluid locally known as "aguamiel" or "honey-water," which ferments very rapidly. Within a few hours it becomes a mildly exhilarating beverage with a taste like that of sour buttermilk; within a few hours more it becomes a murder-inspiring poison with a taste which the most profane of mortals could never adequately describe.

In the fields peons can be seen, each with a pigskin receptacle slung over his back, trotting from plant to plant, climbing upon the pulpy leaves of the big cactus as though he were some little bug crawling into a flower, bending over the central pool to suck the liquid into a hollow gourd, and discharging it into the pigskin sack. When the bag is filled, a little stale *pulque* starts the fermentation, and on the morrow a series of early morning trains, the equivalent of milk trains elsewhere, will bring it to the capital. Although *pulque* can not be widely distributed, owing to the rapidity with which it spoils, the Mexicans boil the lower leaves of the cactus, distilling therefrom their *mes-cal* and *tequila*, two fiery liquors which can well be condemned both by moralists and connoisseurs.

Mexico City, after the quiet of the plateau, is something of a shock.

The train roars into a crowded station. Vociferous hotel

runners burst into the car and fight up and down the aisles. Cargadores, or porters, set up a general clamor outside the windows. And one whirls away in a screeching taxi, through streets that resound with a shriek of klaxons and roaring cut-outs, to draw up before a thoroughly modern hotel.

MEXICO CITY

Population—About 800,000.

Conveyances—Motor cars at about five pesos up per hour; carriages about two pesos, by agreement.

Hotels—Geneve, Regis, Princess, Guardiola, Imperial, San Angel, and others, charging anywhere from five pesos up for rooms, meals extra.

Restaurants.—Sanborn's, Opera, Europea, Chapultapc, Prendes.

Consulates—U. S. Consulate, Avenida Madero 2; British, 4a Calle del Lerma 71.

If Mexico City fails to startle one with sky-scrapers, it is nevertheless one of the most ornate cities in the Western Hemisphere.

Superficially, it rather suggests Paris. Along the streets of its business section the buildings, all of the same height of three or four stories, are of European architecture. Its avenues and gardens, with their numerous statues and monuments, are distinctly French. There's a suggestion also of other lands—in the German rathskellers, the English banks, the Italian restaurants, the Japanese curio shops, or the American quick-lunch counter—but French window-displays of modes and perfumery seem predominant.

The **Avenida F. I. Madero** is the principal business street, and here the most attractive shops are to be found. Gems, particularly opals, are to be purchased to good

advantage; also linen or lace; while the *serapes* or gay-hued Indian blankets make attractive souvenirs of Mexico.

The **Zocalo**, or Plaza de la Constitución, at the eastern end of the Avenida Madero, occupies the site of a former Aztec pyramid. Here one finds the *Cathedral*, the second largest in the Americas, ranking next to that at Lima, Peru. Here, also, is the *Palacio Nacional*, containing the offices of the president; the *Museo Nacional*, especially notable for its archeological collections and Aztec relics; the pawn shops which are locally known as the *Thieves' Market*; a flower mart where gorgeous bouquets may be purchased for a few centavos; and the terminal for tramways to other points.

The **Alameda**, a somewhat larger park at the western end of the Avenida Madero, is another center of interest. Here is situated the *Correo*, or Post Office, and the *Teatro Nacional*, or National Theatre, noted for its unique glass curtain, where opera is occasionally to be heard in the winter months; the park itself is a popular strolling-ground on Sunday mornings; and from here the broad *Paseo de la Reforma*, one of the world's handsomest avenues, continues to Chapultapec Park.

Chapultapec Park, about a mile and a half from the center of town, is a wide expanse of charming lawns and woodland surrounding the *Castillo* of the Mexican president, a fortress-like structure perched upon a steep-walled eminence and pleasing in its effect of strength and beauty.

One sees this park to best advantage on a Sunday, when all Mexico City seems to adjourn here for rest and recreation. Then the policemen are clad in the *charro* costume of the old Mexican grandees, with short buff jacket, skin-tight blue trousers lined with rows of silver buttons, flowing red tie, and huge velvet sombreros. An orchestra in similar costume holds forth in a stand beside the lake.

Automobiles roll along the winding driveways, filled with beves of dark-eyed *señoritas*, and many horsemen make their appearance, frequently in charro outfit, and mounted upon some of the finest steeds in the world. The palace may be visited by those properly accredited, but application should be made through one's diplomatic or consular representative in advance.

Amusements, in winter season, are usually plentiful. Several theaters provide a variety of bills; golf may be played at the links of the Chapultepec Heights Country Club or the Mexico Country Club; pelota is played as in Havana by professionals; and bullfighting may be seen on Sunday afternoons at the Plaza de Toros, in the southern part of the city.

Excursions may be made to several attractive suburbs, most notably to Xochimilco, Guadalupe, or the Pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacán.

Xochimilco, reached by trolley from the Zocalo plaza in somewhat less than an hour, is noted for its floating gardens which date from the time of the Aztecs. As one alights from the car, tiny children surround the visitor with bouquets, pleading irresistibly for a "centavito," or "little cent." Boats may be hired by the hour, and the boatman will take you through the network of waterways, among gardens built on floating rafts; several restaurants and cafés offer refreshment along the route; and on Sunday afternoons this is another favored resort for parties of picknickers.

Guadalupe, which may also be reached by trolley from the Zocalo, is famous for its shrine. According to legend, a poor Indian on his way to mass met the Virgin Mary at this spot, and was sent to the Bishop with a command that a church should here be erected. When the Bishop was incredulous, the *peon* brought him a bunch of roses

plucked from the barren hillside. Convinced that a miracle had transpired, the Bishop erected the church, which immediately became so popular a pilgrimage-place that a deluge of miracles swept all over Mexico. Every good clergyman in the country had visions and erected new chapels, which accounts for the many shrines dotting the country, but none have rivaled in success this shrine at Guadalupe.

At the small square where one alights, Indians sell beads and candles; many of them have traveled from the farthest corner of the republic, supporting themselves by plying along the way whatever trade they possess; and not infrequently they complete the latter part of their pilgrimage by ascending on their knees the long flight of winding stone steps that lead to the little white chapel.

Just behind the chapel is a small cemetery, including a wall honeycombed with tiny little alcoves which one rents by the year, with the penalty (in case of nonpayment) of seeing one's ancestors ejected to the scrap-heap. At the foot of the hill is the Chapel of the Well, whose waters are supposed to possess curative properties, and here the pilgrims bring empty bottles (often with unhallowed labels) to procure a bit of the unsanitary fluid for the benefit of friends at home. The larger church, opposite the trolley terminal, is also of interest for its collection of discarded crutches, and its quaint testimonials to the miracles performed, all of which are to be found in the cellar. Here, too, are letters from supplicants unable to reach the shrine, accompanied usually by crude drawings, which picture the writer as being mangled between colliding railway trains, or massacred in equally startling fashion.

The Pyramids, passed on the railway from Vera Cruz, may be visited either by automobile or train. They are about 28 miles from the capital, and one can usually reach

them by an early morning train, returning in mid-afternoon.

At the station of San Juan Teotihuacán a mule-drawn tram can be taken to the pyramids, another mile or so from the railway. Dwarfed by distance as one sees them from the cars, they loom amazingly large at close range, and the larger of the two principal mounds, known as the Pyramid of the Sun, is 216 feet in height. Although less imposing than the pyramids of Egypt, this mound excels them in the dimensions of its base, measuring 721 by 761 feet. Speculation as to its age has kept many a scientist out of worse mischief, but has accomplished little else. It is believed that they antedate the period of the Toltecs, and that they testify to the existence of an ancient race in Mexico that once surpassed in engineering skill and presumably in civilization the early peoples of the Eastern Hemisphere.

Upon its lofty top, covered to-day by a flat rock, there was once a gigantic statue of the Sun, cut from a block of porphyry and ornamented with gold, which the fanatical Spainards destroyed, and here the Aztec priests made frequent human sacrifice. The neighboring Pyramid of the Moon is somewhat smaller; in the vicinity are the ruins of what once was the Temple of Quetzacoatl, which the Mexican government has recently restored; and not far distant a natural grotto has been converted into a restaurant for the benefit of the occasional tourists.

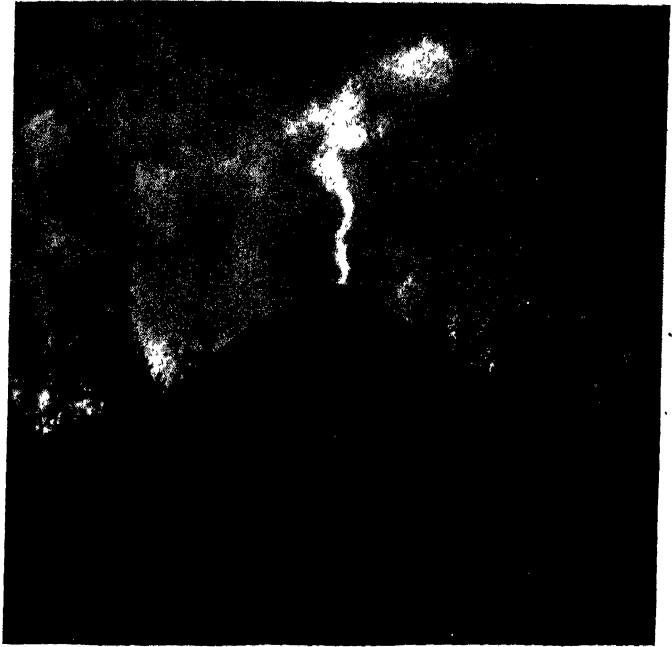
From Mexico City several railway lines offer transportation to the American border, via Brownsville, Laredo, Eagle Pass, and Nogales. The Laredo route, about 36 hours, with standard Pullman service, is usually preferred. Another road leads westward, via Guadalajara (the second city of Mexico, and one of the most attractive) to the

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Pacific port of Manzanillo, whence one may continue to San Francisco via the boats of the Panama Mail.

For the traveler who would learn more of Mexico, Terry's Guide, procurable through the Sonora News Company on the Avenida Madero, is to be recommended.

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A CENTRAL AMERICAN VOLCANO

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